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THE CAPTAIN

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Vol. II.—No. 8. NOVEMBER, 1899.

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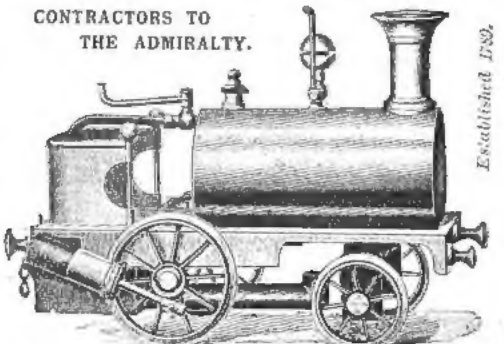

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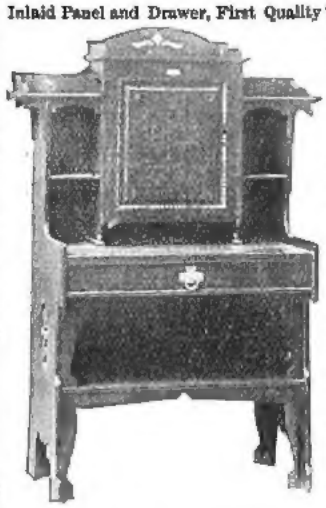

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The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use.

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66th	*C. J. Everard	7,949
68th	D. R. Wright	7,910
79th	F. T. L. Gaskell	7,733
96th	†H. M. Stocker	7,345
102nd	†J. T. C. Broadbent	7,161
Militia Artillery	H. R. Adams	5,096

November, 1898.

42nd	C. S. Hunter	8,777
53rd	F. W. Hill	8,411
54th	J. H. Slade Powell	8,390
63rd	J. W. Renny-Tailyour	8,048
65th	A. C. Gunter	7,978
72nd	T. R. Fraser-Bate	7,709
74th	G. E. Smart	7,626
85th	G. K. Gregson	7,266
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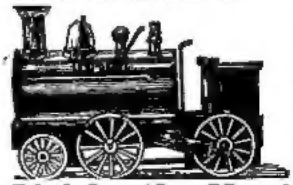

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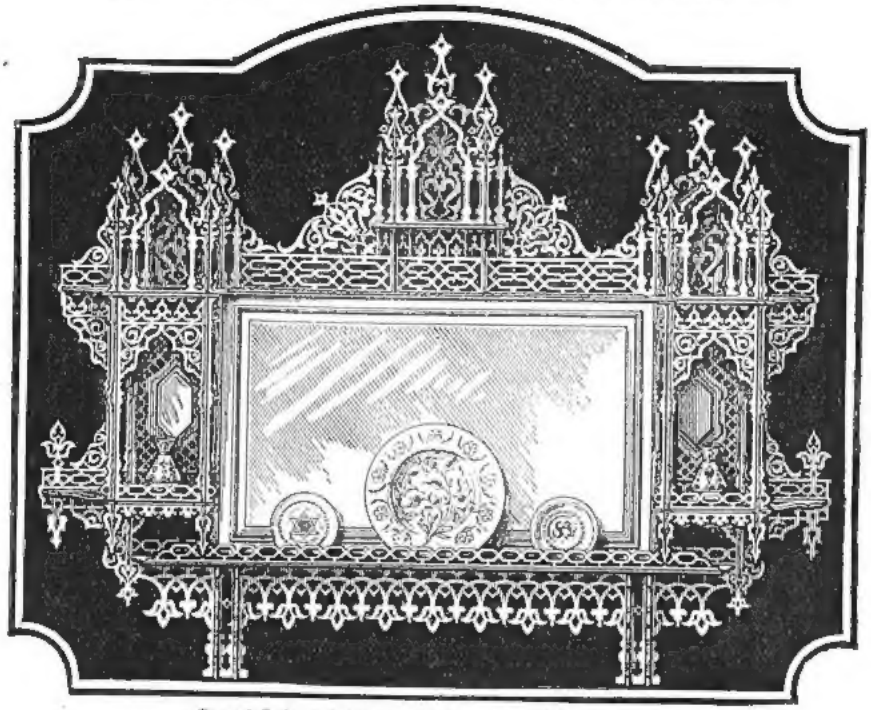

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From a photograph by C. Herbert, Amiens

JULES VERNE AT HOME

By Adolphe Brisson.

I had an idea that I should like to call on Jules Verne. I owed him this mark of recognition for the happy moments he had given me in bygone days. I had a great curiosity to see and interrogate this author, whose surprising inventions have charmed so many millions of young readers. I wrote to him, and received a charming note inviting me to pay him a visit. "I am only a provincial," wrote M. Jules Verne — he lives at Amiens— "but I know my province well. I will show you round our dear old cathedral."

On the appointed day I arrived at Amiens, and asked the way to the great writer's house. A railway porter respectfully gave me the information, and I could see that, not only Jules Verne, but his visitors also, enjoyed the esteem and respect of the city. I ring, the door half opens, and I find myself in the middle of a dark courtyard which runs by the side of a laughing garden. A figure approaches. It is he.

JULES VERNE'S HOME AT AMIENS.

M. Jules Verne is nearing his seventy-first year, having been born in the spring of 1828, but he carries with ease the burden of his years, and, if a former accident has made one of his legs a little stiff, his mind still retains its youthful vivacity. He leads the way into the dining-room, where we are joined by Madame Jules Verne, and we sit down to lunch.

M. Verne lives on eggs and green stuff, just as if he were a vegetarian. Madame Verne has a bird-like appetite. And whilst, by politeness and by appetite, I taste the exquisite dishes which my hostess has prepared

for me, my host talks of the past, and of the present, and of long-ago memories of Paris.

M. Verne has been elected a municipal councillor, and he is very zealous, never missing a sitting, and Madame Verne divides her time between works of charity and the theatre. Every morning at five o'clock Jules Verne seats himself at his desk. Their existence flows on quietly, without weariness and without feverishness, amid this mingled work and recreation. This peaceful life has lasted nearly fifty years, and they hope that no accident will trouble it, and that they will die as peacefully as they have lived. Barely two hours separate Amiens from Paris, and yet they never have the desire to take the train to view the summit of the Eiffel Tower.

"What good would it be?" cries M. Verne, laughingly. "The air here is salubrious; it soothes the nerves and strengthens the brain. And then, if you only knew how little ambitious I am!"

I am closely observing M. Verne as he thus expresses himself, and I am struck with the amiability of his face, which has something of timidity in it. This man, who has imagined so many extraordinary adventures, resembles in no way his heroes—neither Captain Hatteras, who discovered the Pole, nor Michael Ardent, who travelled to the moon, nor Captain Nemo, who traversed the depths of the seas, nor Hector Severdac, nor even the swift Phileas Fogg, the hero of "Round the World in Eighty Days."

He has blue eyes, a low, discreet voice, and the appearance of a distinguished engineer, or of a dignitary of the Financial Department.

"Yes, my dear sir, I have renounced Paris; yet, for all that, I have spent many a merry day there."

"HE SUSPENDED THE MOCKET-BAG ON THE HOOK."
—*From "Hector Severdac."*

We are now on the border of confidences. He conducts me to his study, which is not much larger than the cabin of a packet boat, the light streaming in through two large, curtainless windows. He turns on the gas stove, offers me a cigar which has been christened after one of his books—"The Green Ray"—and then runs through the history of his early days as a writer.

He was a student; he had composed half-a-dozen tragedies when he abandoned Brittany for the capital, where he vaguely counted on making his fortune. He had some taste for law, but he loved music and poetry. The Chevalier d'Arpentigny introduced him to Alexander Dumas, the elder, with whom the young writer collaborated. "I began my literary career," confessed M. Verne, "by writing poetry, which—for I followed the example of most budding French litterateurs—took the form of a five-act tragedy. My first real piece of work," he continued, "was a

little comedy Dumas *fils* and I did together. Our play was called *Pailles Rompues* ('Split Straws'), and was acted at the Gymnase Theatre in Paris; but, although I much enjoyed light dramatic work, I did not find that it brought me anything in the way of substance or fortune. And yet," he concluded, with a half-sigh, half-smile, "I have never lost my love for the stage and everything connected with theatrical life. One of the keenest joys my story-writing has brought me has been the successful staging of some of my novels, notably, 'Michel Strogoff.'"

MME. JULES VERNE.

It was at Dumas' house that Jules Verne met many of the celebrated writers of that day. Shortly after his arrival in Paris he wrote his first romance, "Five Weeks in a Balloon." He chose Africa as the scene of action, for the simple reason that less was, and is, known about that continent than any other; and it struck him that the most ingenious way in which this portion of the world's surface could be explored would be from a balloon. He thoroughly enjoyed writing this story, and even more the researches which it made necessary; for then, as now, he always tried to make even the wildest of his romances as realistic and true to life as possible. Once the story was finished, he sent the manuscript to the well-known Paris publisher, M. Hetzel. The publisher read the tale, was interested by it, and made the young author an offer, which he accepted. The book had a sweeping success, and, intoxicated by his good fortune, Jules Verne might have squandered his brains by overworking himself in other branches of literary work. But he was saved by the crafty wisdom of M. Hetzel.

"My child," he said, "do not waste your strength. You have just founded a new style, or, at least, renewed a style which seemed to be exhausted. Labour at this soil which chance, or your natural genius, has made you discover. You will gather much glory, and wealth, provided you do not wander into other paths. Here is what I propose: You will give me, to date from to-day, two novels a year. We will sign the contract to-morrow."

Jules Verne signed the document, and has never ceased to obey its clauses. His output is as regular as that of the apple trees of his district, only it is more abundant, as it furnishes a double crop. No accident has ever stayed his work. War and revolution have convulsed France, but they have not torn the pen from this valiant, tireless hand. His eightieth book has appeared, and

WHERE JULES VERNE WRITES HIS STORIES.

bar accident, by the year 1910, please God, the hundredth volume will crown the series. That

day the monuments of Amiens will be decorated, as will be the warehouses of MM. Hetzel, who owe to this astonishing fruitfulness the greater part of their riches.

As I compliment the writer upon his activity he replies, with good humour :—

"You have no cause to praise me. Work is to me the source of the only true happiness. When I have finished one of my books I am unhappy until I have begun another. Idleness is torture to me."

His daily life is carefully planned out. He awakes at dawn, writes until eleven o'clock, and, after lunch, repairs to a reading-room and industriously scans the *Figaro*, the *Temps*, and the *Gaulois*. But on the days when the council is sitting, Jules Verne deprives himself of a peep at the papers, because he fulfils his municipal duties with admirable zeal. Thus flows on, in an almost cloistral serenity, the life of this indefatigable creator of adventurous fiction.

Whence doeshe draw his subjects, and by what process does he put them in hand? Jules Verne did not hesitate to satisfy my curiosity.

"Don't think for a moment that my work is easy. It costs me a considerable effort. I write and re-write my books several times before I put them into the printer's hands."

He shows me a manuscript in course of execution. Each chapterisweighted with numerous notes relative to the character of the personages and of the dialogue; after which he corrects it with a pencil. This then serves as a rough sketch to be re-written, modifying or developing various outlines. But he does this work only when the central situation (*dénouement*) is found. For an adventurous novel the chief situation should be, in its "altogether," optimistic and ingenious, and the young reader should not be able to anticipate it. The hours spent in reading newspapers have been of great assistance to M. Verne. A paragraph or a telegram suggests wonderful combinations. Thus, the famous book "Round the World in Eighty Days" was suggested by an advertisement of Cook's, the great tourist-agency. Once Jules Verne has made his plan, he collects documents and procures books dealing with the corner of the earth which occupies his attention.

"I am indebted to Georges Sand for one of my popular successes. She led me to writing 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.'" And he produces the following unpublished letter of the great woman-novelist :—

I thank you, sir, for the two delightful works which have succeeded in distracting me from a very profound sorrow, and which have enabled me to support the burden of it. I have only one regret, and that is to have finished them, and not to have yet another dozen to read. I hope that you will soon conduct us through the depths of the sea, and that your personages will travel in diving apparatus, which your science and imagination can perfect. When "The English at the North Pole" appears in book form please send it to me. You have an adorable talent, and a heart which will make it rise even higher. Thanks, a thousand times, for the moments you have given me in the midst of my unhappiness.

G. SAND.

AN ILLUSTRATION TO "A JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH."

The belfry next door sounds two o'clock. My host now proposes to show me the curiosities of Amiens. As we pass out of the door I notice a map of the world nailed to the inner wall, and crossed and recrossed by many lines.

"I have amused myself," says M.

JULES VERNE IN HIS GARDEN.

Verne, "in tracing on this map the route of all the voyages made by my heroes. But I have been obliged to renounce this. I would not be able to recognise them any longer."

I notice that in the library are translations of the master's works. Every language is represented there. "The Mysterious Island" is in Japanese, "From the Earth to the Moon" in Arabic, printed with the French illustrations. M. Verne's library is strictly for use, I may add, and well-worn copies of such intellectual friends as Homer, Vergil, Montaigne, and Shakespeare, shabby, but how dear to their owner; editions of Fenimore Cooper, Dickens, and Scott show hard and constant usage; and there also, in newer dress, many of the better-known English novels have found their way. All his life M. Verne has delighted in the works of Sir Walter Scott. As to other English books, he speaks with affection of "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Swiss Family Robinson." He thoroughly enjoys Captain Marryat's breezy romances, and was much struck with the enormous power and freshness of Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

And as we wander down the deserted avenue I cannot help expressing my astonishment that a man who knows the terrestrial globe so well should not have the desire to explore and obtain his information at the actual place instead of gathering it from books. And then he confesses that formerly he had a little yacht, *St. Michael*, with which he navigated the English Channel and the Mediterranean.

"What! You have been no further?"

"My goodness, no!"

"You have not seen the cannibals?"

"I have taken good care not to."

THE LIBRARY.

"Nor the Chinese?"

"No."

"You have not even made the tour of the world?"

"Not even the tour of the world."

If M. Jules Verne has not sighed for the emotions of perilous travels, he has not sought even the joys of hunting, fishing, polo, or football. He avowed to me that fishing seems barbarous to him, and that hunting inspires him with horror. He has gone shooting only on one occasion, when he hit a *gendarme* in the hat, and was promptly led off to the police station. M. Verne swears that that shooting experience shall be his last.

"THE CRISIS OF PERIL WAS CLOSE AT HAND."
—*From "Hector Servadac."*

For a long time we wander about the streets of the town. At three o'clock precisely M. Verne enters a confectioner's for his afternoon glass of milk. He has shown me over the churches and museum; he has charmed me by his extreme goodness, by the solidity of his judgment, and yet he has not ceased to astonish me. When, in former days, I followed his voyages about the suns and planets, through the centre of the earth, or in the marine fields of the Atlantic, amid the gigantic fish, I thought of the author of these prodigies under the appearance of a giant, endowed with a vigour and agility which were superhuman. And lo! he is a drinker of milk, an airy dreamer, a philosopher, and an admirable city councillor.

And yet some people pretend that writers reflect themselves in their books!

[This article has been translated from the French by kind permission of M. Adolphe Brisson.]

"DEAR OLD FAG,—I hear the Lions have been writing you letters, so I'm going to have a shot at one myself——"

"WHAT I WANTED TO BE."

MR. THOMAS CATLING, Editor of "Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper."

MR. THOMAS CATLING is the editor of what is probably the most popular newspaper in the world. With a circulation of considerably over a million copies, *Lloyd's Weekly* goes to every part of the globe, and serves as a wonderful connecting link between the mother country and her off-shoots. It is a paper which tells everybody everything they can possibly want to know about what is going on, and is filled, in addition, with good fiction, book reviews, theatrical gossip, and with articles on every topic of interest to the average reader. Its sermons are as celebrated as its war articles—and this will show alone what a wide field of subjects it covers. *Lloyd's Weekly* has been instrumental, by the agency of its "Long-Lost Relatives" column, in bringing together a host of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. The editor of this enterprising journal is just over sixty years of age. He is tall and of striking appearance. Educated at a private school in Cambridge, he came up to London, and worked for twelve years in the printing office of *Lloyd's*, where he gained a thoroughly practical knowledge of the commercial side of a great paper. At this time Douglas Jerrold was the editor of *Lloyd's Weekly*; Mr. Catling became sub-editor in 1866 and editor in 1884. As the subjoined letter shows, it was his boyish aspiration to fill a front place in after life. As his position, which he has held for many years, fully testifies, his desire has been realised. This is the letter he sent us:—

Yours faithfully,
Thos. Catling

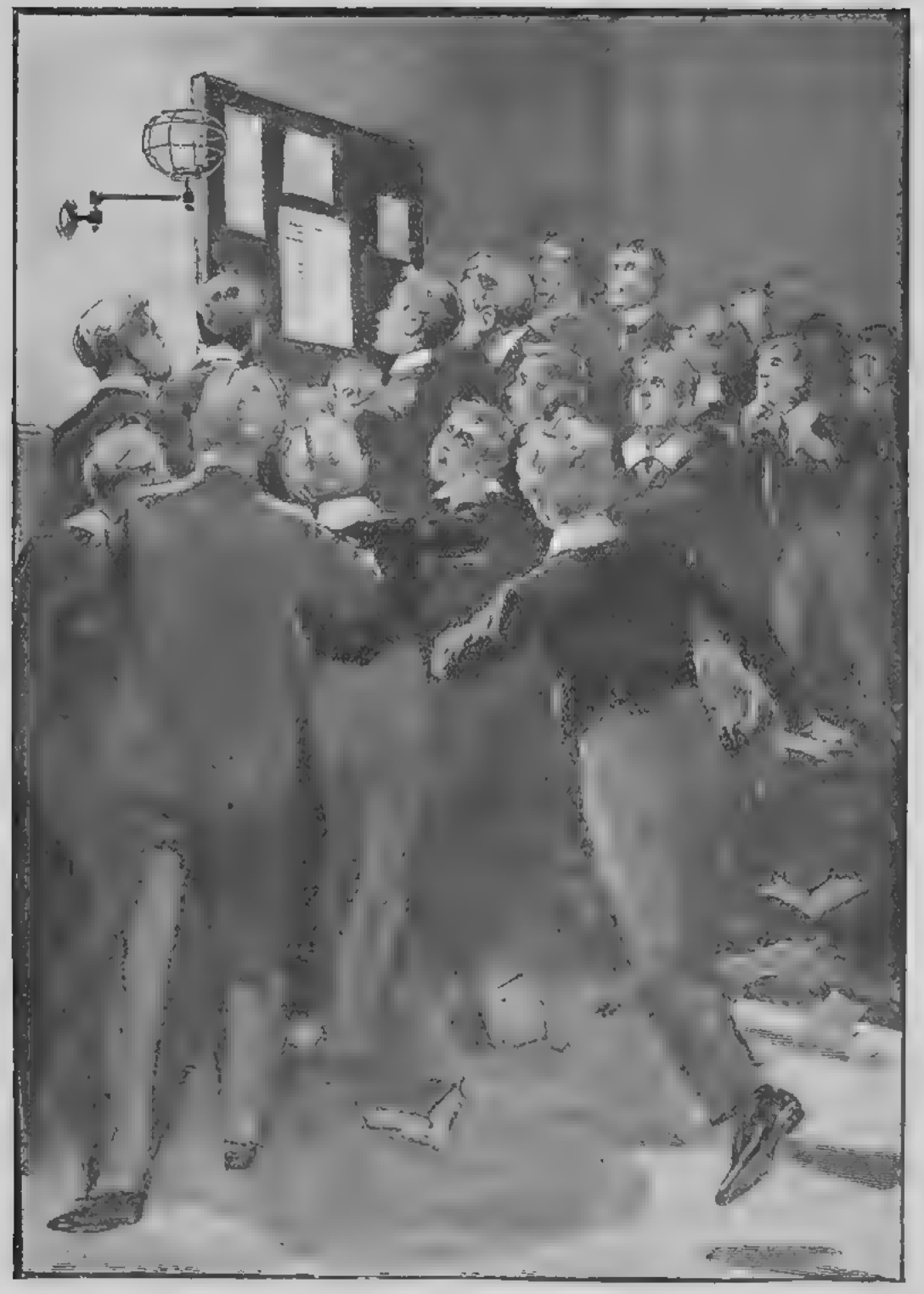
12, Salisbury Square, City,

Sept. 23rd, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—My earliest dreams arose out of wanting a front place. I well remember being taken as a small boy into the Assize Court at Cambridge, and wishing to be a judge. Soon after I saw a man and woman hanged there, and promptly made a working model of the scaffold, so as to be perfect in the duties of Jack Ketch. Years later, when tempted on to the amateur stage, I learned the part of "Othello." The striving to lead followed me into a newspaper printing office; and, although I failed to become judge or executioner, my regrets have been solaced by the ever-varying labours that fall to an editor's lot in life.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE CAPTAIN"

Will be published about November 22, at the usual price, i.e., SIXPENCE. The Christmas Number of THE CAPTAIN will be filled with Christmas Stories, Poems, Pictures, and the cover will be a special Christmas design by Tom Browne.



THERE WAS SOON AN EXCITED CROWD SURGING ROUND IT, AND MANY WERE THE BOOKS THAT WERE DROPPED, MANY THE T[illegible]S TR[illegible]DEN ON, AN[illegible]MANY THE DIGS AND THUMPS DEALT OUT IN CONSEQUENCE. (*See page* 117.)

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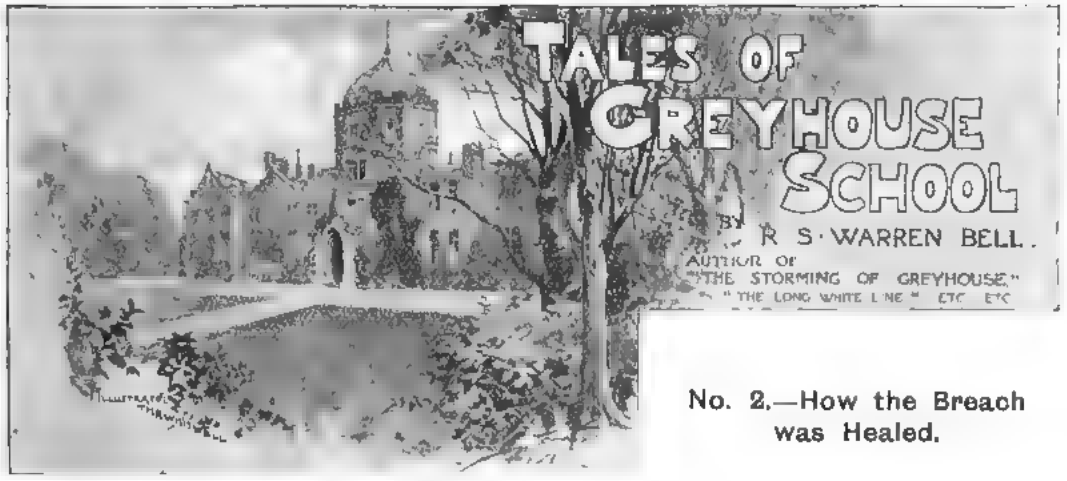


No. 2.—How the Breach was Healed.

[It was shown in the first story of this series, "Sir Billy," how Sir William Percival Travers, Bart., an orphan, is sent to Greyhouse, and how Sir Billy's guardian extracts a promise from Wardour, captain of Greyhouse, that he will keep an eye on Sir Billy. The new Head installs Wardour to put down the fighting for which the place is notorious, and Wardour faithfully carries out his instructions for a whole half-year, only to break the rule himself (thereby losing the Greyhouse Scholarship of £120 per annum) by thrashing a bully named Eccles, who half kills Sir Billy for neglecting to fag for him properly. In the end, however, the committee of the school allow Wardour to return to Greyhouse for another year, in order that he may "redeem" his character and take up the scholarship in due course.]

I.

Sir William Percival Travers, Bart.—or, to apply to him his more familiar if somewhat less dignified title, "Sir Billy"—was feeling very miserable. It was not his nature to be boisterously high-spirited at any time, a melancholy expression having descended to him from his ancestors, as well as a rather gloomy way of looking at things, but he could chirp upon occasions, and had been known to burst out laughing. It was a comfort to him to reflect that he would not have to stay at Greyhouse all his life. In time he would grow up, go forth into the world, and belong to a club. His guardian, Mr. Sonnes, had told him that his name had been put down on the books of a great London club, and Sir Billy, who was also informed that he would not have a chance of being elected a member for twelve or fifteen years, had got an idea that when he was a man he would live at his club, and spend his time sitting in a leather armchair reading the *Times*, or scowling out of the window. There, at any rate, he would not be bullied; if anyone ran after him—say a fierce old colonel with white whiskers—he could call a cab and drive away. You must know that Lord Chilvers, while paying a visit to Major Wardour, at Belsert, had made Sir Billy's acquaintance, the result being that Sir Billy went to stay with the old general for a week, and had been made much of by his lordship's wife and daughters. It was during this visit that he was introduced to his future club. He was rather indignant, at the end of his visit, when Lady Chilvers and her daughters kissed him affectionately on the cheek, and was glad no Greyhouse chap saw them. It was better however, thought he, than having his ears boxed, or being kicked.

Well, he was miserable—more miserable than usual. Miserable as a matter of course was he, because he was considered and treated by the other chaps of his own size as a "moke." If it hadn't been for Lord Chilvers, Wardour would have lost the Greyhouse scholarship (he hadn't won it yet, indeed) *all through Sir Billy*. If, after Eccles had licked him, he had got up and gone away, there would have been no row between Eccles and Wardour, and no fight. But Sir Billy had just lain still "like a dead cat," and so Wardour had licked Eccles and forfeited the "schol." This was how the Greys argued the case—this was the view they took of it. Of course, the maul between Eccles and Wardour was one of the most exciting pages in the history of Greyhouse, but the Greys would rather have gone without the fight and seen Wardour collar the "schol." They knew well enough what the loss of it would mean to him.

HE WAS RATHER INDIGNANT WHEN LADY CHILVERS AND HER DAUGHTERS KISSED HIM AFFECTIONATELY ON THE CHEEK.

So, although the affair covered Wardour with glory, it didn't do Sir Billy much good, and even when his third term arrived, and he was beginning to settle down, and to fall quite easily into the Greyhouse slang, his path was not strewn with roses. Another cause of his unpopularity was that, on account of the excellent coaching he had received from his tutors before he came to Greyhouse, he found himself, in school, above many boys considerably bigger and older than himself. At the end of the year his form-master said he might get his remove into the Upper Fourth. Naturally, Sir Billy's scholarship and general prowess in matters intellectual did not win him the love or goodwill of the dunces beneath him, although they occasionally deigned to make him help them over a knotty point in Greek or algebra.

But Sir Billy was not miserable because he was unpopular with the Lower Fourth. He was miserable because the fellow he fagged for, a monitor named Hallam, was not on speaking terms with Wardour—who was, naturally, Sir Billy's king, hero, and everything else grand and brave and worthy of honour. It therefore gave Sir Billy pain when Hallam (who was once a great friend of Wardour's) fell out with the captain, and the pain increased as, ever watchful, he observed the little fissure in their friendship widen into a great, yawning gulf.

All Greyhouse was aware of the coolness, but few save Sir Billy knew the size of the quarrel. It was, Billy had decided some time since, Hallam's fault entirely. It wasn't Wardour's — he'd swear that. Still, Sir Billy was a faithful fag, and he had a great respect for Hallam, who was no end of a good sort when you knew him. He could play football, too, but he couldn't play quite so well as he thought he could, and thus came about the row. It was a case of wounded self-pride. But let me explain.

An important event towards the latter end of September was the compilation of the various fifteens into which the school was split up. Save on half-holidays, when matches were contested by the First, Second, and often the Third Fifteens — the card being so arranged that when the First played away the Second stayed at home—the First and Second made up a game, the Third and Fourth another, and so on, all the way down the school.

The various teams were selected and arranged by the captain of footer and his committee, and the suspense and excitement were considerable for several days previous to the posting of the lists on the Games Board. The members of the Second could hardly sleep for wondering whether they had been chosen to fill the vacancies in the First, and the chaps in the Third were equally anxious to get into the Second. Then, too, there were the captains of fifteens to be chosen—posts, these, eagerly sought for, as the bossing about and picking up sides gave fellows a lot of that "brief authority" which is dearly prized by most human beings.

One evening, after prep., the long-looked-for lists were found, neatly written out and pinned on to the Games Board. There was soon an excited crowd surging round it, and many were the books

that were dropped, many the toes trodden on, and many the digs and thumps dealt out in consequence. After a time fellows began to work their way out of the crowd, and walk quietly away, evidently disappointed with their positions. Others dashed off, red in the face with pleasure at their promotions; some growled, some sneered, some were philosophically content.

One of those who retired looking dissatisfied was Sir Billy's fag-master. Hallam, as I have said, played football indifferently well — he varied. He was a forward, useful for his weight, but a bit slow. Now Wardour, who had been unanimously elected captain of football, had made out all the teams very conscientiously, aided, of course, by the football committee. He would have liked, of all things, to put his chum Hallam into the First Fifteen, and, indeed, one or two of the committee advised him to do so, as Hallam could work well when he had a mind to. But Wardour was conscientious to a fault.

"No," he said, firmly, "I cannot put Hallam into the First, but I'll make him captain of the Second. We can then judge by his form in the games whether he is good enough to play for the school — the captain of the Second generally is."

"He'll be rather wild," one of the committee was indiscreet enough to remark.

"My dear chap," said Wardour, rather shortly, "if I considered fellows' feelings these fifteens would be arranged in a very funny way, and the footer here would go to smash. It would be grossly unfair, for instance, to put Hemstock into the Second—he's miles better than Hallam—and yet he's the last choice for the First. Hallam is a pal of mine, and a good fellow, but I can't put him over other fellows' heads on that account."

Wardour was supported by several other members of the committee, and so, in due time, the lists were posted, and it came as a surprise to a good many that Hallam was only made captain of the Second.

There is always some babbler in every committee, and somehow the discussion that had taken place concerning Hallam got to Hallam's ears—grossly distorted. He was told that all the committee were for his being in the First, and that only Wardour objected to him. This added fuel to the flames. As I have said, a coolness sprang up between Wardour and his brother monitor, and after a time they only spoke to one another when they were obliged to. As it chanced, Hemstock fell ill, and Hallam was asked to play in the first out-match. He declined, affording as an excuse that he had work to do, whereupon another fellow was chosen from the Second. Naturally Wardour was incensed with his erstwhile chum. Worse than this, Greyhouse lost the match, being a trifle light in the scrum. Hallam's weight, it was affirmed, would have made a good deal of difference.

So the quarrel grew, as hundreds of such quarrels arise and grow in most schools between boys big and little, and Sir Billy was miserable, for Hallam was his fag-master, and Wardour his best friend, and he couldn't help feeling that he was somehow mixed up in it all. It was only his fancy, of course, but a very little fancy goes a long way with an imaginative person.

"PARSNIP."

II.

THERE was a choice youth in the Lower Fourth whose name was Bartlett, and whose nickname was "Parsnip," earned him by his tow-coloured hair, which was straight, and straggled in wisps over his low forehead. When Bartlett ran he swung his head from side to side, his tongue lolled out like a dog's, and his toes seemed to be in constant collision. He had small grey eyes, very

similar to those of a pig, and his intelligence was hardly superior to that animal's. "Parsnip" was fifteen, and promised to develop into a bully of a promising kind. At present he did his torturing and teasing on the sly, for, unlike Eccles (of whom you have heard), Parsnip was a funk. Eccles, the big Six-former, certainly performed his tyrannical work in the open, and, when he had to fight, he fought (as you know) as game as a pebble, and to his last gasp. Eccles was destined to be a tyrant all his life. He went from Greyhouse to Sandhurst, and thence into a cavalry regiment, where he bullied his men unmercifully, but won a certain measure of respect from everybody on account of the pluck he invariably displayed when his time came to smell powder and listen to—

> . . . the rattle
> Of the bullets in the battle,

as a certain martial song has it.

Master Bartlett, however, was a worm—being underhand in his methods, and only venturing to be brutal to boys who were very much smaller than himself.

One of these, as it is hardly necessary to state, was Sir Billy, who, being in the same form, and much higher up than Master Bartlett, earned the worst of Parsnip's ill-will. Parsnip never let slide an opportunity of wreaking his vengeance on the small boy who was such a bright, intellectual star in comparison with himself. Often, undressing at night, Sir Billy would ruefully survey the bruises on his shins—little hate tokens from Parsnip's hoofs—and the blue marks on his arms—pinches, "with love from Parsnip." Sir Billy wouldn't have sneaked if Parsnip had branded him with a red-hot poker, so he said not a word to anybody about the ill-treatment he received from his form-mate, who took care to inflict it only when nobody was near. Sir Billy received these attentions in silence, without a murmur, without even crying out "Shut up, you beast!" as another kid would have done. He supposed this was all part of the Greyhouse curriculum, and that he must bear it, and that when he grew bigger he wouldn't be bullied. But he often resolved never to bully anybody when he was a big chap. He used to moon about and brood a good deal even now, and his thoughts were continually busy with the future. When he grew up, decided Sir Billy, he would try to be just like Wardour—in character, that is to say, for he was sure he could never be so big or so strong. But he would be like him in other ways. He would be brave and honest, and never strike or kick other chaps, but he would help them on, like Wardour did, and when he saw a fellow in the dumps give him a pat on the back and say, "Cheer up, old chap!"—like Wardour did.

As I have said, what hurt Sir Billy much more than Parsnip was the continued ill-feeling between Wardour and Hallam. It looked as if it would last all the term, since, although Wardour certainly did make one or two friendly advances, Hallam would not respond to them, and so the coldness continued.

Now Parsnip did not share Sir Billy's uncomfortable feeling in this matter. He hated Wardour and he hated Hallam, because both had given him lines, and both had caned him. He gloried in the quarrel (for such it had come to be regarded by the school) between the two Sixth Form fellows, and spread round exaggerated reports concerning its reason and its magnitude. He gave everybody to understand that no less (or no greater) a person than Sir Billy had fanned the flame by refusing to fag for Wardour, attributing as an excuse that he was Hallam's fag, and had received strict injunctions from Hallam that he was not to fag for anybody else, not even for the captain.

* * * * *

It was a Friday. Sir Billy was quietly finishing an exercise one evening during the half-hour which intervened between six (at which time afternoon school ended) and six-thirty—the tea hour. He was sitting at the back of the Lower Fourth room. Parsnip and a dozen other fellows were standing by the fire talking over the match *v.* Gring's F.C.—an important one—which was to be played on the following afternoon. The composition of the fifteen was the subject, just then, of animated discussion.

"It would be all right," said Tofts, "if only Hallam would play."

"Yes," chimed in the chum of Tofts, one Bilberry, "we'd rush 'em in the scrum then."

"As it is," observed McMurray, "Gring's will go away with their noses in the air. We'll be licked to a certainty."

"Pooh!" objected Parsnip. "*We* shan't be licked. Who's Hallam?"

"A jolly good forward!" proclaimed Tofts boldly.

"When he likes," qualified Bilberry.

"I say he's a jolly good forward *always!*" insisted Tofts.

"Rot!" retorted Bilberry, with warmth.

"I should like to know what you know about it?" demanded Tofts.

"A jolly sight more than you," returned the other.

And so the argument waxed warm, punctuated with a little scuffling.

Sir Billy silently finished his work, raised the lid of his desk, put his books away, and strolled towards the door.

"Here's the little sneak!" cried Parsnip, as

SIR BILLY'S LEFT FIST SHOT OUT AND LANDED ON PARSNIP'S NOSE.

Sir Billy neared the group. "I expect he'll tell Wardour every word we've been saying."

"Come here, kid!" said Tofts, clutching Sir Billy by the collar. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes."

"Well—are you going to tell Wardour what we've been saying?"

"No."

"Don't believe him," sneered Parsnip. "He's Wardour's pet lamb."

Hardly had Parsnip got the words out of his mouth, when, to the intense surprise of the Lower Fourth, Sir Billy's left fist shot out and landed on Parsnip's nose.

The bully of the Lower Fourth, what with amazement and pain, could only stand stock still and mop his nose, which was beginning to bleed, with his handkerchief.

"Go on, Parsnip—smash the young brute!" Tofts was exclaiming, when a voice brought everyone round on his heel.

It was Hallam, evidently come in search of his fag.

"Travers! What's this—fighting?"

"I hit him," said Sir Billy, his slight frame quivering, and his eyes flashing in a very blood-thirsty manner.

"You hit him! What for?"

"He called me Wardour's pet lamb!"

Hallam regarded the group in silence.

"You know the rule about fighting?"

"Yes."

"Then come to my study after chapel."

And with this Hallam turned and went. As he left the room the school bell rang for tea, and the Lower Fourth streamed into hall looking highly excited, and, it must be confessed, much puzzled.

Sir Billy—the down-trodden, subdued Sir Billy—had actually hit the Lower Fourth bully in the nose! Food, here, for much laughter and conversation, and a lot of speculation as to the chawing up Sir Billy would get from Parsnip afterwards.

III.

BEFORE filing into chapel the school lined up in

order of forms in the long corridor which ran down the whole length of the Lower School classrooms—the choir heading the procession. The master on duty was present, but order was kept by the monitor on duty. To-night things were pretty quiet, as it was Wardour's week, and Wardour was looking a trifle serious—bothering about the following day's match against Gring's. The rivalry between the two big schools was intense—Gring's was in the same county, about fifteen miles distant, and boasted just about as many fellows as Greyhouse. Both at cricket and football the schools were excellently matched, the number of wins scored by each being about the same.

Wardour knew, as all the school knew, that Hallam would make all the difference to the Greyhouse team, for Hallam had come on surprisingly since the last football season, and was much quicker and faster than of yore. He had also put on some always useful weight. But twice Hallam had declined to play for the school, although he took part in all the games, and Wardour did not care to risk a third refusal.

Wearing a decidedly worried look, Wardour was pacing up and down the serried ranks of his fellow-Greys, and performing his monitorial duties, it must be confessed, in a very absent-minded manner, when a disturbance in the Lower Fourth district attracted his attention. He bent his steps in that direction, and, to his astonishment, he observed Sir Billy dodging the wildly-waving fists of Parsnip. The latter, sawing the air in wind-mill fashion, was advancing on his small antagonist, when Sir Billy dashed in, and once again that evening succeeded in reaching the nose of his foe. Parsnip howled, for his nose was already swollen and sore, and left off sawing the air in order to attend to the wounded organ.

"Travers and Bartlett, come here!"

The captain rapped out this order sharply. Sir Billy and Parsnip obeyed promptly.

"Which of you started that row?"

"I did," said Sir Billy.

"Why?"

"He called Hallam a cad."

"Come to me after chapel," said Wardour.

"FIGHTING!" EXCLAIMED WARDOUR. "WHY, THAT'S WHAT I WANTED HIM FOR."

IV.

As you will hardly be surprised to hear, there were four boys in Greyhouse Chapel who did not, I am sorry to say, pay much attention to the service. These were Wardour, Hallam, Parsnip, and Sir Billy. The captain was wondering whether he ought to cane Sir Billy or give him lines, Hallam did not like the idea of the impending interview—his thoughts ran in much the same direction — Parsnip was comforting a—by this time—extremely tender nose with a blood-stained handkerchief (the sight was much enjoyed by the Lower Fourth), and Sir Billy was wondering whether he ought to go to the captain or to Hallam first, and not much relishing the idea of a double caning or a double dose of lines. In each case he had been the aggressor. He had struck Parsnip twice! It gave this ordinarily mild small boy intense joy when he observed the colour of Parsnip's nose. He had added injury to injury by striking that nose twice and (the young heathen!) he could not bring himself to feel sorry although he *was* in chapel!

The opening prayers were said, the psalm was sung, then Wardour read the lesson, another psalm, the Creed, the concluding prayers, and chapel was over.

"Now for it," murmured Sir Billy.

He had decided that, as Hallam's command had come first, he must go to him first.

As Greyhouse disappeared dormitorywards—Parsnip coming in for a lot of rude chaff on his way upstairs—Sir Billy, with a beating heart, directed his steps towards that part of the school where were situated the monitors' studies. He knocked feebly enough on his fag-master's door; as he did so, the door was opened by Hallam himself.

"Oh, it's you, Travers—come in!"

At that moment Wardour came round the corner.

"Ah! I'll see you now, Travers," he said, not observing Hallam, who had stepped back into his study.

"I—I—have to see Hallam!" stammered Sir Billy.

Hallam came out.

"I shan't keep him long," he said, avoiding Wardour's eye. "I've only got to lick him for fighting. He can come to you in a couple of minutes."

"Fighting!" exclaimed Wardour. "Why, that's what *I* want him for."

"What—another licking?"

"I'm afraid so."

The two seniors looked at each other. Sir Billy stood nervously between them, like a lamb that was awaiting slaughter and didn't quite know which butcher was to attend to him first.

"Travers!" said Wardour, gripping Sir Billy by the shoulder, "what does all this mean?"

"Well, I think I ought to tell you," said Hallam, "that he started fighting with Bartlett because Bartlett insulted you."

"That's queer!" said Wardour; "because I found him lamming Bartlett in the nose for calling *you* a cad."

There was a short silence, and the tableau was a picturesque one, although the central figure did not quite seem to appreciate the beauty of the situation.

"Now, look here, Travers," said Wardour, looking at Hallam, who nodded, "if we don't lick you will you promise not to knock Bartlett about any more?"

Sir Billy gave an assenting sniff.

"Then," said Wardour, dealing him a gentle cuff, "get away to bed."

The two monitors watched the young 'un scuttle round the corner. When the sound of his footsteps had died away, Wardour turned to Hallam and held out his hand.

"I say, old man," he said, "can you play for the school to-morrow?"

"Certainly," said Hallam; "very glad to."

"Thanks!"

There was another spell of silence.

"That's a plucky young beggar," said Hallam, at length; "there's more in him than I thought. He'll do, I fancy."

"Yes," said Wardour, "he'll do very well. Good-night!"

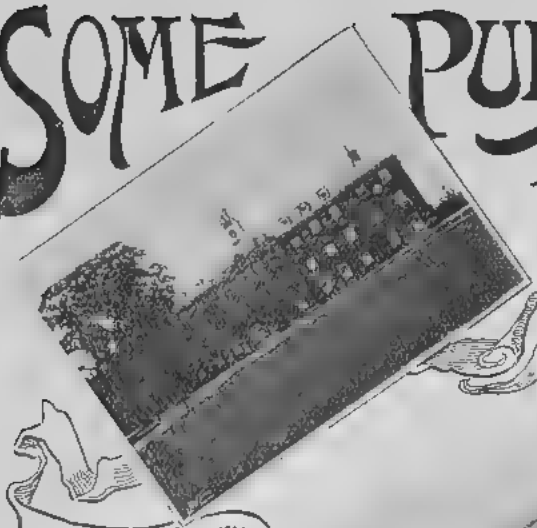
"Good-night, old man!" said Hallam.

And so the breach was healed—by Sir Billy.

R. S. Warren Bell

[*The third story of this series will appear next month.*]

SOME PUBLIC SCHOOLS



Shrewsbury

Rugby

MILL HILL (South front)

INDEPENDENT COLLEGE, TAUNTON

CHRIST COLLEGE, BRECON

From Photographs by Readers of the Captain

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

Google

DUTY.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us in the evening.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of one unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

E. B. BROWNING.

∴ ∴ ∴

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that, ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far-light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining table-lands,
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

TENNYSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O, duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

WORDSWORTH

∴ ∴ ∴

They who would be something more
Than they who feast and laugh and die, will hear
The voice of duty as the note of war,
Nerving their spirits to great enterprise,
And knitting every sinew to the charge.

WOOLNER.

∴ ∴ ∴

Endeavour with unruffled brow,
And with a mind serene,
To meet the duties of the now,
The present, and the seen.
He who doth a Saviour own
Is not left to strive alone.

BUNCHER.

∴ ∴ ∴

Thou would'st be hero? Wait not, then, supinely
For fields of fine romance, which no day ever brings;
The finest life lies oft in doing finely
A multitude of unromantic things.

ANON.

∴ ∴ ∴

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul. Mark the decay
And growth of it. If, with thy watch, *that*, too,
Be down, then wind up both. Since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

GEORGE HERBERT.

∴ ∴ ∴

Onward, onward, let us press,
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth;
Let us make a heaven of earth.

MONTGOMERY.

∴ ∴ ∴

Do thy duty—that is best,
Leave unto the Lord the rest.

LONGFELLOW.

∴ ∴ ∴

Do the thing that's nearest,
Though it's dull awhiles,
Helping, when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

By W. W. Mayland.

Second Article. With Photographs by Alfred Johnson.

However, as it happened, I had no time to celebrate my nuptials with Lady Matilda Lilliput. I will tell you why.

I GAZED DOWN UPON THE VAST MULTITUDE BELOW.

I had taken a nice eight hours' nap in my back garden, no bedroom in the house being big enough to hold me, when a tremendous uproar in the street attracted my attention. My mother came running out to me, and, kneeling down by my right ear, she cried, in her loudest tone, "Get up, William Orange. You, like your famous namesake, are required to take a foremost part in a crisis. That famous prince," continued my dear maternal parent, "was called upon at a critical moment to save England, and you are now called upon, not precisely to save England, but to uphold her dignity in no less hilly a place than the Transvaal."

I pulled myself together and went into the street, and there, leaning against my house, I gazed down upon the vast multitude below—a multitude stretching as far as the eye could see—a multitude which requested me to help it in South Africa to the best of what it was pleased to call my gigantic ability.

Having a mind to think over this demand, I went and laid down in the nearest open space, and whilst I was revolving these warlike things in my mind a horseman in uniform pranced up to me, and brought his steed to a standstill near my head. I recognised the little fellow; I had heard of his midget exploits in the Soudan. It was Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

"We rely on your assistance, Mr. Gulliver," cried his lordship. "You will come with us, will you not?"

"I will, my little man," said I.

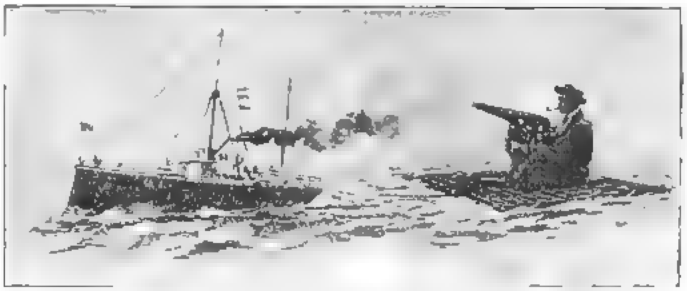
The difficulty was how to get me there! A man-of-war was not big enough. The Admiralty solved the difficulty by building me a huge raft. It was draughty, and exposed me to the elements, but I never was a grumbler, and so I took my seat on this raft with an 81-ton gun on my knees and half-a-dozen Maxims in my pocket, and allowed H.M.S. *Mary Jane* to tug me to Delagoa Bay, where I found the English troops awaiting my arrival. Thanking the captain and crew of the man-of-war for all the trouble they had taken, I waded ashore and placed myself at the head of the English Army.

"Forward, my friends," said I, glancing down at the tiny fellows all drawn up in warlike array, "and I'll do my best for you."

So we marched over hill and over dale. Every now and again we encountered Boer skirmishers, who fired little leaden pellets into my legs and stung me up, as I must confess, considerably. However, I never let trifles disturb me. I lost

I RECOGNISED THE LITTLE FELLOW. IT WAS LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

my temper once, and ran after a number of those Boers, and I was afterwards told that I trampled quite a thousand of them to death. I was sorry for that, never having been a bloodthirsty man, but they should not have stung up my calves in the way they did. We marched on. After the lesson I had given to the Boers we were not again molested, and so, in time, we drew near to the Boer capital. The army having halted, I held a conference



I TOOK MY SEAT ON THIS RAFT, WITH AN 81-TON GUN ON MY KNEES AND HALF-A-DOZEN MAXIMS IN MY POCKET.

"FORWARD, MY FRIENDS," SAID I, GLANCING DOWN AT THE TINY FELLOWS ALL DRAWN UP IN WARLIKE ARRAY.

with the general officer commanding the expedition.

"Now, Bill," said I, "you take your little tin men along and wallop 'em."

"But we can't get near them, Mr. Gulliver," said he; "they get behind rocks and bushes, and they are deadly marksmen."

"Ah!" said I, rubbing my shins, "I have had proof of their proficiency. But what do you propose that I should do?"

"Well, if you could take their president," he said, "it would be a big feather in our cap."

"That's easily done," said I, and so, leaving the army behind me, I marched on to the capital and made my way to the house of President Kruger. I found him smoking a pipe, and singing a hymn between the puffs of it.

"President Kruger, I believe?" said I.

"Ah! Mr. Gulliver," said he, "I'm glad you've come. You are the only man in the world I am afraid of. Will you join me in a pipe and a hymn?"

I said I would, and then we got friendly. I spoke seriously to the old man.

"Look here, Kruger," said I, "this won't do. I have got a million men ten miles away, all of whom are a good deal bigger than me, and if you won't give these Uitlanders what they want, and what they justly ought to have, we shall just eat you up."

"Mr. Gulliver," said President Kruger, "I give in."

And that was how I settled the South African crisis

(To be continued.)

"LOOK HERE, KRUGER," SAID I, "THIS WON'T DO."

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, and How to Play It.

(FIRST ARTICLE.)

By C. B. Fry.

CANNOT be won unless goals are scored. Plant that obvious fact in your hearts, you forwards, and let it bear fruit. By far the greater part of your time and effort is spent in mid-field play, in working the ball down the field. The actual scoring of a goal is a brief, almost an instantaneous, affair. But the latter process is the end, the former merely the means to that end. The virtue of your play, as a whole, is greater or smaller in proportion as you do or do not make goal-getting the end and object of your work. Anything in your game that does not help towards the end in view is superfluous and useless. Grasp this, and you will avoid vague trickiness and gallery piffling, the commonest faults of modern forwards. Play a straightforward, direct, go-ahead game. Cleverness and accuracy are essential, but, if made an end in themselves instead of a means to an end, their value is dead. To be effective they must go hand in hand with dash and effort. Experience proves that, each on its merits, dash beats accuracy; a combination of the two makes the ideal style.

FORWARD WORK

may be roughly analysed into passing, dribbling, and shooting. Passing, of course, is the chief item in modern combined play.

As a basis of procedure, it is important to recognise that a successful pass implies good work by two parties—giver and receiver. It is equally incumbent upon the receiver to make things easy by getting into an advantageous position as it is upon the giver to place the ball timely and accurately. This point is often missed.

The best pass is the one which, under the particular circumstances of a given moment, helps most towards the opposing goal. A set of forwards, however, has, in most cases, what may be called

A STAPLE STYLE OF PLAY.

One hears constantly that this team plays the short-passing, and another the long-passing game. Opinions differ as to the relative merits of the two styles. For slow forwards short-passing pays the better; it is also the more effective style on heavy, muddy grounds; but, unless brought to a high pitch of excellence, it is easily broken up by a determined defence. Long-passing is liable to degenerate into a kick and rush style, but well played by fast, clever forwards, it is very telling. The ideal set of forwards would be able to play both games equally well, and adopt the one or the other as circumstances required.

Long or short, a pass should be forward and through rather than sideways.

THE BEST KIND OF PASSING

is that which is done with all parties concerned going at the highest speed consistent with accuracy in giving and taking the ball. The most effective pass is one that places the ball as far in front of the receiver as is possible without endangering his chance of getting it before an adversary; it should be so placed that the receiver can take the ball in his stride without diminishing his pace. This style of combination makes ground quickest, and is by far the most difficult to frustrate. A man receiving the ball at a stand-still is easily tackled and dispossessed; the faster he is going, provided he can control the ball, the harder he is to stop.

NEVER PASS AIMLESSLY.

There is no virtue in passing for passing's sake. Combined play is more effective than individual dribbling, because two men can by a timely transfer make almost certain of eluding a tackle, whereas, man to man, the odds are greatly against a dribbler.

You should never keep the ball long enough to allow yourself to be tackled, yet you should not get rid of it without some distinct object. There is no gain in passing to someone who is in a worse position than yourself for making ground. If you are free and unmarked, go ahead till you are in danger of losing the ball. Always, if possible, draw an opponent on to you before passing; for thus you put him out of action and relieve your comrades. The gist of it is, you must

USE YOUR WITS AND JUDGMENT.

In view of the comparatively few, but none

the less important, occasions on which you should take the ball on single-handed, you ought, in practice, to cultivate the art of dribbling. The thing is to be able to go full tilt without losing control of the ball.

The importance of good shooting is obvious. All the same, it will bear emphasis. Time after time one sees matches in which one side has much the best of the game in the field, yet loses it because it cannot clinch its advantages by scoring. I saw an important match in which a side only got once within shooting distance, yet won by a goal to *nil*; the defence of the winners was very strong, but the losers had at least a dozen fair chances of scoring. Beyond doubt

IT PAYS TO SHOOT THE MOMENT THERE IS A DECENT OPENING;

the longer the shot is delayed, the more time has the defence to crowd into goal.

Passing and repassing in front of goal with a view to a certainty is a mistake. The sooner the shot is made after you get within range the better the chance of a goal.

The most difficult shot for a goal-keeper to stop is a low one that crosses him into the corner of the net. That is the sort to cultivate. But beware lest, in trying to make too sure, you shoot outside the net. You should practise unceasingly with a view to gaining the power of shooting hard and accurately, however the ball comes to your foot.

The old division of a team into "the attack" and "the defence" is out of keeping with modern theory and practice. The whole team takes part both in attacking and defending. Each unit, according to his sphere and to the occasion, does aggressive or defensive work.

THE FORWARDS,

of course, do little defending; their work in this line is limited to coming back to mark their opponents when there is a throw-in from touch or a free kick, and to filling the goal-mouth in the event of a corner-kick against their side. The half-backs are as much engaged in the one kind of work as in the other. They are extra-forwards in attacking, and extra-backs in defending. The backs' work is pre-eminently defensive, yet not altogether so, for they are largely engaged in feeding the forwards by judicious kicking, and in giving them opportunities of getting away with the ball.

In so far as the half-backs are extra-forwards, all that is said above on forward play applies to them. They should not, however, get mixed up with the forwards, but be rather, as it were, a second line of attack, acting closely in touch with the front line. Their essential duty in attacking is

TO FEED THE FORWARDS,

to keep giving them opportunities.

It is a fatal mistake, however, for the half-backs, in endeavouring to promote the attack, to fail in their defensive duties. The backs and half-backs, taken together, must regard it as their paramount object to prevent goals being scored against their side

The main idea of combined forward play is to beat the defence by outnumbering it at successive stages. As it is a case of five against five, this outnumbering plan depends for success upon a series of skilful changes of position by which one forward is left unmarked and free to receive the ball. In order to defeat these tactics, the backs and halves must organise a system of defence by which they can prevent the existence of this surplus forward. Such a defence implies complete co-operation and a thorough understanding. The most approved disposal of force is as follows.

THE CENTRE HALF-BACK

makes it his mark to deal with the opposing centre forward and with all his relations with the inside forwards. The left back and half take the two right wing forwards, the right back and half the two left-wing forwards. The plan of action is, in general, for the half-back or back nearest to the man with the ball to go for him in order to dispossess him or make him pass, while the remaining four units of defence do their best to so place themselves that the remaining units of attack are prevented from receiving the ball if passed. It generally occurs that the nearest half-back goes for the man with the ball, and one of the backs blocks the most likely direction of the pass. The co-operation of each back with the half in front of him takes this form: Down the field, say a quarter of the field's length from goal, and farther, the half watches the inside forward, and the back the outside, the reason being that

THE OUTSIDE FORWARD IS USUALLY WELL IN FRONT OF THE INSIDE,

and therefore comes naturally into the back's sphere of action. Nearer goal, however, since it is important for the backs to concentrate in front of goal, the half takes the outside man and the back the inside.

This form of defence is meant as a general basis of action. In a game the continual shiftings of positions make it impossible to keep to any set plan. But a definite disposal of forces is none the less of great value.

In kicking, the backs ought always, under all circumstances, to make absolutely sure of clearing effectively when there is the remotest chance of danger to their goal. But they must remember that they, too, have a part in the attack. They should aim at kicking in such a manner that their own forwards get the ball. Over-kicking is the next worst fault to foozling. The best kind of kick travels low, just out of heading reach. As a rule,

BACKS SHOULD KICK TO THE WINGS,

with a view to feeding the outside forwards, who usually have more room to negotiate a long pass than the insides. When long kicking is necessary or unavoidable, and at other times, too, it is very effective for the right back to kick across the ground to the outside left, and similarly the left back to the outside right forward. The principle is that the backs in kicking should feed their own side.

The goal-keeper, in kicking off, should aim out to the wings, for the direction is more open, and there is less chance of the ball being returned into goal-mouth. In saving, he should always try to catch the ball with two hands, and to clear towards the wings rather than to the centre of the ground.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. E. Jenks.—The printing arrangements of THE CAPTAIN do not admit of even the most important letters being answered immediately. You do not require special training for football as long as you are in decent condition. You certainly will not excel at the game if you overtrain. A match and a practice game a week is quite enough work. You can go for a light cross-country run or two before the season begins, but that form of exercise is very easily overdone, even by old boys. I agree with you as to the excellence of THE CAPTAIN, but I think it equally suitable both for boys and old boys. Of course, I do not know how old a boy you are. I am much flattered by your opinion of my ability and humility, but fear I should not find time to do the work you suggest.

W. Redfern.—The strongest heavy-weight miler would never think of running a mile a day regularly. If you are wise you will diminish your work considerably. Do not run more than four days a week. You should vary your work. On one day run a half-mile at fair speed and two fast sprints of 200yds. Another day run a fast 350yds., and one easy lap. I would run the full mile only twice in a month's training. Your diet is excellent; do not bother about it. It is impossible to advise you as to what races you should enter for. It entirely depends on your object and on your ability. You cannot excel at all distances, unless you outclass your opponents completely.

A. H. Sandell.—You are probably in fine condition, as you take regular exercise. Your best plan would, I think, be to run in the evenings not more than four times a week. You need not do much work if you are going to make your training extend over several months. Read the advice given above to W. Redfern. Aim at increasing your pace. You will find that by gradually lengthening your distance, you will be able to run the half-mile at nearly the same pace you now can the quarter.

A Lover of Cricket.—(1) The result is a tie; the two completed runs count, but not the incompleted run. (2) Bowl round the wicket, *i.e.*, on the left-hand side.

J. C. Pindar.—Plenty of boxing and some ball punching, a couple of runs a week; ordinary plain food, be careful not to overtrain. Consult back numbers of THE CAPTAIN for detailed advice as to training.

G. L. Herman.—C. Macleod is a right-hand bat and bowler. His brother, R. Macleod, is a left-hand bat, but bowls right hand. It was a slip; they are not always avoidable, are they, even in Latin exercises? Lockwood had a bad strain at the time, and could not bowl. He is a fine bat. (1) Sixteen numbers. (2) 23ft. 6½ins. (3) No; if you have great natural ability.

P. S. E. M.—The umpire was right. If the batsman had let his bat go entire, and it fell into the wicket, he would have been out—"hit wicket." The splinter counts as the bat. The batsman displaced a bail in making his stroke.

A Footballer.—Be very careful. I should take a doctor's advice. Consult advice given to "A. E. Jenks."

Athlete. (1) No; rub down with a towel. (2) It is a matter of individual experience. I consider you do too much physical work. (3) Yes, if not overdone. (4) Only up to a certain point. (5) Cannot say. (6) Good, if you find it suits you, and you do not feel faint. (7) That time would do, if none other available; between 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. is, of course, better. Your "querries" (*sic*) are sensible enough, but I fancy you are inclined to overdo things.

G. M. B. W.—You need not train, if you try to you will probably do yourself more harm than good. The best way to improve your pace is to practice running short dashes of 30yds. at top speed. Twice every other day is often enough.

Queen's Park.—I do not know much about bar-bells; the exercises with them strike me as uninteresting. *Light* dumb-bells and *light* Indian clubs systematically yet moderately used are excellent. You cannot hope to be quite as good at your best distance if you take up several other events differing in kind and in requirements, but you will do no great harm. I do not believe in specialising if one has all-round tendencies. Be careful not to overtrain. Read my article in a back number on "How to Train for Sports." The book you mention is useful; I used to read it and profit by the suggestions. No, he is not a professional.

Athlete (W. C. A.).—Your stitch probably comes from running when not in condition. When, with training, your muscles get hard and your wind improves, you will not feel the pain. If you do, give up long distances and take to sprints.

H. Mack. (1) It is a matter for the umpire. He would probably give you out for obstructing the field. But it would be a mere point, as presumably you might be waiting to stop the ball bouncing into the wicket. (2) Your idea is a good one, but I do not think the fence will be used. (3) Yes, often; top score sometimes. (4) Absolutely impossible, the suggested alteration is as idiotic as many others.

E. J. O'Brien.—You probably strained your sides in some way. I expect your heart is all right. If the trouble occurs again consult a doctor.

W. V. Stevenson. Your method is good. Walking is excellent for hardening and bracing the muscles. You must do some running across country to improve your wind. Avoid a common pole. Get one from a good athletic outfitter, or from any of the well known northern pole-jumpers. Consult the Badminton book on "Athletics."

C. B. F.

"Tom Browne's Comic Annual."

84 PAGES OF

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Illustrated by George Hawley.

THERE were two principal reasons why Paul Trevelyan, the hero of this episode, was not popular with his comrades, the junior officers of H.M.S. *Hotspur*.

To begin with, he was a queer, reserved kind of fellow, who spent most of his spare time in study, and who never joined in any of the "larks" which frequently brought down the thunders of authority upon our devoted heads, and, in the second place, it had come to be known amongst us that he had foreign blood—hostile blood in his veins, his father, who had held an important diplomatic post at St. Petersburg, having married a Russian lady of high rank. In the Russian capital Paul had been born; indeed, he had only come to England after his father's death, which occurred when he was ten years of age, and in accordance with Mr. Trevelyan's last wish—that his only son should have the education of an English gentleman.

Paul was eighteen now, and senior midshipman of the *Hotspur*—a fine, strapping lad, with thoughtful blue eyes and a grave, even rather melancholy face.

Naturally enough, perhaps, he was looked upon with unqualified mistrust by the young patriots on board, whose purely British origin was above suspicion, and I'm afraid he must have had anything but a pleasant time of it amongst us, for we certainly lost no opportunity of teasing him concerning foreign peculiarities in his speech and manner, while his chief tormentor, a sub-lieutenant named Hawkhurst, openly stated that he considered Trevelyan had made a mistake in the service he had chosen, and that he should now be serving under the Russian standard, instead of beneath the grand old Union Jack.

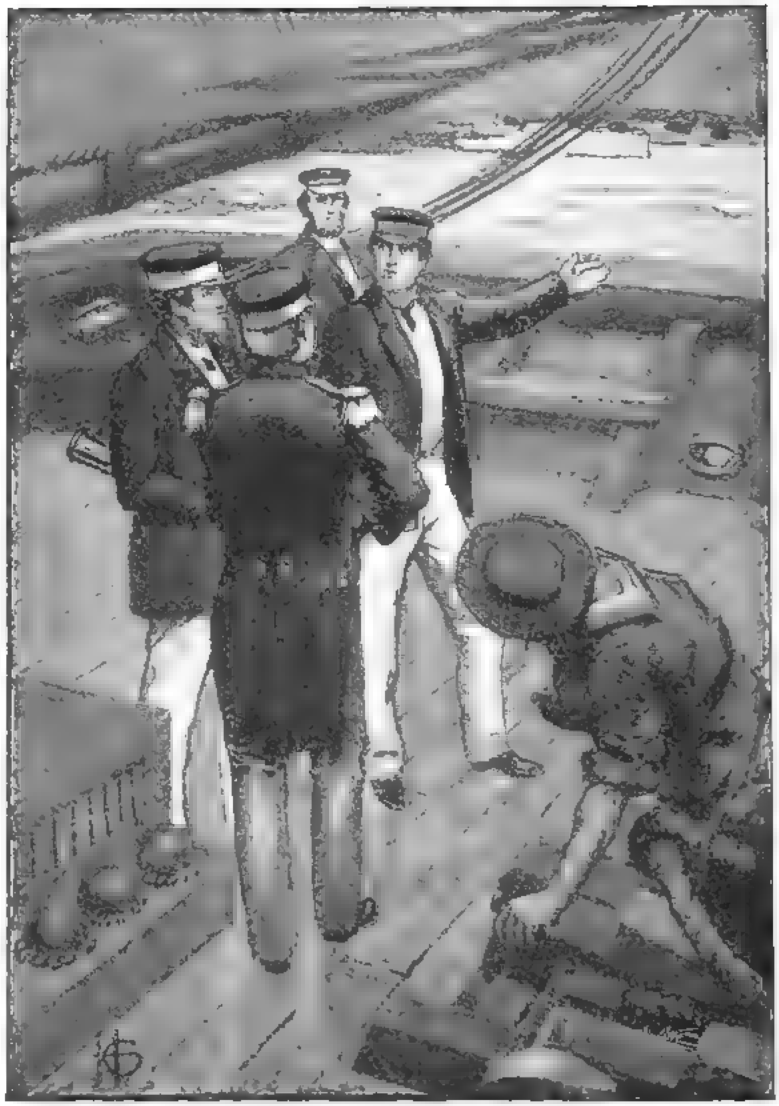
At the time of which I am writing, the summer of the year 1854, the *Hotspur*, a new screw-steamer of no very great size, was, in company with the rest of the British Fleet, under Sir Charles Napier, flying the white ensign in the Baltic. The French had not yet arrived upon the scene of action, and though our fleet did but little, save for the daring deeds of individual crews and captains, to enhance the glory of the British navy, yet I will say that in several small affairs the little *Hotspur* had borne herself so well as to earn quite a reputation for smartness and dash, as well as the commendation of those in authority. Accordingly, when the admiral heard that a sailing vessel was expected to arrive at Libau from Riga in about a week's time, with a consignment of rifles and ammunition for the garrison of the former place, we were despatched immediately to patrol that particular strip of coast, and to capture the *Nikolai Alexandrovitch*—for that was the vessel's name—whenever she appeared.

But these instructions were not as easily carried out as given. Our prey did indeed turn up just as we expected, but managed to elude us in a dense fog, which came on just as we thought we had her safely in our clutches, and ran for shelter into a small bay, which took its name from the

town on its shores, a town which, for the purposes of my story, I will call Kinsk.

The bay was protected by two headlands, which curved inward like a pair of encircling arms, and on the extremity of each of these was built a strong fort.

What was to be done? Go back and report ourselves to the admiral, with, figuratively speaking, our fingers in our mouths? It was not to be thought of for a moment. Our captain was too thorough an English sailor, and too genuinely proud of his ship and crew, to consider such a course of action even possible. But there was the *Nikolai Alexandrovitch*, lying snugly in a bay of whose navigation and inner defences we were quite ignorant, while Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Hotspur* dodged helplessly up and down the coast outside. Had we been certain that those two forts were all we had to reckon with, our captain would have risked their fire, but as I have said before, we had no means of knowing what were the resources of the enemy within, and unless we could discover this, it would be madness to brave the fire of the forts, only to rush into a trap from which there might be no escaping.



TREVELYAN WAS FIRM; HE EXPLAINED CLEARLY WHAT HE INTENDED TO DO, DECLARED HE WAS PERFECTLY READY TO ACCEPT ALL THE RISKS TO HIS OWN LIFE . . .

Well, matters were in this unsatisfactory state, when one day the rumour flew through the ship that Trevelyan had volunteered to make his way alone, and in disguise, into the town of Kinsk, and bring back the information we required. At first our captain hesitated about giving permission; he warned Trevelyan that if discovered and captured he would certainly be shot as a spy, and, in fact, raised a good many objections to the scheme. But the middy was firm; he explained clearly what he intended to do, declared that he was perfectly ready to accept all the risks to his own life, reminded Captain Montague that his perfect knowledge of Russian would stand him in good stead, and used so many excellent arguments that finally, with much reluctance, our worthy commander gave his consent.

So, early one gloomy morning, when the air was dark with a dense fog which hung over land and sea, Paul Trevelyan, so perfectly disguised that his dearest friend would not have known him, slipped quietly into a boat, and was rowed ashore on his adventurous errand.

He was landed about a mile down the coast, at a spot quite out of sight of the protecting forts,

and he at once struck off inland towards the little town of Kinsk, which he reached in safety and without adventure.

Arrived in the town, he mingled with the peasantry who had come in from the surrounding country, with some of the soldiers of the garrison, and he very soon found that he stood in no danger, in no imminent danger at least, of discovery.

He happened very fortunately to have had a few Russian coins of small value in his possession, and these he had brought with him, so that at the expense of a few glasses of *vodki*, the national liquor of Russia, he was soon quite "hail fellow well met," as the saying goes, with a number of the peasants, a few artillery men from the forts, and some of the nautical loungers about the wharf.

But the information he acquired was most unsatisfactory. From the gunners he learnt that there was a garrison of three hundred men in the town, while two hundred more were distributed amongst the forts, in one of which twelve guns were mounted and in the other eight. The fishermen also informed him that the authorities, seeing that the British ship was determined to remain on guard, had resolved to have the cargo of the *Nikolai Alexandrovitch* removed the following day, and taken overland to Libau. Moreover, when, about noon, the fog lifted slightly, two glances showed Trevelyan the existence of a third fort, erected on a slight eminence commanding the town and bay, and also the presence in the harbour of a large Russian man-o'-war.

Paul glanced at the *Nikolai*, and then at her grim guardian, lying out in deeper water, and fumed inwardly. So, then, his trouble and danger would all go for nothing! For he knew right well that Captain Montague would never be guilty of the folly of taking his ship into such a trap. British sailors have done things which have startled the world before now, but even they cannot achieve impossibilities, and it would be an impossibility for the little *Hotspur* to carry off her prize under the fire of the three forts, and threatened by the Russian frigate, through that narrow isthmus between the headlands, out to the open sea.

No, it was quite impossible; and yet——

"They are going to remove the cargo to-morrow, therefore we must act before then," thought Paul to himself. "It is the cargo, of course, which we wish to prevent them from getting to Libau. If only I could do something—but I am utterly powerless, and I know the captain would never be so mad as to risk the *Hotspur* in here. Risk! Why, it would be deliberately throwing the ship away!"

He shook off his companions at last by pretending to be overcome with *vodki*, and, lying down under the lee of a boat, he was soon apparently sound asleep, though in reality he was closely watching everybody who came or went on the wharf, and his mind never ceased its busy working. So the hours passed on, and the fog closed in again—darkly, thickly—over sea and land.

Several times Trevelyan had half risen from his place of concealment, intending to make his way through the town, and thence across country to that particular part of the coast where he had been landed in the morning; but on each occasion, moved by some mysterious impulse which he could not define, Paul sank down again into the shelter of the boat.

At length, just as afternoon was giving place to evening, a seemingly trivial incident occurred to break the dull monotony of Trevelyan's watch. A tall man in nautical attire came down to the wharf, and, halting almost directly above the spot where the midshipman lay, hailed the *Nikolai Alexandrovitch*, in an authoritative tone which proclaimed him the skipper of the vessel.

Promptly an answering hail came back out of the fog.

"No, I'm not coming on board," shouted the Russian captain in reply—he spoke his native tongue, of course, but that presented no difficulty to Paul, who lay motionless, hardly daring to breathe lest he should miss a word—"the Commandant has sent for me to go to his quarters, and arrange about moving that cargo to-morrow, so I shall not be back till late. Whom have you with you there, Feodor?"

"Only Ivanoff," came the voice of the mate, in a half-laughing tone, "and he is sound asleep on deck as usual."

"Well, never mind. The other men will be back in an hour or so, and that accursed English ship dare not come in here, praise be to the Saints! Send a boat ashore for me about ten o'clock, Feodor. I shall be here by then," and so saying the burly seaman tramped away.

But the brief conversation had put a strange, wild idea into Paul Trevelyan's mind. He might never have such a chance again, and in a short time the other seamen might return, and his desperate opportunity would be gone. The wharf was utterly deserted, the fog so dense that all he could see of the Russian man-o'-war, anchored farther out, was a shapeless blur upon the curtain of mist, and he carried a loaded navy revolver in the breast of his loose peasant's shirt. If only he could get aboard the *Nikolai*, and overpower the two men who were her only guardians, it would be so easy, in the midst of that perilous cargo, to destroy its usefulness for ever.

The scheme was frightfully hazardous, of course. At any moment a shout from the *Nikolai* would alarm the war-vessel, and besides, Paul knew that in escaping, if he escaped at all, he must run the gauntlet of the forts. It was impossible to escape by land if he were chased, as he assuredly would be. To cross the open country lying between Kinsk and the shore had been a work of time that morning; he could never attempt it in the denser fog which reigned at present, without being captured almost immediately. Yes, the deed would be dangerous in the extreme, but for all that:—

"I will prove myself as good an Englishman as the best of them," he muttered resolutely beneath his breath.

"UTTER A SOUND, OR MOVE EXCEPT AS I TELL YOU, AND YOU ARE A DEAD MAN!"

In the boat near which he had been lying were a pair of oars and some pieces of half-rotten sailcloth. With this last he quickly muffled the oars, and then, hauling down the boat, which was small and light, to the water's edge, he pushed off, and rowed noiselessly towards the spot where the hull of the *Nikolai* loomed out of the mist. Fortunately the mate was standing with his back towards the town, and, as Paul came alongside, he could distinctly see the Russian's dark figure as the latter stood leaning idly over the bulwarks with eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently lost in thought.

There was a small boat towing alongside, and, coolly transferring himself and his muffled oars to this, Trevelyan let the little craft which had carried him from the shore drift aimlessly away. Then, hastily slipping off his rough peasant's shoes, he climbed up the rope, and so reached the deck of the *Nikolai*.

Once there, a single moment sufficed him to take out and cock his revolver, and another to step swiftly and noiselessly across the rather untidy deck; then suddenly, before the astonished and terrified sailor could even turn round, Paul clapped the weapon to his head and whispered fiercely in Russian:—

"Utter a sound, or move except as I tell you, and you are a dead man!"

Trevelyan could feel the mate start convulsively, could hear his swift gasp of utter dread, but he uttered no cry, and stood motionless, as if cut in stone.

"Turn!" said the midshipman, sharply; and the other obeyed.

"Now sit down on the deck, and hand me that coil of light rope."

The Russian complied.

Paul put his hand into the breast of his shirt, and, drawing out a handkerchief, gagged the terrified man; then, laying his pistol on the deck beside him, he proceeded to make the luckless Feodor completely helpless by binding him hand and foot. This done, Trevelyan withdrew the gag for a moment, and demanded authoritatively:—

"Where is your comrade? Answer me. You need not be afraid if you do exactly as I tell you."

"He is over yonder by the hatchway, asleep," was the sullen response.

"And where does your captain keep the key of the powder magazine?"

A quiver of deadly terror swept across the Russian's face. He hesitated, and was silent.

"You needn't be frightened," said Trevelyan, grimly; "nobody's going to blow *you* up. Come, speak—the truth mind! For if I find you've been playing with me I shall most certainly shoot you! Out with it—I'm waiting!"

"He keeps it hanging above the bunk in his cabin, the largest one on the right. Who are you

in the name of the Saints, and what are you doing here?"

"I am an officer in the navy of the Queen of England," Trevelyan answered, proudly, as he slipped the gag into Feodor's mouth once more, "and what I am doing here is—well, so far, no one's business but my own. Be content—you'll know soon enough, my friend."

He picked up the rest of the coil of rope as he spoke, and stole silently across the deck to where the second Russian lay, still sleeping soundly.

It was the work of five minutes to shake the man into wakefulness, and then to cow him into silence with the fear of instant death, while he was served as his companion had been, *i.e.*, gagged and bound securely. Then, having reduced his two enemies to abject helplessness, Paul vanished through the hatchway in search of the Russian skipper's cabin. He found it at length, and also the key of the magazine, hanging just as the mate had said, on a nail above the captain's bunk. The key Paul promptly took possession of, and then proceeded with his errand of destruction. First, however, he hastily searched the ship, in order to make sure that the perilous cargo was really on board. There was no doubt of that, as he very soon discovered, for in the hold were piled cases upon cases of Minié rifles, while the magazine was stored with boxes of cartridges and barrels of powder.

It took Trevelyan some little time to open one of these latter, and to remove the inner covering of zinc which protected the shining black grains from damp, but it was done at last, in spite of strained nerves and fingers shaking with excitement, and then the young midshipman set to work to construct a rude kind of fuse composed of wetted linen and a few grains of powder. The linen he procured by tearing up a shirt which he found in the skipper's cabin, and his task being then so far accomplished, Paul hurried on deck. He was anxious to complete his work, and be off as soon as possible, for at any moment now the Russian sailors might return, and with their coming his chance of success would vanish for ever.

Hastily unfastening the rope which bound the mate's ankles, and loosening that on his wrists, Paul, holding the revolver ready, ordered the Russian to get into the boat which was made fast alongside.

"I don't wish to have your death upon my conscience." Trevelyan remarked, grimly, as his victim slowly obeyed. "You see, my good Feodor, this vessel, with her entire cargo, will be flying skywards in a very few minutes, and so, unless you wish to go aloft also, you had better be quick"—a threat which had the effect of hastening the Russian sailor's movements very considerably.

Once in the boat, Feodor's bonds were again tightened, and then the same process was gone through with his comrade, for Trevelyan, with that regard for the sanctity of human life which came to him with his English blood, felt that he could not leave those miserable wretches to the fate which awaited them on board the doomed ship.

Having thus embarked his prisoners, Paul rowed them with all speed to the shore, and tumbled them out with scant ceremony upon the deserted wharf, pushing off immediately on his return journey to the ship. His heart was beating wildly as he clambered upon the deck of the *Nikolai* once more, for the crisis of his attempt was nearing now, and the time of his own most imminent peril was fast approaching.

A lighted lantern swung in the cuddy, and, hastily snatching it down, Trevelyan hurried on to the magazine, where the ship and her valuable cargo lay at the mercy of a single spark. Hiss!

IT SEEMED TO PAUL TREVELYAN THAT THE VERY SKY ABOVE HIM WAS RENT BY A DEAFENING NOISE LIKE A CLAP OF THUNDER.

Google

the rough fuse spat and crackled as he plunged it into the slender flame, and then, flinging the lantern wildly aside, Paul sprang like lightning up the ladder, knowing that his life depended on his speed.

He swung himself down into the boat, cast off the rope, and with swift, noiseless strokes, rowed out into the little harbour, heading past the spot where the Russian war-vessel lay, wrapt in her shroud of mist. He could hear the voices of the sailors on her decks as he shot onward through the fog; men were talking on the wharf also, and there came the sound of a distant shout; then it seemed to Paul Trevelyan that the very sky above him was rent by a deafening noise like a clap of thunder, the murky obscurity was illuminated by a vivid blaze, there came a sharp rattle of falling débris, some of which descended quite close to our midshipman's boat, and then all was still.

But not for long. Resting for a moment on his oars, Trevelyan could presently hear a babel of shouts and cries from the town, and a few short, sharp words of command uttered on the man-o'-war, and followed by a splash which his sailor's instinct told him was caused by a rapidly-lowered boat striking the water.

"They'll find those fellows on the wharf," Paul muttered to himself as he bent to his oars again, "and then there'll be a chase. Well, I have the start of them, at all events."

Suddenly a gun boomed out from the battery above the town, and was replied to a few moments later by another from one of the forts on the protecting headlands. Paul's heart gave a sickening throb of anxiety. The forts were aroused now, and in a few minutes the enemy would be hot upon his track; already he could hear the distant sound of loud-voiced questions and answers, as the Russian man-o'-war's men spoke, and were answered from the shore. Then there came the swift plashing of oars, and he knew that the foe had given chase at last.

On—on—his muscular arms sent the light boat flying through the mist, until at length his craft shot into the patch of blackness which lay close beneath the right-hand fort. His pursuers were coming up rapidly, pulling with the swift steadiness of trained muscles, and even as Trevelyan paused for an instant to regain his breath, the sentry on the rampart above him hailed the Russian boat.

"The Commandant wishes to know what has happened," he shouted, "and where are you going in such haste? Can you tell us if it were on board a ship that explosion occurred which we heard just now?"

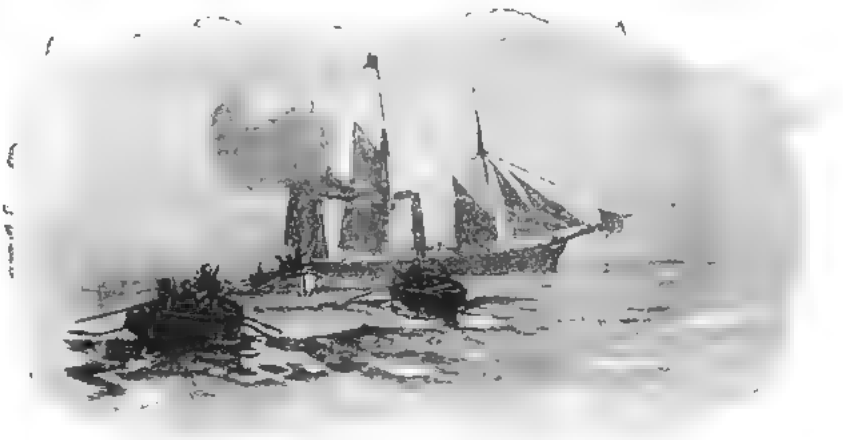
"It was the *Nikolai Alexandrovitch*," shouted back the officer in charge of the boat; "she has been blown to pieces and her cargo destroyed by a dog of an English spy whom we are chasing now! By all the Saints, there he goes!"—as Paul, putting his full strength into the stroke, sent his skiff flying towards the open sea, where the Russians could see her dimly. "Fire, I say! Fire! or he will escape us yet. Give way!" he added, to his crew. "Give way there for your lives!"

Swiftly the garrison of the fort obeyed the hasty order, and bullets fell around the little boat like hail, but Trevelyan kept on his way with a smile on his lips and a glow at his heart.

Nearer and nearer his pursuers swept, but now there was a gleaming point of light right ahead. It was a lantern held up as a beacon by the coxswain in one of the *Hotspur's* boats, and with all his failing strength the middy shouted:—

"*Hotspur*, ahoy!"

'Ay, ay!" came the lusty answer, and then, in



"PULL YOUR BEST, OR THEY'LL HAVE ME YET! THEY'RE CLOSE BEHIND!"

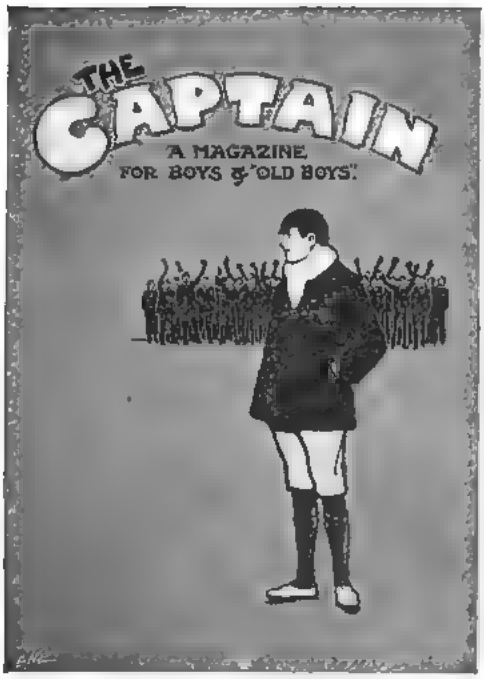
Hawkhurst's voice, which sounded strangely husky and indistinct:—

"Is that you, Trevelyan?"

"Yes, yes! Pull your best, or they'll have me yet! They're close behind!" And with a cheer

the British boat's crew bent to their oars. In a very few moments they were alongside, and Trevelyan was hauled aboard, while the Russian boat, her occupants foiled and furious, was sullenly headed for the forts once more. They knew better than to venture too near the British ship, whose commander's mood, just at present, was worthy of the original bearer of his vessel's name.

But how can I describe the reception which awaited Paul when he reached the *Hotspur* and had told his story, very simply and modestly? The cheering, the hand-shakes, the pats on the back, and, what he valued more than all, Hawkhurst's half-choked apology and the captain's few quiet words. We knew him now for what he was—what he had been all along—a true British sailor; and when promotion came, and at the end of the war the little cross, which stamps its wearer as "bravest of the brave," you may judge if we thought the guerdon too high for the deeds of our favourite hero, Lieutenant Paul Trevelyan.



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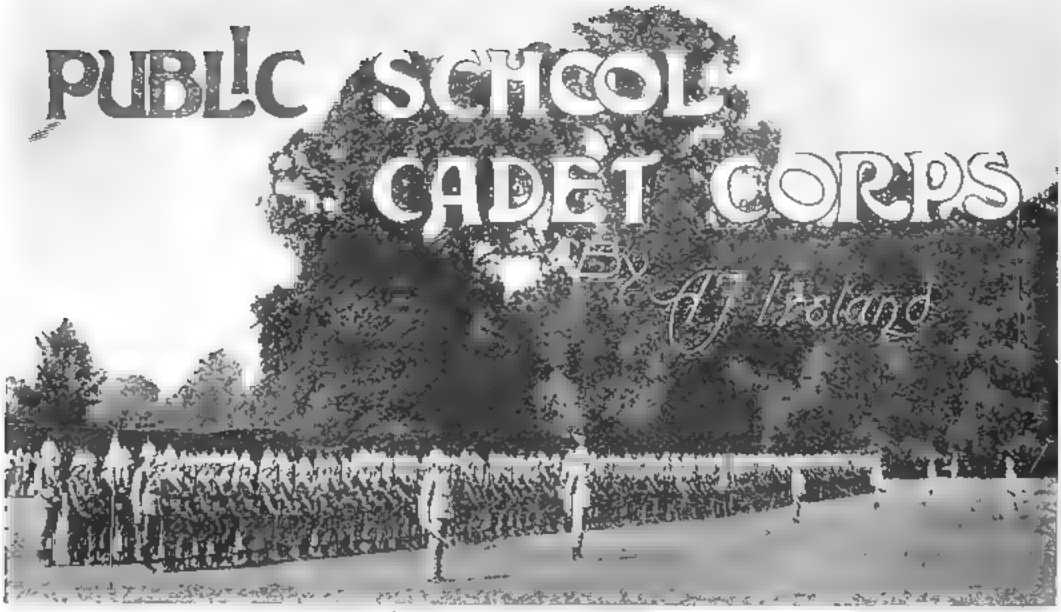
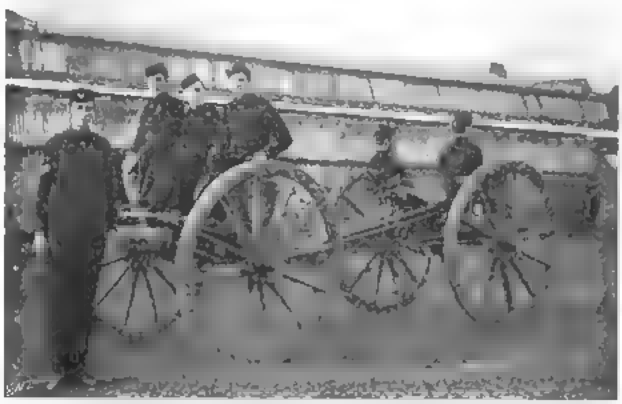
PUBLIC SCHOOL CADET CORPS

By A. Ireland



THE MAJORITY of people are inclined to look upon the cadet corps movement with nothing more than toleration. A corps is regarded as an almost essential adjunct to a public school, because, from the point of view of the uninitiated, it provides another outdoor occupation for the boys. I shall hope to convince the sceptic, and enlighten those who are unacquainted with the real object of the corps during the following article; and at the same time I shall endeavour to supply the information required by those who are contemplating the formation of a corps in their schools.

First as to the object of cadet corps. They are formed to teach the boys the two important lessons of obedience to orders and the duties of man to man; without these two principles an army or a nation of civilians can do nothing. Therefore the training is from the very commencement an important item in the education of the boys, who will in a short time be the men upon whom the country will have to depend. Besides the moral side of the training, there is the scarcely less important physical development which the drill effects. Everyone, I think, will acknowledge that a system which combines health-giving recreation and a sound education in two of the essential rules of life should be encouraged in every way possible—the more so as the boys learn their lessons without realising that they are being taught, and therefore learn them very thoroughly, in a manner which appeals to them. This is the primary object of a corps; but there is another which should find a welcome in the heart of every loyal subject of Her Majesty. That is the upholding of the great empire over which our Queen holds sway. War is a serious thing to think of,



PLYMOUTH AND MANNAMEAD COLLEGE GUN SQUAD.

ETON COLLEGE BATTALION IN COLUMN FORMATION.

but we never know when hands and hearts might be needed to muster round the British flag; and it is a grand thing to feel that boys are being sent from school ready to take their place in the ranks, to defend their land and sovereign.

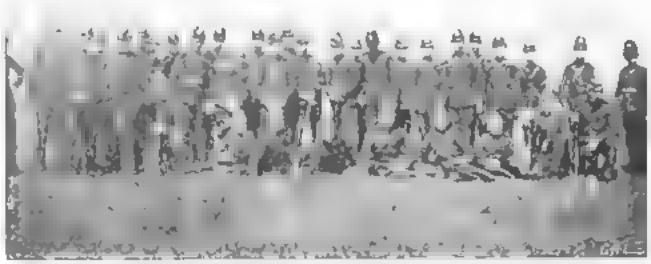
These reasons should be a sufficient plea to induce those who have the opportunity of forming a corps to lose no time in adding to the strength of the existing school-boy army of England. And with the hope that such may be the intention of many who read this, I shall now give the details of the necessary mode of procedure to accomplish the end in view.

The first thing to be done is to write to the adjutant of the volunteer battalion which has its headquarters nearest the school, stating the number of cadets that can be guaranteed, and asking for particulars. Probably there may be a little opposition, for cadet corps are still so much in the minority that their advent is not altogether welcomed by the authorities; but this will easily be overcome if there seems a likelihood of producing a smart addition to the battalion. It is not necessary to propose a very large number, and the general opinion of the officers in command of the existing corps is that it is better to have a small efficient corps than a large one with stragglers. So emphatically do they speak of the advisability of judicious selection, that I must lay special stress upon the matter for the guidance of those about to raise a corps. When the preliminary inquiries have been made the adjutant will communicate the result, and, if the corps is to be formed, full instructions will be sent from headquarters.

If fifty cadets can be guaranteed for the new corps—and this is not at all too small a number to begin with—there is no reason why the undertaking should not be carried through successfully. And when the adjutant's approval has been received work must begin in earnest; proper company books will be issued to the officer in command, and the ages, heights, and measurements of the boys will be taken, and probably about half-a-dozen of the most suitable will be appointed non-commissioned officers, with either the rank of sergeant or corporal. One of the masters of the school is given the command of the corps, with honorary rank, in whose hands the management is left. A sergeant-instructor, detailed to drill the cadets once or twice a week, will report the progress they make at headquarters. If at the end of about three months satisfaction has been given, the corps is duly enrolled, and uniforms and accoutrements are issued to the cadets. The corps is then on a military footing, attached to a volunteer battalion, and eligible to compete for the Bisley prizes, and to go into camp with the cadets at Aldershot.

There is practically no age limit for entrance as long as a boy can carry his rifle, but no boy under sixteen is required to take the oath of allegiance—that is to say, the younger boys are not liable to be called upon to take the field in time of war. Every boy, however, who is of an age to take the oath, earns the Government Capitation Grant of 35s. for his corps, which, of course, is a very valuable help in reducing the expenses of the corps—which should, if possible, be made self-supporting.

The initial outlay for uniform amounts to about £3; and a rule, when the corps has been fully



SOUTH EASTERN COLLEGE, RAMSGATE. THE CORPS AT SHORNCLIFFE: INSPECTION.

DULWICH COLLEGE N.C. OFFICERS.

started, is generally made which enables cadets to dispose of their uniforms when they leave the school, so that recruits can often obtain their outfit at a considerably smaller sum than the above. In order to cover the expenses of field-days and other functions it will be found necessary to have a terminal subscription—which, in the existing corps, is generally about ten shillings. Roughly speaking, therefore, the cost for each cadet amounts to about £2 per annum—and in my opinion the boy receives excellent value for the outlay.

Now that the new corps has been formed, the responsibility rests with the officer in command. The success or failure of the venture depends upon him; and, as the opinion of those who have managed cadets for some time may be of service in helping him to make the best use of his material, I shall quote the substance of the advice offered by those gentlemen who have replied to my inquiries.

Drill is the high road to success; and the drills must be arranged so as to allow the boys to take part in the school games, otherwise only the fellows who are no good at cricket or football will join the corps. And as these are not the most desirable soldiers, the drill must be made to dovetail with the other school institutions, so that the pick of the school may be represented in the cadet corps. And I am exceedingly glad to record the fact that the athletes of the schools are ready to join the corps too; in letter after letter I read that the members of the teams are almost to a man enrolled in the corps, and that the captain of the school, or the captain of the fifteen or eleven holds a commission, or is a sergeant. This is a thoroughly healthy and encouraging sign, which bears out the opinion that a cadet corps is a most useful addition to any school.

Drills should be frequent, and should not last too long—but in all cases attendance should be compulsory. Of course, the officer in command should be present, but he should make the boys do as much as possible themselves. Thus the system of section drill will be found the most practicable, as the sergeants can be taught to conduct this by themselves; and by this means they will learn the more onerous duties of company and, finally, battalion drill.

Next in importance is the shooting. This, especially about London, is not always easy to secure; but practice is absolutely essential, and

range firing should take place at least once a month, and in the intervals Morris tube practice should be obtained as frequently as possible.

Then arises the question of a band. This is rather an ambitious undertaking, but it should be added if possible, as the effect of the music is wonderful, and it gives a corps a position for which nothing else is a substitute. In the large public schools it is not a difficult matter to get together a band, but in the smaller schools I think I should recommend the authorities to give their entire attention to the effective force; for unless a band is really good it is better not to have one at all

HON. CAPTAIN W. BAYFIELD, COMMANDER ONGAR GRAMMAR SCHOOL. ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF LONGEST SERVICE IN THE CADET CORPS OF THE COUNTRY.

It is difficult in the limited space at my disposal to give an account of the management of a corps which will fulfil all the requirements of the cadet forces—for it must be understood that there are corps attached to volunteer battalions of the Artillery, the Engineers, and the Infantry of the Line. I have only dealt, in bare outline, with the latter branch of the service, so as to avoid confusion; but I hope that I have said enough to guide the newly-appointed officer on his road. As it is upon him that the credit or blame must fall, he will do well to make himself proficient in company management, and to study his manual of drill until he feels capable of detecting the slightest error in the execution of his orders—and he will find the advice given by men who have had practical experience of the greatest value. The key-note of corps management seems to be to throw as much work as possible on the shoulders of the boys, and thus fit them to take command at a moment's notice.

The cadets should remember that co-operation is the only thing which makes a regiment creditable. Individual smartness is all very well, but unless it is the object of each cadet to raise the standard of the corps to the absolute effacement of *self*, a disaster is imminent—in fact, it

BLAIRLODGE SHOOTING EIGHT.

STATISTICS OF CORPS.

SCHOOL.	RAISED.	STRENGTH.			COMMANDING OFFICER.	RANK	REGIMENT.
		OFFICERS.	N.C.O.'S.	R. & F.			
Berkhamsted	1891	3	8	120	J. Parsons	Capt.	Beds.
Blairlodge	1891	2	7	74	H. Lower	Lieut.	Highland Light Infantry
Bradfield	1.86	3	37	113	F M Ingram	Capt.	Royal Berks.
Charterhouse	1874	4	16	134	A H. Tod	Capt.	Royal West Surrey
Clifton	1877	5	21	165	D Rintoul	Capt.	Gloucester Eng. Volunteers
Dulwich	1878	3	12	200	W. R. M. Leake	Capt.	East Surrey
Eastbourne	1806	3	15	102	J E. S. Tuckett	Capt.	Royal Sussex
Exeter	1897	2	8	70	A R. Johnson	Capt	Devonshire
Felsted	1860	3	10	90	S. E. Longland	Capt.	Essex
Glenalmond	1876	1	16	70	F. J. Allen	Lieut.	Black Watch
Haileybury	1867	7	23	132	P H Latham	Capt	Beds.
Harrow	1849	10	13	230	E. H. Kempson	Capt.	Middlesex
Highgate	1892	3	8	51	J G Lamb	Major	Middlesex
Hurstpierpoint	1867	2	9	53	C Marsh		Royal Sussex
Kelvinside	1893	1	11	67	J W Gemmell	Capt.	Cameronians
Marlborough	1860	6	29	116	A. S. Eve	Capt.	Wilts.
Ougar	1861	3	12	75	W. T Bayfield	Capt	Essex
Plymouth & Mannamead	1871	1	2	45	F Woodcock	Lieut.	Devon Artillery Volunteers
Portsmouth	1897	1	8	36	S Hudson	Capt	Hampshire
Rossall	1860	3	10	82	R. E. Pain	Capt.	Lancs. Eng. Volunteers
Rugby	—	7	37	207	S. Barnard	Capt.	R. Warwicks.
St. Paul's	1890	3	5	90	C H Bicknell	Capt.	King's Royal Rifles
Sherborne	1888	3	7	84	W B. Wildman	Capt.	Dorsets.
S E. College	1888	3	4	46	T F H Berrick	Capt.	East Kent
Tonbridge	1883	3	16	100	F Collins	Capt.	Middlesex Eng. Volunteers
Warwick	1894	1	4	40	J. W. Forbes	Lieut.	R. Warwicks.
Wellington	1882	3	20	100	E A. Upcott	Capt	Royal Berks
Wesley	1890	1	4	40	S. A. Richards	Capt.	West Yorks. Eng. Vounteers

SUPPLEMENTAL LIST OF CORPS.

SCHOOL.	RAISED.	STRENGTH			COMMANDING OFFICER.	RANK.	REGIMENT.
		OFFICERS.	N.C.O.'S.	R. & F.			
Bedford Grammar	1886	7	3	230	F. Gliniche	Capt.	Tower Hamlets Engineers
Chatham House	1892	1	6	45	A. G Price	Capt	East Kent
Cheltenham	1862	5	11	144	W Bell-Haworth	Capt.	Gloucester Eng. Volunteers
Christ College, Brecon	1892	3	12	38	vacant	—	South Wales Borderers
Derby		4	4	49	G. B. Groome	Capt.	Derbyshire
Epsom	1888	3	10	55	J. A. Newsom	Capt.	East Surrey
Eton (Batt.)	1868	15	54	337	C. Lowry	Major	Oxford Light Infantry
Kelly College	1891	1	2	42	A O. V Penny	Capt.	Devonshire
Sanford	1891	4	6	45	F W. Savage	Major	Sussex Engineers
Uppingham	1849	6	10	143	S Haslam	Capt.	Leicester
Weymouth	1891	2	12	50	C. Faikner	Capt.	Hampshire Eng. Volunteers
Winchester	1868	5	10	215	A. G. Hather	Capt.	Hampshire

N B.—Where uncertainty on any point exists the space has been left open.

is unavoidable. Therefore the duty of every cadet is to show implicit obedience to his superiors, and to carry out orders to the best of his ability. Then, and only then, will a general appearance of smartness be obtained. Besides these home duties, the cadet is under an obligation to the Queen whose uniform he wears; and I am sure that he will do nothing calculated to bring discredit upon her troops, or to disgrace her service. When the boys realise that they have these responsibilities to uphold there will be little to fear as regards the future of the corps; and I feel perfect confidence in saying that no boy will regret having joined.

For boys who are destined to serve their country in years to come, the training they receive in a cadet corps is invaluable, but even for those whose lives are to be spent in other spheres there are most wholesome lessons to be learnt. So that if the cadets' military experiences do not extend past their school-days, this valuable opportunity should not be thrown away.

Cadet corps, which are in every particular like the volunteers, share the play as well as the work of a soldier's life, and it will be found that there is a fairly equal mixture of both. For instance, when the corps are under canvas, as they frequently are

during part of August, strict military discipline is maintained; the bugle rules the day, and the boys have their turn on sentry duty just as regular soldiers would have under similar conditions.

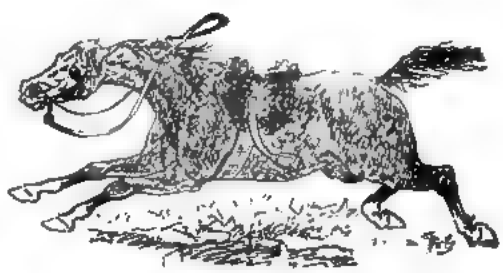
It is the opinion of officers whose experience of the stern realities of a soldier's life entitles them to speak with authority that cadet corps are providing a training for the future officers of the Queen which nothing else could possibly supply, and that the beneficial effect, although there are at present so few corps in comparison with the number of schools, has already been felt in the services. Therefore there seems to be every reason why the movement should receive the loyal support of the military authorities—a support which, I regret to say, is not yet very apparent. But a change is sure to take place in this direction if the schools co-operate in advocating an increase in the numbers of the corps. Education has made vast strides of late years, and I shall hope that before very long a most important addition—*i.e.*, a cadet corps—may be made to the great factories of the Englishmen of to-morrow, upon whom the welfare of the country in the future must needs depend.

SERGEANT-DRUMMER MALLAM, EASTBOURNE COLLEGE CADET CORPS.

The accompanying lists contain the statistics of the corps which at present exist; in connection with the compilation of these I must thank those officers in command who have so readily supplied the necessary information.

The auxiliary forces of Britain number upwards of four hundred thousand officers and men—that is to say, in the Honourable Artillery Company, the Militia, the Yeomanry, and the Volunteers, there are getting on for half a million men ready for active service if the country calls upon them. This large army might be greatly increased by a spread of the cadet movement; and the results of such an increase could not be other than beneficial, both now and in the future.

One might write a great deal more about the volunteers and cadets from this more or less sentimental point of view, but as this is intended to be a practical attempt to show how a corps should be formed, I must curb my inclination to dwell upon their merits in order to supply the information required. However, I must say that my opinion of the cadet scheme is that it is in every way desirable, and I think that, as a nation, we have as much reason to be proud of our boy soldiers as of the great Volunteer Army which is the surest guarantee of the stability of the British Empire in the hour of need. This opinion is arrived at after some considerable knowledge of a corps, and is confirmed since I have been in direct communication with the commanding officers of nearly every corps in this country, while the statistics for this article were being collected.



How Smith Shot a Bear

By Fred Whishaw.

Illustrated by H. E. Butler.

THERE were three wicked young fellows in St. Petersburg, Englishmen, though inhabitants of that distant city. I shall not give them away by mentioning their real names—that would be unkind—because I am going to tell a story about them, which, if traced to their doors, would bring them into odium with their fellow creatures. I shall call them Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and their victim Smith, and if this magazine should happen to meet their eye, the story shall be to their private condemnation, and their consciences—if fellows like them possess such things, which I doubt—their consciences, I say, shall be unto them for a punishment; guilty consciences can do a good deal, I tell you, in the way of making it extremely uncomfortable for a fellow, by wriggling and writhing and generally playing old gooseberry inside him.

Well, these three persons, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, as we have agreed to call them, were inhabitants of St. Petersburg, and perhaps their life there was pretty dull. I don't know anything about that; I only suggest that they may have found life pretty dull because I wish to provide some excuse for them; something that will explain their heartless and inhuman conduct towards Smith, who came to the place a stranger, mind you, and in a foreign land, and was straightway delivered over by a cruel destiny into their hands.

Smith had received some appointment—a clerkship, let us say—in one of the numerous English mercantile offices in the city; or maybe he was a junior attaché at the Embassy, perhaps a clerk at the Consulate—I know, but do not intend to reveal it—not now, at any rate.

Smith, if asked, would have spoken very highly of his new trio of friends. He would have said, no doubt, that they had been awfully kind to a new arrival, and had shown him about the place, and made life pleasant for him, though he had absolutely no claim upon their good offices. And, of course, Smith would have been perfectly right, after a fashion. They did show him about. They taught him Russian tobogganing on the ice hills; they taught him to skate; they taught him to shoot a hill upon snow-shoes. But Smith did not know what you and I know, that the watching of novices in these arts is to the older hands

in St. Petersburg a matter to live for; and that the teaching of the beginner must be viewed from two points of view, the first—an insignificant one—as a service, in a way, to that beginner; the second—the really important aspect—as a cheap and unspeakably delightful and selfish entertainment for the so-called teachers.

How should Smith have guessed that when these deceivers had arrangeu with him, for instance, to try his 'prentice hand at the ice hills, their next move was to go round to all their friends in order to apprise them of the fact, and to invite them to be present at the impending sacrifice of a beginner at the toboggan hill? How should Smith know that, having seated himself upon the little iron sledge at the top, after listening to the instructions and advice of quite a crowd of apparently benevolent and sympathetic onlookers, this company of dissembling Englishmen, as soon as ever he should have launched himself into space, would throw off all disguise and crowd to the edge of the hill and hug themselves with delight as they watched him spin and whiz and perform the giddy whirl of anguish which constitutes the beginner's first attempt to master the difficulties of Russian ice-hilling?

Again, how should Smith have guessed that the party, arranged to spend a day upon the snow-slopes of Krasny, had assembled not so much to disport themselves upon snow-shoes as to be entertained with the spectacle of his sufferings, as, with snow-shoes hopelessly crossed, he plunged helpless and miserable into six feet of soft snow, only to be extricated, presently, with his eyes and ears and nostrils and pockets and neck and socks and boots and everything else choked with the powdery stuff that thawed long before it could be ejected, and made life miserable and damp, and certainly, for the time being, not worth living, in spite of the deceitful congratulations of the dry and skilful dissemblers who crowded about him and assured him that he was getting on splendidly, and would "pick it up" in no time?

Pick it up, indeed! Poor Smith felt that he would be lost in the deep snow long before he ever learned the art of skimming along the surface as they did. He would be buried alive one of these times if he didn't look out—he felt sure of it—only to be found and dug up a week or so later, cold and stiff and a candidate for funeral honours. However, it was very kind of them all, he thought, to be so anxious to teach him, and he never dreamed for a moment, simple soul! that he was providing a cheap show, and that the gratitude should have been all on the part of the audience rather than on that of the performer and victim.

But Smith was the simplest person in the world, and suspected nothing, and now that I have explained the attitude of Brown, Jones, and Robinson towards Smith, and that of Smith towards his self-constituted guides, philosophers, and friends, I may proceed to tell of the great bear hunt in which Smith took a prominent part, and which is, indeed, the true subject and motive of my tale.

Now I do not wish to suggest that the whole matter from beginning to end was a "put-up" job. To be just to the trio of conspirators it began through an accident. It was not the sort of thing a fellow, however wicked, would think of, as it were, by himself; as a piece of invention it required, like many other inventions, some accidental circumstance to set the idea of it a-working.

Now the accident in this case was a very simple matter. The four friends (I am including Smith, the victim, as one of the four, because he thought he was a friend, you see, and did not know he was a victim—Smith did not know much) had visited some shop together (a gunsmith's shop, as it happened—Brown wanted a few cartridges), at the door of which stood a huge stuffed bear, holding in its paws a tray, upon which was placed a small lighted lamp for the convenience of customers who desired to light their cigarettes.

"By Jove! What an enormous beast!" exclaimed Smith. "Is a fellow like that dangerous, now?"

"Not a bit," said Brown, readily. "Not if you poke him out of his hibernating den and shoot him while he's half asleep, as people do in this country."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Smith again. "He looks as if he'd chaw you up in a moment, don't he, Jones? Ha, ha! I shouldn't care to meet *him* in a dark lane at night, eh?"

Someone agreed that he did look fairly wicked, and the conversation dropped.

Presently Robinson spoke.

"Are you anything of a sportsman, by the way, Smith?" he asked.

Smith explained that he had shot a few rabbits, and so on, at home. His father was Vicar of Upper Coneyford, and the farmers about were glad enough to have their rabbits kept down.

"No big game?" pursued Robinson; and Smith was obliged to confess with a deprecatory air that the largest beast he had ever slain was a hare.

He would have liked to be able to say that he had shot lions and tigers *ad nauseam*, and

had only stayed his hand because he didn't know what to do with so many skins. Smith was ambitious. He was also quite young, and his desire to be able to boast of achievements in every manly direction was as great as it was natural. I shouldn't have cared much for Smith if he had possessed no proper ambition of this kind. Robinson continued bracingly: "Still, you've plenty of nerve, I suppose? You wouldn't object to a go in at a bear, forinstance, or a couple of wolves?"

"There's nothing I should love so much as to bowl over a big bear like that one in the shop!" said Smith radiantly. "You've shot them, haven't you?"

"Why, certainly!" said Robinson, making a mental reservation. As a matter of fact, he had once fired at a small bear, and even wounded it, but the beast was killed by another, and could not be accounted unto him for glory.

"No chance of my getting an opportunity, is there?" continued Smith, and to his great surprise Robinson replied that there was nothing easier.

THE GRIM ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE WHICH THE MAN AND BEAR WENT THROUGH DAILY IN THE STREETS OF THE TOWN.

Apparently Brown was surprised also, for at this point in the conversation he uttered an exclamation of astonishment and incredulity; but when Robinson suddenly dug him violently in the ribs with his elbow he changed the sound into a cough.

"Of course it's an expensive sport," Robinson pursued, "and of course there's always more or less danger; but then there's the skin to go against the expense, and the *kudos* to cover any damage to your *own* skin, or the risking of it."

"Yes," said Smith thoughtfully. "My hat!" he added a moment later; "it would be simply splendid, Robinson. Why can't we four get up a bear hunt? The expense wouldn't be so very great if we divided it."

"True, it wouldn't," Robinson agreed. "I'll see about it if you like, Smith, and if you're sure you're not afraid."

"Afraid!" repeated Smith scornfully; "I'm not such an ass as all that, Robinson—dash it! Come now, when shall we have this jaunt? Next Saturday? How do you find out where there's a bear, and all that?"

"Oh, there are plenty of them about," said Robinson, well knowing that there was probably no bear within forty or fifty miles, at least, of the capital. Robinson was great at making mental reservations—a habit which is not to be recommended, in spite of its obvious utility—and his mental reservation on this occasion was, that he didn't say there were plenty of wild bears about, but simply "bears." He had in his eye five fine specimens at the Zoological Gardens. "There are plenty about, and——"

"Robinson, what in the name of——" began Jones at this point, but receiving a whack on the calf from Robinson's walking stick before he had proceeded any farther, he, too, suddenly realised that Robinson had a game on, and

Jones was attacked, like Brown, with a paroxysm of coughing. It was March, and the wind was pretty keen—the worst possible weather for coughs.

"And I'll see if I can arrange something for next Saturday," continued Robinson, glancing stonily at Brown, and from Brown to Jones. Those who knew Robinson very well indeed might have observed the faintest glimmering of a wink in the far corner of his left eye. Brown and Jones did. Smith did not; he was not looking for it. Smith did not know much. He did not know that he was a victim, and that Robinson stood over him, as it were, with the knife, ready for sacrifice.

"Thanks, awfully, old chap," said Smith, brimming with delight. "You fellows are for it, aren't you?"

"Certainly," said Brown, and Jones, busy blowing his nose with the handkerchief well over his mouth, replied somewhat indistinctly that "if it wasn't too expensive, and the bear wasn't *too* big and savage, he was good for a share in the enterprise."

When Smith had been dropped presently at his own quarters, Robinson and his fellow-conspirators headed for the club, and Smith was barely in safety behind his own door when Jones inquired, in words which were not too complimentary, what on earth Robinson was playing at about this business of the bear. Brown, too, desired to be informed on the matter.

"You know you can't get a bear, you old pumpkin!" he said rudely. "What's the use of pretending you can arrange for a bear hunt when there isn't such a beast within fifty miles, that anyone knows of?"

Then Robinson condescended to explain that he was going to provide a bear all right; he was going to *hire* one.

"*Hire* one!" repeated both his companions.

And Robinson inclined his head and repeated the phrase with perfect calm and courtesy.

"As a matter of fact, I know of one that I think I can get," he continued. "It isn't very savage, though it's a good size. It happens to have a ring through its nose, but it's none the worse for that. I'll hire it from old Vaiska, whom I have treated to many a drink, and there's our bear hunt ready made. Smith shall be shown his bear—he will be thoroughly happy, and no harm done."

"What if he happens to shoot it?" said Brown sceptically. "I don't know that it's much of an idea, Robinson; you'd have to pay Vaiska—if that's the owner's name—untold sums if Smith shot the poor beast. I don't know the gentleman—Vaiska, I mean—but if he's a Russian he will certainly fleece you."

Jones endorsed this opinion. "For all we know, Smith may be a fair shot," he said; "and then there's always the chapter of accidents."

"No danger of accidents," explained Robinson. "We'll take care that his cartridges are harmless. Come, don't put difficulties in the way; Smith and I want a bear hunt—why shouldn't we have it? It won't be very expensive, and it won't hurt the bear; and it certainly won't hurt Smith, or anybody else."

The bear hunt was, therefore, agreed to in principle, and to Robinson—the initiating genius of the chase—were left all the preliminary arrangements.

And first of all it was necessary to discover the address of the proprietor of the quarry, the individual called Vaiska, whom Robinson knew well by sight, having often amused himself by watching the somewhat grim rough-and-tumble which the man and bear went through daily in the streets of the town—duels in which the man was the conquered quite as often as the conqueror, though the big brown beast, his companion and servant, never seemed to desire to take advantage of his fallen adversary, but, after overthrowing his master, invariably waited for him to recover his feet, like the magnanimous brute he was, before renewing the conflict, or carrying round his master's hat for contributions, as the case might be.

Robinson returned from his interview with old Vaiska in great good humour. His fellow conspirators awaited him, smoking his cigarettes and reading his magazines, anxiously expectant.

"Well, it's all in order," said Robinson, entering. "Jove! I thought I was going to be left at first; he was so frightened we should hurt old Mishka, his bear; he'd rather we shot his own mother, he declares!"

"Oh, of course; all that's put on to raise prices!" said sceptical Brown.

"Maybe," Robinson assented; "but I've hired the beast from Friday night until Saturday evening for ten roubles. I call that a cheap bear. Hang it all! you wouldn't get the real article under fifty; and when you'd paid for it it might chaw you up! Vaiska guarantees that Mishka wouldn't hurt a baby."

"He'll get shot at, remember!" said Jones. "He may not like that—even with blank cartridges."

"It may frighten him, but he never gets angry. Vaiska ought to know; he lives with the beast. They're both going to sleep in the keeper's room at the lodge at Lavrik (jolly for the keepers, isn't it?) on the night of Friday, and very early on Saturday they go into the

forest to the appointed place. We shall sleep at the lodge, too, and our bear will be all ready for Mr. Smith and Co. about noon, or whenever we feel disposed to sally out to the fray."

"The keepers will never carry it through; they'll give the show away by laughing or talking, or something," suggested Jones, and Brown added:—

"Besides, what if the bear growls or kicks up a shindy in the house? they're only wooden walls. Smith would want to know what it meant."

"Russian peasants are notoriously noisy in their sleep," said scornful Robinson; "we can swear at the keepers for snoring. That'll be all right. Vaiska is going to take off the brute's nose-ring for the occasion; he says he can quite easily."

Robinson's arrangements seemed so complete, and his confidence was so perfect, that the others soon caught the infection of his enthusiasm, and became as enthusiastic and as keen as he.

"It seems all right," laughed Brown; "only we must see the keepers don't give Vaiska too many drinks that night, or there may be a fiasco. Smith would be calling you out, or something, if he discovered you were humbugging him!" Robinson poo-poohed the idea.

"Smith won't have anything to complain of, unless the unforeseen occurs; he wants a bear hunt; very well, he's going to have it, and cheap too, and what's more, he's going to get a shot in: what if it's blank cartridge? 'Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise!' We are going to pay our share, and are entitled to a little entertainment since Smith is to have all the shooting."

Next night, at dinner in Jones's rooms, the four met again, when Smith was informed that all arrangements had been made. The party would leave town on Friday night, drive down to Lavrik, sleep at the club lodge there, and shoot their bear on Saturday.

"Yes, if we can find one," said Smith knowingly.

"Oh, Matvey, the head keeper, is sure to rise to the occasion," said Robinson reassuringly; "he's a marvel, is Matvey, and never fails one."

"Yes, but bears are not quite so common as blackberries!" Smith continued. "We mustn't be too sanguine."

"Of course, we may be disappointed," said Robinson; "but I don't think so. I shall see Matvey to-morrow—send for him on purpose—and tell him we are coming, and shall want a bear."

Robinson, much as he would have liked to confide his intentions to others besides the two young men, his confederates, nevertheless denied himself the pleasure, lest the "show," as he expressed it, "should be given away beforehand." Probably he was right. Some just man, a hater of iniquity, would have informed Smith that he was a simpleton, and that bears were not so common in this part of the world that any sportsman could have one at a moment's notice.

The fact is that Smith came out to Russia with certain fixed notions as to that country, which, though freely held in England, are nevertheless quite erroneous. One was that bears and wolves run about the streets of the cities like dogs and cats; another that the staple food of the Russian who can afford it is candles and train-oil; another that the Muscovite is a black man, and so on. Most Englishmen share these notions—none of which are strictly accurate—with Mr. Smith. Thus it never occurred to him to doubt the good faith of his friends. He thought he was going upon a *bonâ fide* bear hunt, and he sallied forth from the city that Friday evening equipped to do or die. He had a large knife, a revolver, and his smooth-bore gun. He was without ball cartridge for this latter weapon, but Robinson had kindly promised to supply him with a few. Smith was equipped, further, with a full measure of British determination to go through with this bear hunt like a man. It might be a bit dangerous, and he might possibly feel a little nervous when the crucial moment arrived; but, dash it, nobody should see it if he were! Smith knew he was not much of a shot; it was one of the few things he did know. Still, a bear was a goodish bit bigger than a rabbit, and even a fellow who missed rabbits pretty freely might hit a bear all right.

It was a merry party that drove down to Lavrik that evening. Bets were laid as to whether they would see a bear or not. Brown and Jones—greatly to their credit, and in the most sporting fashion—bet against it, well knowing that a bear would certainly be seen, though not shot. Robinson backed his opinion that Matvey would provide a bear, and Smith supported Robinson.

Matvey, the keeper, though primed by Robinson beforehand, and doing his best to keep the secret, was so tickled with the whole enterprise that he could scarcely speak for the great desire he had to laugh out.

Fortunately, Russian was a language entirely unknown as yet to Smith, who had scarcely been in the country a month; so that when Robinson explained this to the keeper, Matvey was enabled to let off steam by talking a little.

He began by informing his master (which he did with a wide grin that reached from ear to ear) that "to-morrow's bear was asleep in the kitchen!" After this Matvey felt better. Later on in the evening there was a risky episode.

Unmistakable gruntings (unmistakable, that is, by those who knew) suddenly made themselves audible from the back premises.

"Great Scott, what's that?" exclaimed Smith. "You don't keep a pig in the house, do you?"

"*Matvey's got a cold*," Robinson explained, very lamely; "perhaps it's he blowing his nose and choking. I'll go and see."

Robinson left the room, and a few minutes later the noises ceased. As a matter of fact, Robinson had told old Vaiska to keep the brute quiet, or go and sleep in the stable with it.

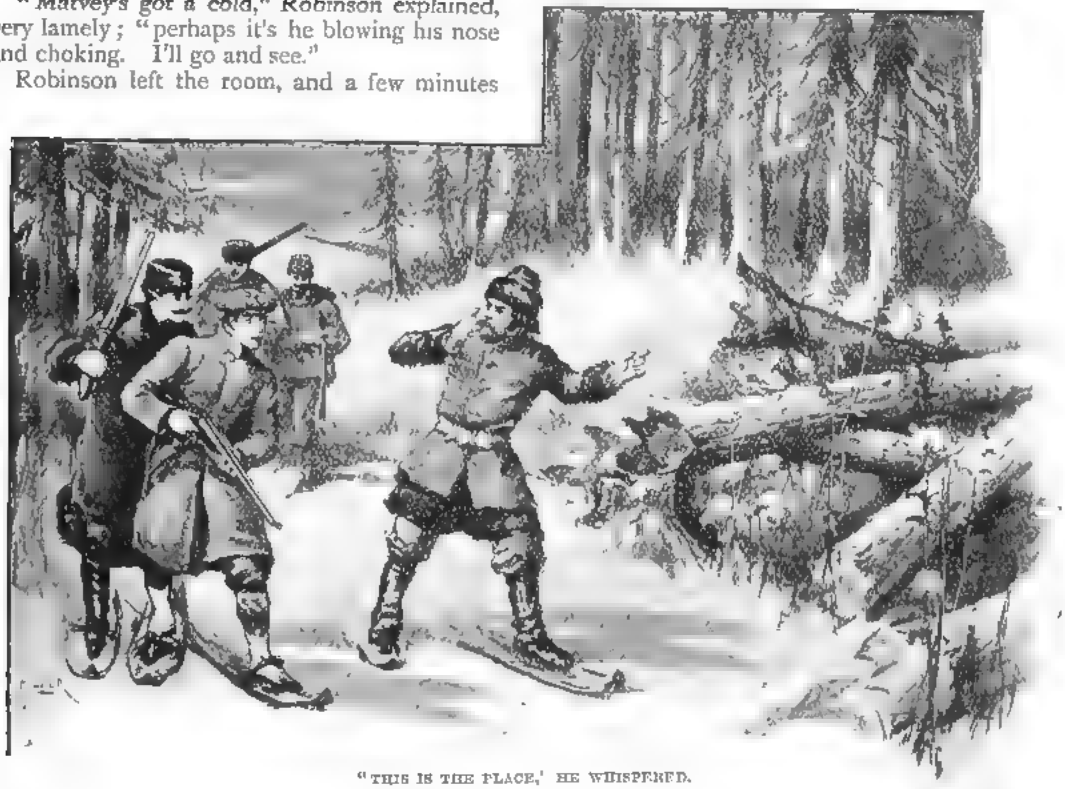
"Of course, none of them admit having snored," he laughed, as he returned from his mission; "people never will. However, there were four men asleep there, so no wonder there was a bit of a row. I've kicked them all awake now; hadn't we better go to roost while it's quiet? We must be up in good time to-morrow in case the bear should bolt."

"Why should it do that? We can surely shoot it between us," said Smith.

"One can't always get in a shot," Robinson explained; then he added, in a whisper to Brown, that he had never thought of this contingency: "What if the brute did really bolt?"

"There's plenty of snow," said Brown; "he can easily be followed. I hope he won't, though—it would be pretty expensive if he escaped."

The party did not rise too early. Had Smith been up and about at eight o'clock he might have seen old Vaiska and his companion leave the yard together, and proceed into the forest escorted by Matvey and another keeper. It was a merry party, to judge by their appearance, and the genial beast, Vaiska's friend, danced as he went, delighted, as it seemed, with his change of air and surroundings. He had had an excellent breakfast, too, and, all things considered, was an extremely happy and contented animal. Perhaps, had he cherished any presentiment of the terror in store for him this day, he might have been less frolicsome.



"THIS IS THE PLACE," HE WHISPERED.

At eleven the four sportsmen sallied out, guided by Matvey, and followed the quarry into the forest, care being taken to avoid the route chosen by the bear, lest his track in the snow should cause Smith to feel a curiosity as to its nature.

Earlier in the morning, at breakfast, lots had been drawn for "first shot," and this privilege

had fallen to Smith. It was easily arranged. Each ticket had the word "bear" written upon it; but whereas each of the conspirators tore up their papers as soon as unfolded, in obvious disgust to have drawn blanks, Smith read out his own and was forthwith congratulated upon his luck. All this pleased simple Smith very much, for he was anxious—as he expressed it—to have a look in, and, if possible, to distinguish himself. Imagine the glory of writing home and describing his bear hunt—the rush of the bear—the shot that brought him up—just in time! His frantic attempts to launch himself upon his intrepid foe the second shot, a *coup de grâce*—congratulations—skinning the brute, and so on—oh, lovely!

"Here are a couple of ball cartridges," said Robinson, handing him the pair of carefully prepared innocuous cylinders. "And here's a couple of spare ones for your pocket. Don't lose your head if the bear rushes at you; take him in the forehead or behind the shoulder—"

"Very good," said Smith. "Be ready to shoot, in case I should miss; I hope I won't, though!" he added. "By Jove, Robinson, I'd give a tenner to kill the brute, willingly!"

"You'd have to, my friend, if you did, and more too!" thought Robinson; but he didn't say it.

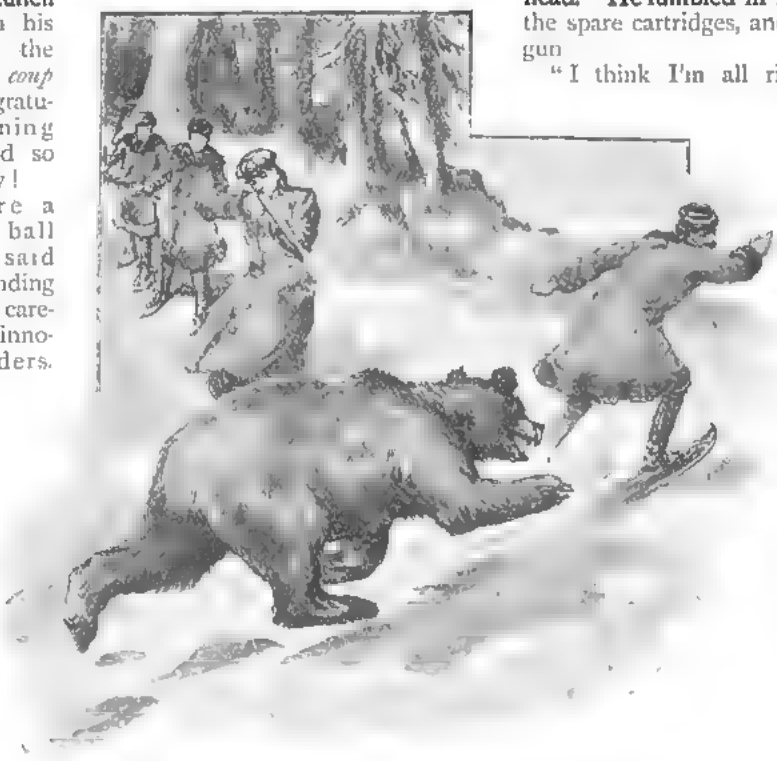
The keeper Matvey now led the party nearly a mile into the wood; they went on snow-shoes, travelling very cautiously, in order to avoid making a noise and starting the bear too soon. Presently Matvey stopped and turned, finger to lips.

"This is the place," he whispered; "his *berloga* (winter den) is in the midst of that mass of fallen timber. Spiridon is watching it; when I whistle he will poke up the sleeping bear with a pole and drive him out."

"Good!" whispered Robinson. "Are you all ready, Smith?—not nervous? Let me look at your hand? Ha! trembling a little, I see; buck up, man, and shoot straight, or we may lose him! Wait a minute; change your cartridges for luck—I always do—you've got another pair there."

Smith was, as a matter of fact, very nervous; he had to a certain extent lost his head. He fumbled in his pocket for the spare cartridges, and reloaded his gun

"I think I'm all right now," he said. "Be ready to wipe my eye if I miss."



"SHOOT, SMITH, MAN, QUICKLY!" SHOUTED AGONISED ROBINSON.

Now in his agitation Smith had forgotten that in his right hand pocket were a couple of cartridges containing small shot—No. 5—which he had brought on the chance of seeing willow grouse or, maybe, tree partridges, after the bear hunt, when the party went merrily homewards *plus* the bear-skin which they had come to fetch. And, unfortunately, Smith, tremulous with excitement, now grasped these two cartridges instead of the harmless pair provided for him by Robinson, and stuffed them into his gun.

Then, all being ready, Matvey whistled.

Instantly there came from the depth of the thicket indicated by Matvey as the place where the bear lay, first a human voice, loudly upraised. The voice was a Russian voice, and the language was not of the choicest. It was followed immediately by the grunting and

moaning and querulous growling of a bear. Smith's cheek blanched; he set his teeth and held the gun ready for a shot.

But the bear did not appear.

Matvey rushed into the thicket. The shouting was renewed more loudly, even less politely, than before. The bear replied with yet louder lamentations, with moans and groanings which were even more querulous than before.

Matvey came out of the thicket and spoke to Robinson. He was grinning widely, and Robinson turned him quickly so that Smith should not see his face. But Smith was not looking; he was keenly on the watch for the bear's rush, agitated and expectant.

"The idiotic thing," said Matvey, "is dancing round its master, and won't come out; the more he swears at it the more it dances. It doesn't understand what Vaiska wants of it."

Brown retired behind a snow-laden bush to laugh. So did Jones.

"What does he say? Why doesn't the bear come? Won't the fellow inside there get hurt?" said Smith.

Just then there was a perceptible sound of whacking from the thicket; the bear set up a babel of hideous sounds, culminating in an ear-splitting howl of surprise and disgust, and in a moment the cover parted, and out rushed the brute, shaking its great head from side to side, groaning, moaning, grunting—an indignant, an amazed Bruin as ever was.

Suddenly he caught sight of the party assembled to greet him, and, answering the instinct of the moment, which was to conciliate his master by amusing the company, the poor brute rose upon his hind legs and began the ungainly movements which constituted his usual dance.

"What's he doing—what's he doing?" cried Smith. "Shall I shoot?"

"Yes, shoot — shoot quickly!" shrieked Robinson; "he's choosing which of us to attack; they always do that." Robinson hoped he might be forgiven; so does his historian.

Smith shot—and missed! The bear dropped astounded upon all fours. Smith shot again.

Instantly the unfortunate creature uttered a roar of pain or fright; it bit once or twice savagely at its hind leg, roared again, and finally, roused to fury by the smarting wound of Smith's No. 5 pellets, flung itself savagely upon the nearest of its tormentors, which happened—by a strictly proper and becoming touch of poetic justice—to be Robinson.

Away darted Robinson, skating for dear life on his snow-shoes, going well, too, at the rate of some fifteen miles an hour, dodging in and out of the pine trees, with the bear, going just a little better, say, fifteen and a-quarter miles per hour, at his heels. Robinson heard the angry brute grunting and groaning close behind him.

"Shoot, someone, for heaven's sake!" he yelled.

But destiny was in an ironical mood. Robinson, in the agitation of the moment, forgot that he had issued no ammunition to Brown and Jones, lest, in the excitement of seeing the bear emerge, they should be tempted to get their guns off at him. He forgot also that Smith's cartridges were filled with sand in lieu of bullets, and were therefore not calculated to stop a charging bear. Whoever would have expected that this old dancing crock of a Bruin would charge?

"Shoot, Smith, man, quickly!" shouted agonised Robinson

Smith's agitated fingers had reloaded his gun meanwhile, and he now fired both of his dummy cartridges, at short distance, point blank straight for the bear.

To his horror he saw that his shots produced no effect. Then Smith proved that he deserved a better fate than to be taken out into the forest to shoot a dancing bear with dummy cartridges. He dragged his big knife from its sheath and rushed to Robinson's assistance. Jones and Brown had seized pine branches meanwhile, and both were hurriedly fashioning clubs as quickly as horror and surprise permitted their trembling fingers to work, and both were up and after the bear almost as quickly as Smith.

Luckily for all three, however, and for Robinson, and no doubt for old Mishka also, to a certain extent for he would have received a bang or two with the clubs, and perhaps an odd jab or so from Smith's knife before he could have destroyed the entire party—at this critical instant old Vaiska rushed from his hiding-place in the thicket, swearing, vituperating, alarmed as much for his bear as for his patrons, and, cutting off a corner, joined the hunt at an extremely opportune moment; for just as he appeared the bear had trodden upon the hinder part of Robinson's snow-shoe, pitching that sportsman upon his face in the snow, while the brute itself sprawled headlong over him, reaching, fortunately, only as far as Robinson's stout leather hip-boots, which he clawed into strips in a moment. At the same instant Smith and its yelling proprietor reached the furious beast. Smith struck at it, bravely but unscientifically, scarcely scratching the skin. Vaiska knew his bear. He stood over it, banging its face and paws with a whip, to the thong of which was attached a ring of iron, swearing at the brute

meanwhile in a manner which it understood well, having heard the language daily for years.

Instantly it struggled to its feet.

For a moment it made as though it would cast to the winds the ties of companionship, partnership, and so on, and utterly destroy its friend and master. It stood glaring, growling, menacing; then, suddenly, better counsels prevailed, or maybe the worthy creature remembered that here was the hand that fed it, or—more likely—being accustomed to fear and respect this swearing piece of humanity, to use the plainest English, it funked.

With a roar the bear turned and bolted clumsily, but rapidly, into the forest, old Vaiska courageously following without an instant's delay. Robinson regained his feet very quickly; he limped a little, and his face was pale, as it well might be. He looked after the bear and muttered something savage; then he seized Smith's hand and wrung it. "Upon my life, Smith," he said, "you are a brick! I didn't know you had so much grit in you! Thanks, you fellows, too," he added; "do you mind taking a hand in hunting the beast down? They may need help in catch—in surrounding him." Away went Brown and Jones upon the track, following Matvey and Vaiska, who had now a start of a hundred paces.

"What in the name of all that's wonderful made the brute so savage?" exclaimed Robinson, limping to a spot whence he could view the hunt for a little way ere it was lost in the dense cover. "He has spoiled my boots—just look at them!—and scarified my leg a bit as well, confound him!"

"I suppose they always get a bit angry if they're wounded," suggested Smith. "I got him pretty hard, you know, with my second barrel."

Robinson gazed a moment in Smith's face. Then he walked back to the spot in which the bear had stood when it received Smith's fire. There was a sprinkling of blood in the snow.

"Well, I'm sugared!" said Robinson. "Had you any other cartridges in your pocket, Smith, besides those I gave you?"

"Yes," said Smith; "but——" He dived his hand into his right pocket; it was empty. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I do believe I shot him with my number fives!"

* * * * *

Old Mishka's fury did not last. He was a broken-spirited beast, and his anger was unable to sustain itself for very long at high pressure. He led his pursuers a fair dance for a certain distance, but being out of training for hard running, he was obliged presently to stop for breath. His paroxysm of rage had now passed away, and with it his courage; they found him lying moaning in the snow, and he danced them a propitiatory *pas-seul* as they caught him and popped the nose-ring in its place.

Robinson was thoughtful and quiet as he travelled back to town. He did not speak much to Jones and Brown, but he was exceedingly kind to Smith whenever he addressed a remark to that promising sportsman. It was not Robinson's wounds that made him silent; they were trifling, for his boots had saved him. Robinson's conscience worked within him. He was debating whether he should confess. Smith had behaved so well that it seemed a shame to deceive him.

But Smith appeared to be so happy with the result of the expedition that Robinson decided to leave him in ignorance of the hoax. It was one of those cases where, ignorance being bliss, 'twere certainly folly to be wise. Smith was proud as well as happy. Of course he was sorry that his wounded bear had not been run down and shot; that would have been the crowning triumph to a happy day. For Jones, on returning from the pursuit, had told him that he had "been obliged to return without getting in a shot"—to which Smith replied that if only he had used the right cartridge "the brute wouldn't have run like a blooming hare, as it did!"

When Smith wrote home to his people a realistic account of how he had shot a bear, his word-picture of the furious monster rearing himself up and turning round and round in order to choose his victim was most thrilling.

Smith read it aloud to Robinson, and that conscience-smitten youth realised to his consolation that it would have been a huge mistake to spoil Smith's happiness by a confession.

[Another Russian story by Mr. Whishaw will appear in the December Number.]

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

VII.—Medicine.

THIS month I am going to deal with a profession which I have always felt stands upon a totally different footing to any of those about which I have previously written. The qualities that are necessary to make a successful civil servant, engineer, farmer, or lawyer are very different to those required to make a successful physician or surgeon. The civil servant and the lawyer are concerned with facts and theories, with laws and the administration of them, with the mere surface business of man with man. The engineer is busy with mechanical contrivances, with new inventions for defying the limitations of time and space. His mind is set upon machinery, not upon mankind. The agriculturist, indeed, comes nearer to nature. He is bent upon the fertilisation of land, the breeding of cattle, and the improvement of live stock.

But with the doctor it is different. He is concerned, not with laws, or machines, or land, but with living flesh and blood. The whole body and mind of man is his field of study, and, indirectly, his soul too. Medicine, then, is a profession which, like that of Holy Orders, stands apart from the other callings.

"The medical profession," said Lord Rosebery in a speech delivered at Epsom College in July last, "brings out the supreme elements of manhood. It combines tenderness and courage in a degree which no other profession could require—tenderness in that it is used to alleviate sickness and suffering, and to help the sufferer by sympathy—and indeed, if the physician be not the patient's most welcome sight, that physician is a failure—and stubborn, obdurate, perpetual courage." The physician is always fighting one life-long battle in which he knows that he must be beaten. He is always fighting a life-long contest with the Angel of Death, and he knows that, struggle as he may, the Angel of Death must win in the end.

Now I do not think for a moment that most young medical students are in any way conscious of the nobility and sacredness of their profession. Certainly, my experience of them is that in their first and second years they are a wild, thoughtless, untamable set of animals. Whether it is the re-action from their somewhat depressing studies, the gruesome sights of the dissecting room, and the horrible operations they witness, I do not know, but the fact remains that medical students, as a body, do not present the characteristics one would expect to find in those who are about to become physicians and surgeons. And yet I have known the wildest and most unpromising medical students turn into the most sympathetic and earnest of doctors.

Every boy who fancies he would like to enter the medical profession should ask himself these questions:—

(1) Have I an exceptionally strong and healthy constitution, a courageous, and not a nervous, disposition?

(2) Have I any special liking for scientific subjects and medical research?

(3) Can I obtain the sum of £1,000 necessary for my qualification and start in life?

I need hardly insist on the importance of these questions. A doctor's life—in its initial stages especially—is always fraught with anxiety. Constant hard work is absolutely necessary, and the young practitioner must be ready at all times of the day and night to place his services at the disposal of his patients. Moreover, the cases he will have to deal with require unflinching courage and nerve, patience, watchfulness, and unfailing sympathy.

Boys of a highly-strung and nervous disposition are unfit for the medical profession. Many of those who enter it, without recognition of all it involves, find themselves unable to face the horrors of the operating theatre, and are bound to abandon their studies after spending time and money upon them.

Then, as to the question of expense. I have mentioned £1,000 as a fair average estimate of cost for the whole course of study and the subsequent purchase of a practice. Of course, it is possible to become qualified for very much less. There are many valuable scholarships in connection with most of the medical schools, which can be won by brilliant and hard-working boys. And again, where a boy's father has great influence, or is in the medical profession himself, there may be no need of capital for buying a practice or partnership.

To boys who wish to make up their minds as to whether they will pursue a medical career or not, I would heartily recommend the "Masters of Medicine" series of books just started by Messrs. Fisher Unwin. A volume dealing with the life of

Claude Bernard has just appeared from the pen of Sir Michael Foster, M.A., M.D., etc., and the list of names included in the forthcoming volumes are Hunter, Harvey, Simpson (the inventor of chloroform), Brodie, Vesalius, and others whose scientific achievements have made them famous.

And now I must return to the strictly practical side of my subject, and inform those who wish to know precisely what they have to do to become doctors.

In the first place, no one can commence his medical studies at a medical school until he has become registered as a medical student. And no one can become registered as a medical student until he has passed one of the following examinations :—

(1) The London University Matriculation Examination.

(2) The Oxford or Cambridge Local Junior Examination.

(3) The Preliminary Professional Examination of the College of Preceptors.

Any one of these examinations will do so long as *Latin is included* among the subjects taken. Of course, the boy who intends to become a doctor, should, if possible, take one of these examinations before leaving school.

If none of these exams. has been taken, the student before registration must pass an examination consisting of the following subjects :—

(1) *The English language*, including grammar and composition.

(2) *Mathematics*, comprising (*a*) arithmetic, (*b*) algebra up to simple equations, (c) Euclid, Books I.—III. with easy riders.

(3) *Latin*, including grammar, translations from prescribed authors, and easy "unseen."

(4) *One of the following languages:* Greek, French, German, Italian, any other modern language ; or logic.

With regard to the modern languages, for the really ambitious "medico," a knowledge of French and German is invaluable. Some of the most important medical discoveries of recent times have been made by Germans, and to keep up to date a knowledge of the German language is absolutely necessary.

Once entered as a medical student, the next important point is to decide whether you will be satisfied with a qualifying diploma, or whether you will proceed to take your degree. Of course, a degree is the more advantageous. It gives a higher social standing, and is the best evidence of a complete medical training.

There are the various medical or surgical degrees of the Universities, and diplomas of the examining boards, *e.g.*, the M.R.C.S. (Member of the Royal College of Surgeons) and the L.R.C.P. (Licentiate of Royal College of Physicians) London, and the L.R.C.S. and P., Edinburgh, and L.F.P.S., Glasgow.

Of course, to obtain a degree is far harder than to obtain a diploma. In the first place, the Preliminary Examination is harder. Matriculation must precede entrance to any University course for a degree. The time required for a degree is the same as that for the diploma ; the expense at some of the Universities is about the same for each. For the M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P., London, the fees are about £158. For graduates at the London University, there are several exams. to be passed—the Preliminary Scientific, the Intermediate Medicine, the exam. for M.B. or B.S. (Bachelor of Medicine or Bachelor of Surgery), and the final exams. for M.D. and M.S. The fee for each examination is £5.

At Edinburgh the medical or surgical degrees necessitate fees amounting to £23 2s. and at Durham £26 5s.

At Victoria University (residential) the total fees for a medical degree amount to about £156 (or a little over £200 including books and instruments).

To obtain the B.M. at Oxford, a candidate must have qualified first of all for the B.A. degree. He must have had his name on the college books for twenty-six terms, and must pass two examinations. The fees for the degree amount to £16 10s., and if the higher distinction, D.M., be desired, the candidate must, three years afterwards, read an original dissertation at Oxford and pay a fee of £40 to the University.

The practical knowledge requisite for the training of medical students is obtained by "walking the hospitals." This necessitates the payment of a somewhat heavy entrance fee. Particulars of expenses can be obtained by writing to the secretary of the particular hospital decided upon. At the Charing Cross Hospital the entrance fee is £115 10s. in one sum, or £126 payable in five instalments. The course extends over a period of five years, and there are four examinations to be passed in that time. At Bartholomew's and Guy's Hospitals the entrance fee is £157 10s., but there are valuable scholarships to be obtained at both these institutions. At the London Hospital and Medical College, which, by the way, is the largest general hospital in Great Britain, the entrance fee is £126 to ordinary students, and fifteen guineas less to the sons of medical men.

At almost every hospital there are appointments open to students who have obtained their diplomas, and a brilliant man can always be certain of obtaining some post immediately on qualification.

There are remunerative positions as resident

surgeon or assistant surgeon as well as appointments for clinical clerkships, dresserships, and so on. And now as to the future of the qualified doctor.

IS THE MEDICAL PROFESSION OVERCROWDED?

Well, the answer is somewhat difficult. Almost every profession is overcrowded with mediocre men. But there is plenty of room on top, and medicine to-day offers many brilliant opportunities for those who have the brains and energy to avail themselves of them. But the man who would succeed must never be content to rest upon his laurels. Every day medical science is advancing by leaps and bounds. New discoveries are being made, old, time-worn theories upset, antiquated methods replaced. Surgery, in particular, has been brought to a wonderful pitch of perfection, and marvellous operations are being performed daily by skilled surgeons which would have been regarded as impossible a quarter of a century ago. And it would seem that we have by no means come to the end of the marvels that can be performed.

Medicine too, although not yet out of the regions of the experimental, has travelled far from the days when "bleeding" was almost the only remedy in the physician's hands. Modern medicine recognises in a way that was never dreamt of in the past, the connection between mind and matter. Nervous complaints and diseases are now made the subject of the physician's best skill. Experiments in hypnotism and mesmerism, too, have opened up a new and unexplored field for medical men. The old conservatism that once led the highest authorities to pooh-pooh everything they did not understand is dead, and to-day the most learned physicians in the land are the ones who are most willing to be taught. Innovations are no longer things to be dreaded and trampled upon, but to be welcomed with open arms.

The modern physician, then, who is to be a brilliant success must have a very hard life of it. He must keep abreast with the times, and be ready to unlearn much he may have learnt as accepted truth. His work is never-at an end.

If he be a weak man he will fall behind and gradually drop out. If he be a lazy man he will be content to make shift with the knowledge he has obtained.

But for the average man, who is not very brilliant, but who is all the same a steady-going, conscientious worker, there are plenty of prizes in medicine. Large incomes are to be made, and high social distinctions gained. A man may attain to these without any special genius. A good personal appearance, a sympathetic manner, the ability to make the most of his knowledge—these things have before now brought a man to high eminence. There is an element of luck, too, in all prize-winning. And in medicine, as in every other profession, influence counts for much. The greatest influence will not, however, push an incompetent man to the top of the tree, but it may succeed in sending a fairly competent man high above his cleverer fellows.

Besides private practice and hospital appointments, there are good openings for medical officers in the large steamships, army, navy, and Colonial appointments.

For those who wish to go abroad the India Medical Service offers great attractions. The remuneration is good, promotion is certain, and an excellent retiring pension may be assured. Particulars respecting this service may be obtained from the Military Secretary, India Office, Westminster, S.W.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. C. H.—You can obtain full particulars of the Preliminary Examination for Chartered Accountants, about which you inquire, by writing to the Chartered Accountants' Institute, London.

F W B.—You ask me about the Eastern Telegraph Co. When, after reaching a salary of £144 per annum, a clerk is given a foreign appointment, he may expect to stay abroad for at least five years. The work is lucrative, however, and he may rise to a salary of £250 or £300 per annum

E. D. C.—I am glad to be able to tell you that the undergraduates of Dublin University are exempt from the Preliminary Examination to which you refer in your letter. When you entered the office of a chartered accountant you would, in all probability, receive a small salary, but you would, I think, find that a premium is required, although the amount would not be large

A. Y.—Under the circumstances of which you tell me, I think you would be well advised to try for a post under Government. If you go to India you must, of course, take your chance of a healthy station, but, if your constitution be good, I do not think that a few years in a bad district would harm you. It is certainly worth the risk, for the pay is good, and a pension certain.

S. J.—In reply to your letter, I should certainly advise you to take the Industrial and Technical Chemistry course at the City Guilds College. As you have a leaning towards chemistry, there is, I think, no doubt, that at the end of the three years you will be able to obtain an appointment as assistant analyst. The salary, at a good firm, would start at about £80 or £100 per annum. You had better apply to Somerset House regarding the qualifications for second-class analysts.

R. H. W.—It is not, I believe, usual to pay a premium in the retail drapery, but, unless a would-be assistant has had some experience, he is expected to bind himself for a term of two or three years, and this at a nominal salary Not infrequently, there is no salary at all for the first twelve months, but as the assistants usually live in the house, they, of course, are provided for in the matter of board and lodging. Cannot your present employer use his influence on your behalf?

O. E.—With reference to your query about chief librarianships, a very good course for you to pursue would be to work up to obtain the Library Association's certificate, particulars of which can be obtained from the Secretary, 20, Hanover Square, W This certificate, although not yet compulsory, will be of undoubted use to you. At present, as you are doubtless aware, there is an agitation amongst librarians to legalise this and other suggested forms of examination, for the purpose of turning librarianship into a profession in the future, for when the open door is closed there will follow, it is believed, a corresponding increase in salaries.

(Some crowded-out replies will be found among the "OLD FAG'S" Answers to Correspondents; several have been held over till next month.)

By John Mackie.

Author of "They that Sit in Darkness," "The Last Creek," "Touch and Go," etc.

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I.—V.)

Walter Derringham, an orphan, runs away from home, leaving behind him his one friend in the world, Muriel Wray. On arriving in London, Walter chases and captures a pickpocket who has stolen a gold watch from a gentleman in evening dress. The gentleman proves to be a Canadian cattle-farmer, Mr Dunbar, who offers Walter a crib on his ranche in the wild North-West prairie country. Walter accepts the offer and accompanies Mr. Dunbar to Canada. Nearing the ranche, whilst passing through a valley, the party is attacked by hostile Indians.

CHAPTER VI.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

My poor nag had been shot under me, and as I was hurled over its head the halter-shank with which the pack-horse was led was jerked out of my hand. The shock when I came to earth was so violent that it was as if all the life had been knocked out of my body. For the moment it was difficult to realise what had happened. The first thing that brought me to my senses was the voice of the rancher shouting :—

"Derringham—Derringham! Get up for goodness' sake, and mount the pack! It's your only chance! It's no use staying here to be killed."

Pulling myself together, I struggled to my feet and staggered towards the pack-horse. The rancher, seeing my condition, sprang from his horse, and gripped the hooks that held the saddle on the pack-bags.

"Now, up you go," cried Dunbar.

In another moment I was astride the pack-bags. Leaping into his saddle, the rancher caught up the halter-shank attached to the pack, unwound his long whip-lash, and cracked it vigorously. Like a bolt shot from a cross-bow, my steed bounded forward.

"Hold on like grim death!" cried the rancher. "It's a bit rough on you, but better to feel a little sore afterwards than be scalped by those wretches."

Ping, ping! And a couple of shots rang out from unseen depths as we simply tore at break-neck speed up the ravine between the dense, dark walls of undergrowth and pines. *Whiz, whiz, zip!* And a couple of bullets passed unpleasantly close to our heads and buried themselves with an ominous hollow sound in the trunks of the opposite pines.

How I stuck on the back of that pack-horse is a mystery to me now. Indeed, it could hardly be said that I was on its back, for I was perched like a monkey on top of the bulgy leather bags and blankets, where every motion of the animal was intensified four-fold.

"If one could only get those cowardly brutes out into the open," cried Colin Dunbar, "there would be no occasion to run like this. But revolvers are of no use against Indians in ambush with rifles, and, besides, we want to live to get back at them. Well done, Derringham—hold on!"

Whiz, zip! And a bullet struck a rock right alongside my horse; it flattened against it and sputtered off, causing the frightened animal to leap suddenly to one side. I felt myself going, but clung to the pack with the frenzy of despair. If a strap snapped it would be all up with me, and the chances were my neck would be broken.

"Hold on!" cried the rancher. "We'll be out of this in two minutes more!"

By an effort I hardly thought myself capable of I recovered my seat, and away we dashed again

up that narrow ravine. How its sides echoed with the devil's tattoo our horses' feet beat on the flinty water-course! The trees and rocks seemed to fly past at lightning speed; it was a wild, mad ride, but it was a ride for life, for we did not know how many Indians were concealed in that lonely spot. At any moment a bullet might send one of us to his last account.

In another quarter of a mile we rounded the shoulder of a rocky ridge, and found ourselves at the bottom of a rather steep incline leading to the summit. Seeing we were now out of the line of fire, and that it was rather hard upon the already reeking and overtaxed pack-horse to climb it with me on its back, I jumped off with the intention of walking alongside.

"That's right," remarked the rancher, as he drew rein; "a merciful man is merciful to his beast. Hilloa! What's that over there in that little hollow across the coulee?"

I looked in the direction indicated, but could see nothing; Mr. Dunbar being on horseback, and having sharper eyes, had spotted something very like horses' heads in a little dip on the other side of the valley.

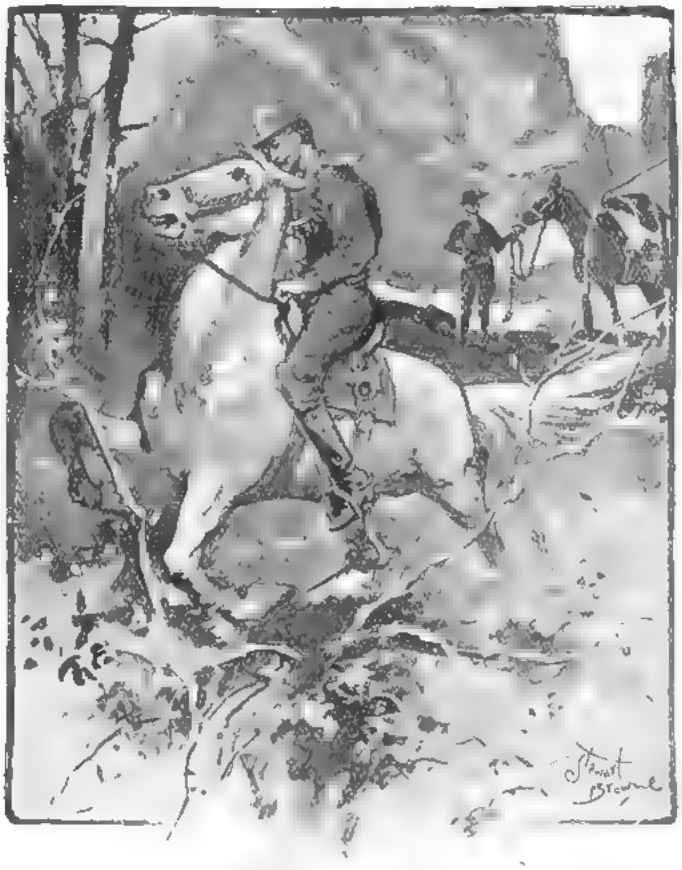
"The Indians' horses!" he exclaimed, with a pleased look on his face. "They've hidden them there, but I reckon we'll turn the tables on 'em yet. If we can only get these horses away we can send a messenger into the fort from Waller's ranche and have the mounted police out by to-morrow morning. If we have Waller's men stationed on the plateau to-night they'll not dare to leave the valley. Luckily it's full moon. Just freeze on to this pack-horse until I go and have a look at their horses."

He drew a large size Colt's revolver from its pouch as he spoke, and wheeled his horse so as to cut off through the undergrowth; for at this point the pines had ceased, and in their place there was only a straggling tangle of wild raspberries and gooseberries breast high.

"Then look out!" I cried. "And don't go straight on to them. I'm almost certain I saw the head of an Indian above the bank just now!"

As it turned out, the plumed head and long, black, snaky locks that for a moment appeared to bob up over the ridge was not the creature of my heated imagination, but a stern fact.

"All right, Derringham!" cried the rancher, airily. "If anything happens to me just you mount the pack again, give it its head, and follow up the trail; you'll come to Waller's ranche in less than half-an-hour. We've got to teach these chaps a lesson somehow."



HE DASHED INTO THE UNDERGROWTH REVOLVER IN HAND.

He put spurs to the splendid animal he rode, and dashed into the undergrowth revolver in hand. Colin Dunbar was a splendid specimen of humanity, and sat his horse as if he were part of it. I ascended the hill-side, so as to have a better view of what happened. Until now I had not been particularly frightened; the shooting and our headlong race had followed so quickly upon each other that there had been no time to think of consequences. But now that I had to remain passive while my friend, the rancher, rode on to what

might be a death trap, my heart grew sick with a strange dread, and my limbs trembled with suppressed excitement. Oh, if I could only have had a revolver, and been by his side to second him, there would have been little of fear in my heart! As it was, my part was only to watch and wait.

But not for long. The rancher, fortunately for him, did not ride straight into the hollow where the horses were. Had he done so, he would have been a dead man. He galloped his horse through the undergrowth until he was abreast of it, and I saw his intention was to slightly ascend the opposite hill-side and then descend. It was quite evident he knew what he was doing, and that it was not the first time he had fought Indians. He was not to have it all his own way, however, for he had hardly begun to ascend when *puff, ping!* and Dunbar's hat went flying into the air, spinning round and round like a plate manipulated by the stick of a Japanese juggler. It was as close a call as ever I saw in my life. Then there was as smart a piece of action, both on the rancher's and on the Indian's part, as one could wish to witness.

It was an incongruous idea, but for all the world it put me in mind of the manœuvres of two antagonists in a polo match. Dunbar's blood was up. He wheeled his horse and rode down upon the Indian in the hollow at full gallop, revolver in hand, but the red man was too quick for him. I saw the latter, still grasping his smoking rifle, turn round, seize a horse by the mane, and leap on its back with the agility of a circus rider. The next moment the Indian's shaggy, wiry-limbed pony was climbing up the steep hill-side like a jack-rabbit. The rancher bent forward over his horse's neck, steadying himself by grasping a lock of his horse's mane firmly in his left hand, and cut off at an angle to intercept him. When within a few yards of him Colin Dunbar levelled his revolver and fired; but it would have been little less than chance work had he hit the Indian, seeing that the pace of the two horses was only a succession of laboured leaps. It was quite evident the rancher had missed his aim. Knowing that the latter was overtaking him, the Indian suddenly changed his tactics, turned his horse in its own length, and bounded along the hill side in a lateral direction.

The rancher did not turn so easily, and I feared the Indian would escape. But the latter, in his excitement, had evidently forgotten his bearings, for on getting to the little clear space at the bottom of the valley, he essayed to ride right up it on to the plateau, but was confronted by the dense tangle of undergrowth. Right bravely he endeavoured to charge and force his way through, but it was too much for him; apprehensive of being caught like a rat in a trap, he reared his horse, and in a couple of leaps was clear of it again. For a moment he hesitated. Then, catching sight of the upward trail, he turned his horse's head towards it. I was partly hidden by a little clump of saskatoon bushes, and in all probability in his excitement he had forgotten my presence. Up the steep trail he came towards me, bending low over his horse's neck. A picturesque figure he was truly, clad in loose shirt and leggings of red flannel, covered with glowing bead-work of red, yellow, and blue, and with white ermine tails streaming from his arms, breast, and legs. A great plume stood upright amid his long, black, braided locks, and even at a distance of sixty yards I could see his black eyes glowing with a baleful light. He guided his steed in a most ingenious fashion with a single rein attached to its lower lip; in all probability he also used his hands and feet.

I had to turn that Indian if he rode me down. Picking up a couple of stones, about the shape and size of a cricket ball, I waited for his approach. On he came, and then, when he was within about ten yards of me, I stepped out right in front of him on to the trail. He sat up on his horse's back as if in surprise when he saw me. Now was my opportunity. With all the strength that was in me I hurled a stone at him as one would deliver an overhand ball on the cricket field. It struck him full on the breast, and for a moment he swayed in the saddle. I had drawn the pack-horse across the trail so as to block his progress. Quick as thought I seized my second stone, and hurled it as before. But I missed him this time, striking his plucky little horse instead. The latter, scared by the sudden and unexpected appearance of such hostile obstacles, and before the Indian could prevent it, turned right round and bolted down the trail again.

Now was the rancher's chance. His horse had missed its footing just as it reached the foot of the valley, and had come down with him, fortunately on good soft turf. He had the presence of mind to throw the revolver from him as he fell. He was unhurt, but to pick up the revolver and remount had caused a delay of a few moments. Now I witnessed as exciting a scene as ever it was my lot to behold. The Indian charged Dunbar at full speed on the grassy bottom, although he might have escaped down the trail in the direction in which he had come. The rancher checked his horse, and warily watched his approach revolver in hand.

The Indian, who had not been able to reload, seized his rifle by the barrel and came on swinging it round his head. The rancher waited until he was within five yards, and fired point-blank in his

THE RANCHER WAITED UNTIL HE WAS WITHIN FIVE YARDS AND FIRED POINT-BLANK IN HIS FACE. BUT THE BULLET STRUCK THE STOCK OF THE WHIRLING RIFLE, AND BEFORE HE HAD TIME TO FIRE A SECOND SHOT THE INDIAN WAS UPON HIM.

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face. But the bullet struck the stock of the whirling rifle, and before he had time to fire a second shot the Indian was in upon him, and had aimed a terrific blow at his head. The rancher promptly ducked, and then the next thing that I saw was the two antagonists swaying together in their saddles, wrestling as only men wrestle when they are doing it for their lives. My heart was in my mouth, but they were too far off for me to render any assistance to my friend; the duel would be decided one way or another before I could possibly reach them. Their horses drew apart; they were dragged from their saddles and fell to earth, the rancher on top. Then I saw Colin Dunbar release his hold on the Indian, run a few yards to the right, and pick up the revolver which had fallen from his hand when they had been wrestling. The Indian sprang nimbly to his feet, drew a long glittering knife from its sheath on his belt, and darted in upon the rancher. But, although quick, he was not quick enough, for, before he could strike home, Colin Dunbar levelled his revolver and fired, and the Indian fell dead at his feet.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

ALTHOUGH the rancher's adventure with the Indian takes some little time to tell in detail, it all happened in a very few minutes. Doubtless, the other Indians down the valley, on hearing the firing, hurried up to find out whether or not their comrade had made a lucky shot. What they discovered could not have been at all to the liking of these would-be murderers, for when the Indian fell before the revolver of Colin Dunbar, I rushed down the trail in order to help him to secure their horses. I caught the dead Indian's horse—or pony, as it would be called by the Indians themselves—and then secured the rancher's. He leapt into his saddle immediately, as if nothing particular had happened, and said:—

"Now, then, Derringham, I'd advise you to take that mare to the other side, and try to improvise a pair of reins while I tie these other horses together. We'll drive them in front of us; they'll follow our pack-horse along the trail. You'll find riding that pony easier than sitting on top of the bags. Hurry up, my son!"

He galloped off to where the Indians' horses were concealed in the hollow. I leapt on the back of my new steed, and made for the place where I had left the pack. The Indian's saddle was one of the queerest things of the kind I ever saw in my life. It was very low and flat, and thickly studded with brass-headed nails. The stirrup-leathers were so ridiculously short that I considered it better to dispense with them altogether. Almost before my arrangements were completed there was a drumming of hoofs behind me, and the rancher appeared on the scene driving in front of him two Indian ponies with saddles on their backs.

"Just tie that halter-shank round the neck of the pack," he cried, "and let it take the lead. You stay behind with me, and we'll send 'em along in front of us. On to your broncho again! Fair exchange is no robbery. You took the Indian's middle stump with that first ball of yours, but your second was a bit of a wide. Let's get a rustle on."

And away we went again at a gallop, driving the three horses before us, our pack-horse, as Mr. Dunbar had said it would, taking the lead. In a few minutes more we were out of the valley, and, to my surprise, I found that we were on a far-stretching plateau, or bench, as it is called in North America. It was flat as a pancake; there was not a stick or a stone to interfere with the sense of weird desolation and solitude that the unbroken horizon line conveyed where it stood out sharply against the evening sky. There was a glorious blood-red sunset, and the trail that opened out ahead of us straight as an arrow seemed to lead right into that cloud-world of crimson and gold.

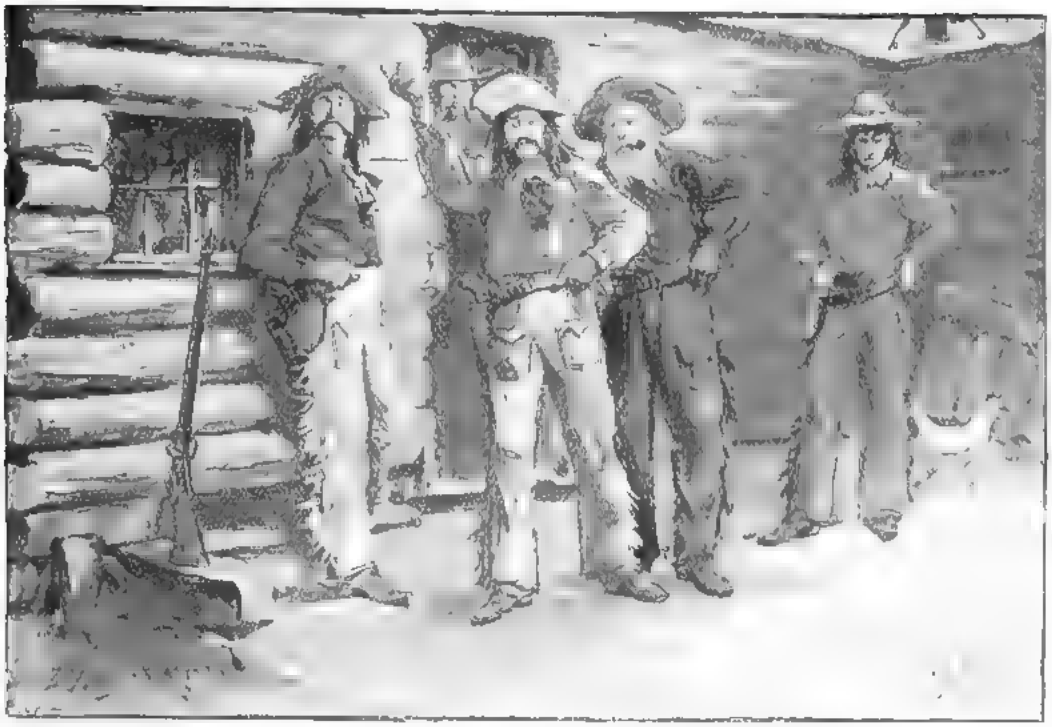
Crack! went the rancher's stock-whip like the report of a pistol, and the pack-horse, as if it really enjoyed leading such an odd procession, kicked out with its hind legs and tore along the trail like a thing possessed, the Indians' horses following, and the rancher and myself bringing up the rear.

"We'll soon be at Waller's at this rate," remarked Dunbar to me as we rode side by side; "but there's more work for us this night. Someone must ride into the fort and fetch out the mounted police. These Indians must be captured. I wouldn't have believed it possible that they would try their games on so near to civilisation. Had we been at the ranche, now, I wouldn't have been surprised in the very least. They must be particularly bad Indians; I fancy, by their shooting and horses, that there are only two of them. It was lucky for you it was only your horse that got shot that time."

"And it was lucky for you that you weren't an inch taller that time you lost your hat," I rejoined. For despite the fact that I realised how nearly the incident was allied to tragedy, there was something grotesque in seeing a man's hat go skimming into the air without any apparent cause.

The rancher raised a hand and stroked his bare head.

"By Jove, I'd quite forgotten I had lost my



FOUR OR FIVE ROUGH-LOOKING MEN CAME OUT OF ONE OF THE LONG, LOW HUTS.

hat!" he remarked, surprisedly. "But here's the dip leading to Waller's ranche; we'll head the horses to the corral—that's the word we use out here, by the way, for a cattle or horse-yard. Steady there!"

And, to my surprise, a valley with a wide, grassy bottom suddenly opened out almost at our feet. In three minutes more our horses were standing panting in the middle of a large yard. Forming the four sides of a square were a number of long, low log-huts with sod roofs. Outside them again, on the left, were two or three long ricks of hay, while in front of what I took to be the dwelling-house was a solitary clump of tall, shady cotton-wood trees. It was the first ranche I had ever seen, and to me it seemed very snug and picturesque.

As soon as we entered the yard, four or five rough-looking men came out of one of the long, low huts. They had evidently just finished their evening meal. They were indeed a picturesque-looking lot, and typical cow-boys, their chief characteristics being a superfluity of long hair, and a weakness for chaperagos—leather overalls—huge spurs, and revolvers. I sometimes wondered if they went to bed wearing the latter, for I do not remember ever having seen a cow-boy without such articles. One of these men was Waller himself, but he was hardly distinguishable from the others. It was only on looking into his dark, thoughtful eyes that one saw the gulf that brains and energy fixed between their possessor and his less favoured fellows. He had made a home for himself out of the wilderness, and owned a tract of land as large as an English county. In as few words as possible Dunbar gave an account of what had occurred. Waller turned to one who seemed to be the youngest of the cow-boys, and said:—

"I say, Billie, you just saddle up and ride to the fort as slippy as you like, and tell 'em about this affair. Michelle, you saddle up, too, and go to the lower end of the valley. Don't let anyone enter or leave it. Pete, you stay at the top end. Both of you look out for yerselves, and don't go too near cover unless you want an ounce or two of lead introduced into your systems. Dunbar, after you've had something to eat, you can have a fresh horse, and we'll take opposite sides of the coullee. If we can only keep them Indians there till the mounted police come up in the morning, it is just possible we may be able to take them alive. Anyhow, it's pretty certain there'll be a high old time."

In less than half-an-hour the rancher's wife was giving us a most substantial supper. There were tender and juicy bear-steaks—a little rich, perhaps, but not too much so for men who had been in the

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saddle for the greater part of the day—boiled eggs, beautiful butter, rich cream, the green tea so much used in North America—pleasant enough when one grows accustomed to it—fresh, home-made bread, honey, cranberry jelly, and, to finish up with, pancakes and maple syrup. It was a supper fit for an emperor, and the fresh, dry air and the ride enabled me to do it full justice. I was glad to think that the Canadians knew how to live.

After supper we saddled up, for I had prevailed upon the rancher to allow me to accompany them At first they had negatived my request to make one of the party, Mr. Dunbar declaring that I had undergone risks enough for one day without tempting Providence further. He had advised me to retire early and have a good night's rest; as for himself and the others, they were accustomed and hardened to such like experiences. I, however, doubtless showed my disappointment so plainly that the rancher let me go.

In half-an-hour I was mounted on a good, fresh horse, and we were cantering along the trail towards the wooded valley. The moon was full, and so clear the night that, with five people on the patrol, it would be difficult for the Indians to pass out unobserved.

Arrived at the scene of action, Waller, the rancher, separated from Mr. Dunbar and myself, each party taking opposite sides. We kept well in the shadow, as otherwise it might have been a very easy matter for the Indians to have picked us off with their rifles under cover of the bank in the clear moonlight.

The night wore on, and it was as much as I could do to prevent myself going to sleep in the saddle. For the first time I realised that I could not stand the same fatigue and go so many hours without sleep as those who were so much older than myself, and whose lives were one long course of training. The rancher hardly spoke at all, but occasionally drew out his pipe and smoked. It began to grow cold, and I was glad to have taken his advice and put on an overcoat. Truly there was nothing like experience in such matters after all. It grew darker, and then the stars began to go out one by one, like lights in a great city at break of day. Suddenly in the death-like stillness there echoed out one of the most unearthly howls it was ever my lot to listen to, but the rancher told me it was only a coyote, or timber wolf.

My thoughts were straying again, and I was nodding in the saddle, when suddenly a prolonged whistle shrilled out from the opposite side of the valley, and immediately following it the sharp ring of a rifle. In another second there were two other shots. In the grey dawn-light we could see the cause of the commotion. The two Indians, on seeing Waller pass, had thought to make a run for it, and escape from the valley unseen. But the unexpected had happened, as it generally does, for Waller, looking round, caught sight of them. He was blowing his whistle for assistance when one of the Indians drew a bead on him and fired. The bullet whizzed unpleasantly close to Waller's head, and the latter, forgetting that it was desirous, for the sake of making an example, to take these Indians alive, grew wroth, and promptly fired two shots from his Winchester at them as they scuttled back to cover. His shots evidently did not take effect.

"They are in the coullee, anyhow," remarked Dunbar, "and that is satisfactory. I wonder if one of them can possibly be Make Thunder?"

"Who is he?" I inquired.

"A bad Indian," replied the squatter. "He used to be the terror of the Saskatchewan district; he shot a policeman who tried to arrest him in the spring, and, knowing that his capture means death, he swears he will kill at least half-a-dozen before he is taken. I'm afraid, though, that he'll not see the scaffold; he'll either be shot or shoot himself. It can't be long now before the mounted police come up. They'll soon make short work of him—it's their trade."

A streak of luminous greyish-green showed itself in the east. It stretched itself along the flat horizon line of the plateau, and crept upwards into the heavens It became clearer, and a sickly, wan dawn light took its place. Then a pale lemon-glow struggled into the eastern sky; a little bird awoke among the pine boughs in the valley and called sleepily to its mate; then another awoke, and another, and another, until there was a glorious burst of song. The lemon-glow changed to tawny yellow, the yellow to pink, and then the sun peeped over the edge of the plateau like an orb of burnished gold, and the dew sparkled on the grass as if a shower of fine diamonds had fallen during the night. Another day had dawned in that great lone prairie land.

Suddenly Mr. Dunbar sang out:—

"Hurrah! Derringham, here they come, the Riders of the Plains—the North-West Mounted Police. Look! they are riding up in sections on either side of the valley, and posting a man here and there."

I looked, and, surely enough, two bodies of horsemen were approaching at a canter. In five minutes more a little band of ten mounted policemen and two Indian scouts had halted hard by, and an officer came forward to speak to Mr. Dunbar. These policemen looked for all the world like dragoons, only they wore the more sensible and picturesque broad-brimmed felt hat of the cow-boy. I had never seen men so magnificently mounted. They carried Winchester

repeating rifles at "the carry." Round their waists were belts filled with gleaming brass cartridges. On these same belts, and at the left side, were slung Enfield revolvers. Across their breasts were bandoliers, also full of cartridges. Their brown kharkee coats were relieved by a neat brass regimental button; blue riding breeches with a yellow stripe and long riding boots reaching to the knee completed their picturesque costumes. They were a bronzed, soldierly, wiry-looking lot—as smart a set of men as one could wish to see.

"A couple of the detachments happened to have arrived at the fort for special duty," remarked the officer, after some conversation with the rancher, "and as I knew that Make-Thunder was in the neighbourhood, and I wasn't exactly sure how many Indians were on this job, I thought I'd give them all a little trip. We'll surround the valley, and close in upon them on foot. I'd like to take Make-Thunder alive, if I can. I've left a mounted man here and there, so we'll picket out the rest of the horses, and begin at once."

He turned towards his men:—

"Squad! *'tion!* Prepare to dismount!" he cried.

CHAPTER VIII

"MAKE-THUNDER."

The horses were picketed at intervals, and two men left in charge. Then the officer, who was an inspector, and bore the rank of captain, addressed the troops and gave them his instructions. They were to the effect that every man was to observe the greatest caution, and not to expose himself rashly, as the Indians, being desperate, would in all probability fight to the bitter end. At the same time, as he had told Mr. Dunbar, he wanted to take them alive if possible. The party would spread out and descend the valley, at the mouth of which were four mounted men. He then gave them orders to extend.

I did not understand till afterwards why he found it necessary to warn his men against being over-zealous. It seemed that these mounted policemen were such dare-devils, and took such a pride in the efficiency of the force to which they belonged, and its unparalleled reputation for bravery, that they were continually running the greatest risks.

Mr. Dunbar would not hear of me accompanying the troopers and scouring the pine wood. I begged of him to let me go with himself and the officer, and promised to keep well in the background, but he was obdurate, and told me to proceed with my horse to the head of the valley, where I could look down it and see all that was going on. Remembering my promise of obedience on the previous night, I at once obeyed. Then the men spread out in the form of a horse-shoe on either side of the valley, and commenced closing in upon it. Arrived at the brink, they cautiously looked around and began to descend. I followed up, and ensconced myself in the shadow of a little clump of choke-cherry bushes, where I could see right down the rugged, pine-clad ravine. Some of the men would have pretty stiff climbing to do to keep in line. Indeed, I wondered if it were not possible for the mocassined Indians to scale one of those precipitous rocks and hide in some hole or crevasse until the mounted police had passed, and then endeavour to make good their escape. But there were still one or two mounted men stationed at intervals on the brink of the valley, and they surely would be more than a match for Indians on foot.

The first thing I saw on looking down the grassy bottom, and not more than two hundred yards from where I stood, was the dead body of the Indian who had so nearly killed my friend, the rancher, on the previous day. I noticed that the body lay face downwards, with hands outstretched. The sight made me shudder, there was something about it so rigid, so uncanny. The inspector went down and glanced at it hastily; Mr. Dunbar, would not, however, as much as look upon his late foe. Despite his bluff, brusque ways, he was in reality one of the most tender-hearted men I ever met.

In a few minutes the searchers were lost sight of in the thick scrub. No one was allowed to travel down the trail, as there they might prove an easy mark to the Indians. Ten minutes passed, and there was not a sound from the valley; only once or twice I saw a policeman climbing like a cat to skirt the steep face of a ledge of rocks so as to have a good look around. It seemed to me that this appeared very like taking chances on one's life. There was one tall, almost precipitous, peak which resembled a sugar-loaf, on the south side of the ravine, with an odd split at the top, as if some Titan had hacked it with a mammoth knife. At the foot of it, where no pines grew, I observed a policeman and an Indian scout. They looked upwards, but, naturally enough, deeming that even a Rocky Mountain sheep could not climb such a formidable wall of rock, they passed on and were soon lost sight of in the pine wood.

Whether it was from the want of sleep, or the excitement of the preceding day, I cannot tell, but I found my mind drifting from the present, with its stern surroundings, and gliding into a by no means unpleasant series of day dreams. There

was one dream or picture that captivated my fancy immensely, and which stood out in the mirror of the mind with a realistic force that was almost as convincing as actuality. It was that of Muriel Wray, and I thought I could see her as on one occasion she had sat in the old summer-house, looking out in the dim depths of the pine wood, a stray shaft of sunlight creating a glory in the silky mazes of her hair. Until I had met her I had hardly thought a girl worth speaking to. Yes, she was something like a girl—a sweet-tempered, big-hearted, glorious girl. I believe she would have lived on bread and water for a week rather than unwittingly hurt the feelings of the veriest waif. I knew she often denied herself things she had set her heart on to relieve the needs of others. I thought of the £20 she had lent me, and wondered how long it would be before I was able to pay her back again.

* * * * *

Ping! ping! ping! and my dream shivered as the sharp ring of rifles broke on the stillness. *Ping! ping!* again and again, and the ravine rang with horrible echoes. From a little knoll half-way down the valley, and close to an overhanging cliff, with an open space all round, I could see little jets of flame spurt, and then wreaths of smoke rise, floating lazily into the sunlit air. Then from certain points among the pines came more pale-blue columns sagging among the tree-tops. It was evident that the Indians had been discovered behind that little knoll under the overhanging cliff, and had opened fire on the police. It was a point of vantage from which deadly execution could be done. To rush it would be certain death to many. It would be an easier and better way to wait and starve them out; they could not possibly make their escape. And now the police had formed up in a complete half-circle, but as yet no attempt was made to rush the enemy's position.

The Indians had not even been sighted, for their natural little fort was fringed with thick masses of sage brush, and from behind it they could see without being seen. From where I was I saw that the other men, who had been stationed at various points of the valley, came hurrying up, seeing that now the Indians were located, perhaps they would have a chance of rushing them with the others. I noticed that even one of the men in charge of the long line of picketed horses had, contrary to orders, left his post and sneaked away to the edge of the ravine to have a good look at what was going on. If the officer, or any of the non-commissioned officers saw him, he stood a very good chance of being put under arrest for neglect of duty and a breach of discipline.

My first impulse was to rush down the valley and join the others, but I remembered Mr. Dunbar's injunctions, and thought it would be but a poor return for all his goodness to disregard them now. To break an order one has agreed to observe is not only dishonourable in the extreme, but a direct insult to those in authority. And, perhaps, we can seldom guess at the pain such an action may occasion others.

It was indeed a lucky thing for me that I remained at my post, for had I gone down the trail just then, under that tall pinnacle of rock, the chances are I would have experienced a surprise fraught with dire results. As my eyes happened to wander towards the rock in question, to my surprise I saw an Indian skirt its base and leisurely make for the pines on the up side of the valley to where the horses were picketed; he carried a rifle at the trail. My first impulse was to raise an alarm, thinking he was one of the pursued Indians making good his escape, but then I remembered there were only two of them, who were now hemmed in, and that the mounted police had brought with them two Indian scouts. Of course, this was one of them going back to the horses, probably to carry some message into the fort. But what were the police going to do about the Indians? Were they going to rush them, or starve them out? Then my eyes wandered from the scene of action to the obelisk-shaped rock with the odd split on the top, and from it to the brink of the valley.

Suddenly I saw something that startled me considerably and filled me with puzzled conjecture. The Indian who had rounded the rock a few minutes before had reached the top of the valley, and, crouching, was warily scanning the plateau. Being clad in sober, dun-coloured shirt and leggings, probably buckskin, just as the police scouts were, it was only by the merest accident that my eyes had detected him. Why should he observe such extraordinary precautions, seeing there was no earthly necessity for him to do so? But the man was an Indian scout, and could, doubtless, no more help himself behaving in such a fashion than an actor can bring himself to believe he is not walking the boards when in private life. A desultory fire was being kept up down the valley, so as to tempt the Indians to exhaust their store of ammunition. The Indian scout had now stepped boldly on to the plateau, and was walking leisurely towards the horses. The remaining policeman left in charge of them was at the far end of the line, driving in a picket-pin with a wooden mallet.

It seemed to me that the scout looked up and down the long line as if to find some particular

animal. He was looking for the best horse there, but I did not know it at the time. He went over towards the serjeant-major's short-backed, bony, spirited broncho, with powerful hind-quarters, the sort of animal that looked a "stayer." The sergeant-major was evidently going back to the fort to take charge, and the officer was remaining in command; the scout had evidently been sent to fetch the horse.

Suddenly I observed that the trooper who had been driving in the picket-pin had finished his work and turned to come back down the row of horses again. At first he did not seem to take any particular notice of the Indian; but, as his eyes rested on him, he suddenly came to a dead stop, and the mallet dropped from his hand. Then he shouted at the top of his voice, and ran to the nearest horse. What on earth was the matter? For a moment I hardly realised the situation. Then the truth flashed upon me—the supposed Indian scout was no other than one of the Indians, who had somehow made his escape, and, having seen the scouts from some point of vantage, was trying to pass himself off as one of them.

TURNING IN HIS SADDLE WITH AN EASE AND AGILITY THAT SPOKE OF LONG PRACTICE, HE LEVELLED HIS RIFLE AT ME AND FIRED.

At the same moment as the Indian ran towards the sergeant-major's horse I fired six shots out of my revolver, so as to attract the attention of the others down the valley, and galloped off, so as to frustrate, if possible, the obvious designs of the Indian. But he was too quick for us, for, with his sharp jack-knife, he cut the leather strap of the picket-rope attached to the horse's leg, caught up the reins, flung himself into the saddle, and, with a wild whoop of triumph, was off like the wind westward. He had taken Fandango, the best and swiftest horse in the whole troop; there was not one left that could even keep him in sight. But I did not know this, and, trusting to luck, made straight for him. By the time he had cut the picket strap there was not sixty yards between us. The Indian still stuck to his rifle. Doubtless, being afraid of startling his horse, he did not fire at me before mounting. Had he done so he could have killed me easily. He waited until he was tearing off at full gallop, then, turning in his saddle with an ease and agility that spoke of long practice, he levelled his rifle at me and fired. The bullet whizzed past my head. The trooper had worse luck; his horse, contrary to the habit of bronchos, put its foot in a badger-hole, stumbled, and threw its rider heavily. Fortunately no bones were broken.

I followed the Indian, who easily out-distanced me, to the brink of a steep and dangerous valley. It had been my intention to keep him in sight, but when he tore down it, leapt the creek in the rocky bottom, bounded up the opposite bank, and disappeared over a ridge, I knew I had followed in vain. When the four policemen who had been told off to follow came up, I pointed out the direction in which the fugitive had gone, and they went off in pursuit. They stopped out two days and nights without food, and rode right into Montana, but they came back to Waller's ranche with knocked-up horses and the sergeant-major's steed as well, to report that they had stuck to the Indian's trail over the wildest and roughest

country imaginable, until, on the edge of a great pine forest, they had found poor Fandango standing dead beat, but otherwise unhurt. It was impossible to follow farther, so they had returned. The policeman who was thrown had recognised the Indian as the redoubtable Make-Thunder, one of the most daring and dangerous outlaws in the Territories. His name was a terror to outlying settlers until at last he was brought to book—but of that anon.

When I rode back to the valley I found the two policemen very wide-awake indeed, looking after their diminished band of picketed horses. One of them at least was liable to get into trouble, but I was not going to say anything about him if I could help it. As yet the officer very properly would not let his men rush the knoll, although they were simply dying to do so. But in the course of the afternoon he gave the order, and with a wild rush the men swarmed up the steep incline. But to their great surprise they did not meet with the slightest resistance. What was the matter? When they closed in, stood on the brink of the little dip, and looked down into it, they were amazed to find only one Indian sitting calmly on the ground, smoking with that stolid indifference which is peculiar to the red man. On the ground lay his rifle, and the reason of his inactivity he coolly explained to one of the Indian scouts when questioned, by saying in the Cree language that he had unfortunately, without knowing it, expended his last cartridge. His rifle was a Winchester repeater that he had stolen, which accounted for the police imagining there were two Indians behind the knoll. He also volunteered the information that Make-Thunder and he thought it best to separate, and that the former climbed what the scouts had considered the unscaleable column of rock, and lay flat in the cloven peak until the police had passed. The prisoner and would-be murderer actually held out his hands for the gleaming handcuffs to be put on his wrists. Such are the strange ways of the red man.

All this, however, was only a foretaste of some of the adventures yet in store for me.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAND OF THE LOST SPIRITS.

The Indian prisoner, who bore the strange and rather inappropriate name of Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Rain, admitted he had fired upon the rancher and myself on the previous day, but would not say why he had done so. In all probability he could not; a red-skin goes on the war-path for the same reason that a tiger with a taste for blood goes man-hunting. On seeing that the police had captured their man, I rode down the trail and met Mr. Dunbar at the place where my horse had been killed. I had very little pity in my heart for the captured Indian on looking upon the poor brute, done to death for no reason whatever save to gratify the lust for blood and hate. I am not ashamed to say the tears came into my eyes when I helped to remove the saddle and bridle; the bullet that killed it had doubtless been meant for me, and even to the beast of burden God-given life is sweet. I would not care to be the man who makes that life a burden also.

We went back with Waller to the ranche. The inspector and a sergeant of police came with us; the others made a camp in the valley, and before we left a light spring wagon belonging to the police, with four splendid horses in it, had driven up, and a much-needed and substantial meal was under way. What splendid, jolly, gentlemanly fellows those policemen were! They seemed to enjoy every moment of their adventurous outdoor lives. I was almost sorry I was neither old nor big enough to become one myself. But I could not afford to spend my years in a police force, however fascinating the life might be. I had to make my way in the world, and prove that there were the makings of a man in my composition.

After the pleasant and much-needed meal which Mrs. Waller prepared for us I lay down and slept as I had seldom slept in my life. Next morning early we borrowed a saddle-horse from Waller, and, saying good bye to the kind people at the ranche, we "struck the trail," as they say in North America, and continued our journey to Mr. Dunbar's ranche, which we reached about six o'clock on the following evening.

The buildings at Mr. Dunbar's ranche were not unlike Waller's, only there were more of them and mostly as large again. They nestled snugly in a little meadow that cut into a hill-side, and as a creek described a half circle round them and flowed within a hundred yards of the rancher's house, fringed with a wealth of cotton-wood trees and wolf-willow, it was decidedly a pretty place. Mr. Dunbar said that as there was no room for me in the men's quarters I would have to be content with the dwelling-house. It is my belief that he merely said this as an excuse for keeping someone in the house whom he could talk to, for the only other occupant was old Ben, the cook, whose sole topic of conversation was the glory of the old days and the decadence of the new.

The cow-boys, of whom there were several, were known by some of the most extraordinary nicknames I ever heard in my life. There were Broncho

Pete, Bar H Bill—referring to the cattle brand of some herd with which he had once been associated—Woolly Ned, Boko Jack, and others of a like incomprehensible character. These gentlemen ran to much back hair, leather overalls, strange forms of speech, and revolvers, after the manner of most cow-boys, but otherwise they were a hard-working and steady lot. It is only the sham, shoddy article who preys like a parasite upon civilisation in the little frontier towns, and the cow-boy of penny dreadfuls who indulges in unaccountable and indiscriminate shooting and blackguardism. With them at first I was naturally an object of some curiosity, but as I went to the ranche dressed in a pair of moleskin trousers, a broad-brimmed cow-boy hat, and a checked shirt rolled up at the sleeves, my personal appearance at least escaped comment. When they found that I did not "put on side," and was anxious to make myself efficient in the usual duties connected with a cattle and horse ranche, they treated me very considerately indeed, although not infrequently betraying a disposition to practical jokes and romancing.

It was now October, and the Indian summer lingered still in the pine-clad valleys, on the breezy, heaven-girt plateaus, and the brown, sun-dried prairies, where the dim horizon line and the sky became one. We had been over to Waller's to assist him in his big annual round-up, and he with his men had come over to assist us in ours, and a busy time of it we were having. As our cattle roamed over a tract of country several hundred square miles in extent, of course it meant a few weeks' work; for at various points they had all to be gathered into bands, and the calves and such young animals as had escaped previous round ups lassoed, thrown, and branded. We had been shifting camp every day for about a fortnight on the prairie and in the valleys that ran far into the mountains. Our spell of hard work was nearly over, and we had branded an unusually large number of calves. It was Sunday, and we were at the extreme western limit, if not beyond it, of Mr. Dunbar's country; and wild country it was with its "bad lands," upon which nothing grew, yawning canyons piercing the mountain sides, belts of thick pine forests, and network of deep, still lakes.

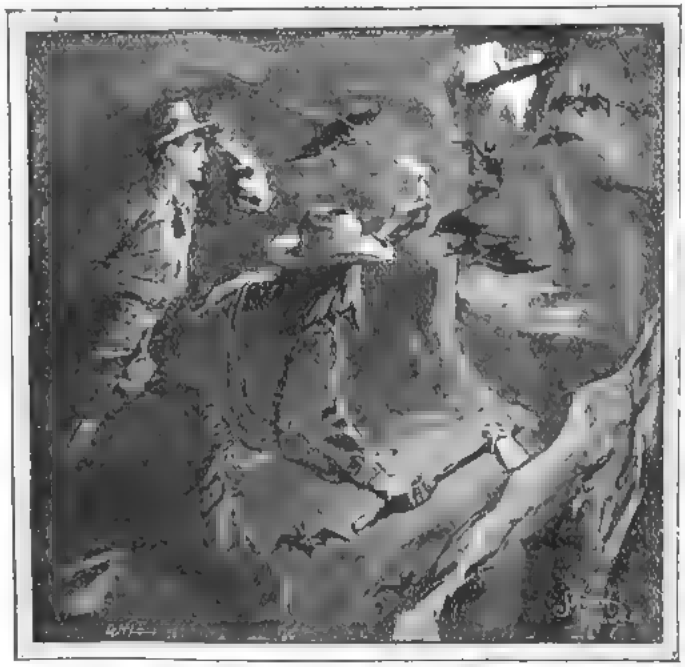
Sunday on the prairie was a well-earned day of rest, for Colin Dunbar wisely would allow no work to be done on that day but what was really necessary. We were camped in a beautiful valley, close to a shady grove of cotton-wood trees; the men had finished breakfast, and were scattered about engaged in certain little domestic duties peculiar to bachelors who have no womankind to mend their clothes or sew on buttons; the horses were picketed hard by; the cook was overhauling his spacious wagon to find the ingredients for the ever welcome and invariable Sunday's duff, and the rancher and myself were sitting on the grass outside our tent talking about the difference between a Sunday morning in dear old England and a Sunday morning in that primeval wilderness. I had been up early washing my spare clothes, and so was practically free for the day. Somehow that far-stretching canyon which presented a wall-like barrier to our further progress west fascinated me; what sounded like a fairy tale concerning some long, inaccessible lake that lay on the other side of it, roused in me afresh all the old spirit of romance and adventure in my nature. I longed to look upon those mysterious and silent waters which even the red man shunned, as certain islands in it were looked upon as the haunts of lost spirits, the place where all bad Indians were condemned by the Great Spirit to wander after death. I asked the rancher if he thought it possible for me to get there and back before evening; I could take some bread and meat with me by way of dinner. He hesitated for a minute before speaking, then said:—

"I've only seen the Lake of the Lost Spirits once, and then it was merely by accident that I dropped across it. You see, the existence of the lake is generally accepted as a myth because it is practically inaccessible, and only one or two white men have ever seen it. The Indians regard it with superstitious dread, and can hardly be got to acknowledge its existence. There is no such thing as approaching it on horseback. It is hemmed in by precipitous cliffs, and no one knows whether it has an outlet or not. I saw it three years ago, when I set out to look for it from this very camp. It is actually not more than three miles from where we are now. There is only one place in the face of that high cut bank by which you can get to the top, but I can't let you go alone. I myself have to ride back to the ranche to-day."

"Then, sir, I'll get someone to go with me," I replied. "There's Broncho Pete; he's never seen the place, and is dying with curiosity to prove that it really exists. I know he has grave doubts about it. We had a long talk regarding it yesterday, and he told me how he had tried several times to find a passage over these mountains, but had always failed. With your permission I'll go and ask him."

The rancher gave his consent, and I went over to where Broncho Pete was engaged in spreading out a shirt which he had just washed on a raspberry bush. He was a typical cow-boy in appearance, with this difference, that he was of a much more intelligent and inquiring turn of mind than

the generality of cow-boys. He had lived all his life on the prairies, and, like most thoughtful men who have been much alone with wild nature, and have carried their lives in their hands from day to day, there was a certain rugged dignity and air of self-respect about the man, because he recognised a higher power than himself. He was one of the cheeriest souls one could possibly meet, and although he was forty years of age he had the fresh spirits of a boy. We had struck up a friendship shortly after I had arrived on the ranche, and, in return for the many things I had to tell him about England, and what I had learned at school, he gave me many valuable hints in regard to my duties. He was one of the most successful "broncho busters"—*i.e.*, horse-breakers—in Assiniboia, which accounted for his odd cognomen. He had a strong love of the wonderful in nature; the spirit of adventure also ran hot in his blood. When I got over his brigand-like appearance, his fierce mustaches, his long hair, and expressive, if idiomatic, form of speech—simplified in this story—I found him a capital fellow.



LIGHTING A CANDLE WHICH WE HAD BROUGHT WITH US WE AGAIN CONTINUED OUR STRANGE JOURNEY.

Would he go with me to the Lake of Lost Spirits if Mr. Dunbar showed us the way? Of course he would, and in less than two minutes he had divested himself of his great jangling spurs and leather chaperagos—why he should have had them on just then is one of those things that only cow-boys can explain—and we were talking softly to the cook in order to secure as good a lunch as possible for the occasion.

Mr. Dunbar led us up the valley for about a quarter of a mile, then ascended the thickly wooded hill-side until he reached the great precipitous cliffs of clay, which, like a mighty wall, ran north and south far as the eye could reach. It was honeycombed and tunnelled in a most fantastic fashion. Gigantic pillars of clay stood in front of the caves, reminding one of the fluted columns that guard the portals of tombs in eastern lands. The cliff was at least 200ft. high How was it possible to scale it? But the rancher followed it along for a few hundred yards due north, then, stopping at the mouth of a cave, the floor of which shelved upwards in a most peculiar fashion, he remarked with no little animation:—

"Here it is; I was just a little afraid I might not recognise it again; one cave is so like another. But this one is merely a sort of watercourse, as you see; the water in the country above has gradually worn its way through fissures and the soft clay until it has struck this cave, and you can guess with what results. If you follow it up you will reach daylight and the Land Mysterious in several minutes. Whatever you do, for goodness' sake don't lose your way, or perhaps you'll not be able to get out of it again in a hurry. I see, Pete, that you've got a tomahawk—a wise precaution, for you can blaze your road."

He gave us certain directions how to reach the lake. We then thanked him for his goodness in taking us so far, and he went back to the camp.

Then we turned inwards to the cave. We walked up its shelving, water-worn floor for some twenty yards or so, then found that, doubtless since the rancher's visit, a huge boulder of clay had become detached from the roof and effectually blocked our way. But we discovered a hole, hardly of greater width than our bodies, through which the water had forced a passage, and crawled through to the other side, where we found ourselves in utter darkness. Lighting a candle which we had brought with us we again continued our strange journey. It gave one a curious, eerie sensation to be thus, as it were, groping our

way into the bowels of the earth. The passage turned and twisted about in a most bewildering fashion, but always led upwards. At one place we had to skirt a deep pool of water, at another we had to dig steps in what looked like the face of a miniature waterfall, and then we passed into a long gallery where there was a semi-twilight. Immediately our candle was blown out, and the air was filled with a most unearthly shrieking and flapping of wings. For the moment I was inclined to think that we had found our way into the underground haunt of the lost spirits. Broncho Pete gripped me by the arm.

"Stidy, thar!" he remarked, in his usual easy and nonchalant way. "It's only the bats; we shan't be long before we strike daylight again, and, to tell you the truth, I won't be sorry. There's summat very uncanny about critters that won't face the light o' day."

I quite agreed with him as we passed out of the long passage amid the deafening turmoil our unexpected entrance had created. Turning a sharp bend we came to a spherical chamber, which tapered towards the outlet at the top, reminding one of the neck of a bottle, and knew that we had passed through the face of a cliff, and were once more in touch with the outer world. A fallen tree and some drift-wood lay across the mouth of the opening. Pete cleverly lassoed a short, projecting limb, some several feet above his head, with a short, supple rope of green-hide he had taken the precaution to bring with him, and swarmed up it hand over hand. He managed with some difficulty to get astride of the fallen tree, and then I also followed his example. I had no difficulty whatever in doing this; few public school-boys would have had any. We scrambled off the tree on to the bank, and found ourselves at the bottom of a deep, dry pool in a darkened pine-clad ravine. We were now in the Indian's dread Land of the Lost Spirits.

(To be continued.)

John Machu

CHESS COMPETITION FOR NOVEMBER.

THE game for Competition this month is subjoined:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—K4	1. P—K4	12. Castles	12. P—KR4
2. Kt—AB3	2. B—B4	13. B—KKt5	13. P×B
3. P—B4	3. B×Kt	14. Q—B6ch	14. K—Q2
4. R×B	4. P×P	15. Q×BPch	15. K—Qsq
5. P—A4	5. Q—R5ch	16. Q—B6ch	16. K—Ksq
6. P—KKt3	6. P×P	17. Q×Rch	17. K—K2
7. R×P	7. P—KR3	18. Q—Kt7ch	18. K—Ksq
8. Kt—Q5	8. K—Qsq	19. B—Kt5ch	19. P—B3
9. Q—KB3	9. Kt—KB3	20. QR—KBsq	20. Kt—Q2
10. Kt×Kt	10. P×Kt	21. Q—Kt8ch	21. K—K2
11. B—K3	11. P—Q3		

White now wins easily. In the actual game the winner, Mr. Blackburne, was blindfolded.

The answers must be sent on postcards, addressed to "The Chess Editor," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. (No coupons required.)

First Prize, 10s. 6d.; Second Prize, Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN Age limit: Twenty.

THE GAME OF RUGGA FEETBALL.

By the Author of "The Game of Cricket-Match."

Mr. the Editor,—It has some time that I have write you of the Game of Cricket-match —of its follies, its perfidies, its savageries. At that time, as to me, it was impossible to figure myself a game more terrible, more ferocious. But regard then your Game of Rugga Feetball! Ma foi! Is it that your Cricket-match is rude? Your Feetball is brutale! Is it that your Cricket-match is compliqued? Your Feetball is one veritable enigma!

Your Cricket-match is a game of some savages, but your Feetball is of more than that! Of some Fanatiques?—No! Of some Lunatiques?—No! Of some Wild Beasts?—No! Of what then? Of some Demons!

Me who speak you, I have seen it and I know well. Listen! I will tell you.

One day I meet my English friend: but what damage! He has the eye poached, the head trussed, the arm in a scarf, his figure has cut and swelled itself. "Ciel! my dear friend," I exclaim, "what has arrived? You have had an accident! Perhaps a collision on the Railway Road!" He smile in shaking the head. "It is then the Bicyclette?" "No!" "A blow of Lightning?" "No!" "How then?" "Oh! nothing, M'sieu, only Rugga!" "How Rugga? I comprend not!" "Oh! Rugga, you know! Feetball, that is all." "But, milles tonnerres! Feetball is a game, is it not?" "Yes, M'sieu, and a joli good game too." "Joli! ma foi! sans doute! To have the eye poached, it is joli, n'est pas? To have the arm braked, it is joli also! I know not your Feetball, but I have no envie to play him."

"Oh, nonsense! Come along, M'sieu! I go to see a game now; come with me; you shall amuse yourself."

"There shall be danger?" "Danger, not a bit! Come along!" We go. It is cold; it rains always, but it imports not. We pass beyond the town; the houses are more seldom, they are new, they are vacant. But how these English are droles! They have all the same notification. "For' sale." Is it then a recommendation that they shall be for' sale, how you call it—ver' dirty? I ask my friend, but he put himself to clatter in laughing, he give me no answer, he only mock himself of me.

Behold us arrived! There is a large field of herb, very humid, there are spectators in thousands. At each end a gibet, gallows what you call. At the middle some men all striped, they are some Hyænas—some others all covered with spots—they are some Leopards. Good! the Hyænas and the Leopards shall fight together. It is simple, it is not like Cricket-match.

I ask my friend what they are, the Gallows? He say, "They are not Gallows—Gôles." It is a word strange for me. I know it not. I ask how it spells itself. He tell me—"G-a-o-l. I search it in the dictionary at my return. It is a prison. From the prison to the gallows is not but a step.

My friend touch me. "See! here is the Ball!" "The Ball! ma foi! that is not a ball? It is a citrouille, a pumpkin as you say: a ballon, if you will, but a ball—Never!"

Messieurs the Hyænas and the Leopards arrange themselves, the pumpkin is in the middle. The combat will commence. But there arrive a man of consequence: he is tall —square—big—heavy—he has a siffle. He confers with them. He tries perhaps to persuade them to not fight. I ask my friend what he is, the big man with the siffle. He reply, "He is a Reverie!" "Ciel! A Reverie! but it is impossible! A Reverie is not but an idea, a fantasie! Never I see a so much solid Reverie! But for why he has a siffle? Has he, perhaps, some dogs?" "No, no, he siffles to the players." "Ah! and they shall run after him?" He laugh in saying, "It is not impossible." Now the game commence: the ballon rise in the air, one runs, the mud flies, the peoples shout. The Captain of the Leopards has the pumpkin. He give it a little blow of foot, the ballon run a little way; he try the other foot; then the first, but he is uncertain; he cannot tell which is the better, the ballon runs always forward. He will try again, but one rush at him; he falls, the ballon rise again high in the air; a Hyæna catch it and run with it in his hands ventre a terre. He is seized by a Leopard; the people cry "Pass! Pass!" but the Leopard will not permit him to pass. The Reverie siffles, the Hyæna throw away the pumpkin. "To the Gaol?" you will say. But no, to some other place

The pumpkin escape to the side of the field, one takes it up, the Reverie siffles again, the players surround it like a wall, their heads are close, their arms are round each other. Within it is dark, they cannot find the pumpkin, they

feel for it with their feet, one falls down, they feel for him also; he utters a cry, they have found him perhaps—that is well. The Reverie siffles again—always the Reverie siffles—the peoples roar, the pumpkin rolls, the players are covered with mud; they are no more some Hyænas and some Leopards, they are some Pigs! All is confusion and tumult; the Pigs grunt, the peoples roar, the Reverie siffles continually, he shout, he wave his arm. One heeds him not, the poor pumpkin roll far beyond the Gaol of the Leopard and fall into a ditch. "How, then," I ask my friend, "is it that they have won—the Hyænas?" "Won!" he say. 'Not much—the duffers!" "And the poor pumpkin?" "It is dead." "Ah, what wonder! The game, then, is finished—let us go." "No; attend a moment, there will be some fun. Regard the Reverie." The Reverie speak very high, the Hyænas and the Leopards exclaim, the peoples roar like wild beasts, they shake the fist, the Reverie tries to speak, he cannot be heard, they run towards him, he turns and all at a blow he rush from the field at full speed towards a Cabaret, what you call a Housepublique. The whole assembly follows with tumult. He has no need to siffle any more. He reaches the Housepublique—he rush in and shut the door after him. The crowd arrive at his heels, the door is barred, they cannot enter; they batter the door, in throwing piercing cries.

"But what is it," I ask, "that it is? I do not understand. Who has won?" "Who won?" say my friend. "Why, you can see for yourself, the Reverie won; he arrive first, they have not catch him."

"But the Feetball is not, perhaps, a race?"

"It sometimes look very like it," say he.

"But I cannot comprend. If it is a race, for why the ball?"—"Oh, that is part of the game."

"What, then, are the Gaols?"—"They are part of the game, too."

"But——" "Oh, bother!" say he. "Come and have a whiskey-soda."

That is all—he will not tell me more. But what of Rugga? Is it a Game? Who knows? Is it again a Race? Who can tell? Regard it for a moment as a Game. The poor pumpkin! What a sad fate!—my heart bleeds for it.

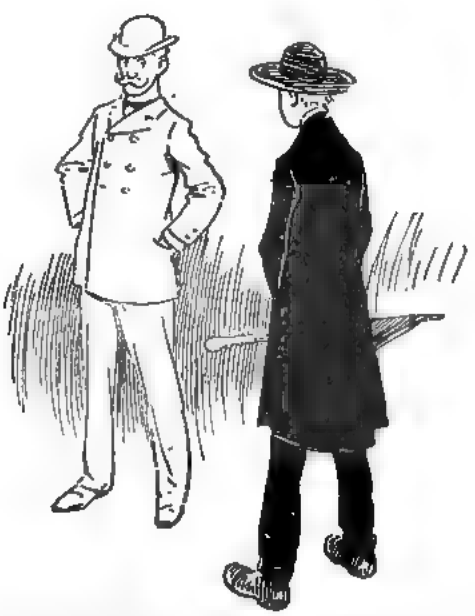
But, au contraire, regard it as a Race. The poor Reverie! If he do not win, what shall be of him?

I know not, but I have my idea.

A Reverie very scarcely exist longtime.

Agreez, Monsieur, etc.,

VIVE LA FRANCE.



"DID YOU EVER THINK WHAT YOU WOULD DO IF YOU HAD THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S INCOME?"

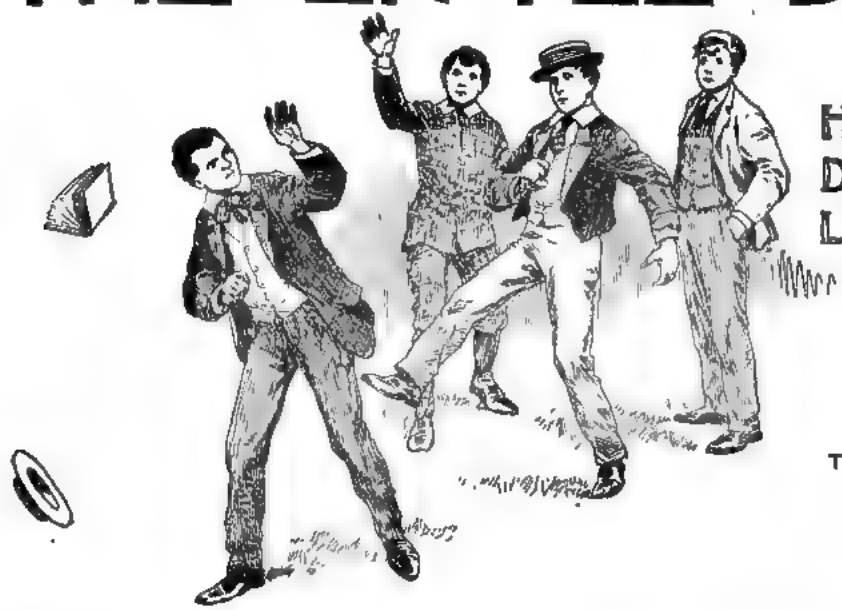
VILLAGE CURATE: "NO; BUT I'VE OFTEN WONDERED WHAT HE WOULD DO IF HE HAD MINE."

Drawn by Tom Browne.

THE LITTLE DON.

BY

HERBERT DUDLEY LAMPEN.



Sketches by T. W. Holmes.

SISTOS was a Spaniard, and absurdly proud and sensitive. He retold the deeds of his ancestors until we were weary of listening to him. They had fought under Alphonso against the Moors, they had stormed the heights at Badajos with Wellington, they had won the glorious victory of Salamanca against Marmont, they had shed blood like water in a thousand battles. Particularly in the Peninsula War had their bravery been exhibited; indeed, Sistos more than hinted that without them the result of that campaign would have been very different.

For two terms he continued to jaw about his rotten old forefathers. Their daring had been the theme of the romancists, and their deeds of valour countless. The flower of the grandees of Spain had been numbered in their ranks. Dons could be counted among them by the bushel. The oldest of "your Eengleesh" titles was but of yesterday compared with the family from which Sistos was descended.

He had a rough time of it. Fellows punctuated his yarns with slippers. Bully Dobson stared when Sistos disdainfully refused to black boots, and then thrashed him unmercifully. Sistos even refused to fag for good old Burrows, and of course the captain was compelled to make him sit up. The blue blood of his ancestors became one of the stock jokes, and Don Narvarez Ortega del Castillo, a prominent figure in the aforesaid yarns, was scandalously libelled by the Lower School.

At last he became haughtily silent, and brooded round the playground alone, but a speck of light in his coal-black eyes whenever fun was fired after him showed what a volcano of rage boiled in his heart.

"He'll murder someone before term ends," affirmed Chuckster.

"Not he," replied Barnes, nervous, and unwilling to believe.

"He will. Watch him now. Well, Donna Narvarez Ortega del What-d'ye-call-his-name, and who licked the Spanish Armada, eh?"

Sistos made no reply, unless the bright speck in his eyes be counted as more than equal to the most furious outburst of English anger.

"Come away," said Barnes.

"Not I," replied Chuckster. "He'll go for Sprowle before he tackles me."

A perky, confident youth, above the usual age of admittance, had arrived early the previous term. He was duly interrogated in the Fourth Form room.

"What's your name?" asked Chuckster.

"Elijah Sprowle."

"Golly! Who's your pater?"

"I guess that ain't none of your business."

"I guess you're some son of a pork butcher," remarked Chucksters, through his nose. "I say, you chaps, what is Roundle coming to? I must write to my pater to remove me."

"Who's your pater?" demanded Barnes.

"My popper cud buy up the whole show of ye, an' hev a pile over," retorted Sprowle. "I guess you ain't never heard, then, of Mister Sprowle, the Oil King?"

We collapsed, and the son of the Oil King escaped.

Being amply supplied with money, the recipient of fat hampers at short intervals, and glad to buy popularity and a position, Sprowle soon established himself comfortably. He was helped by the political situation. America and Spain were preparing for war, The *Maine* had been blown up. We were, to a boy, enthusiastic supporters of America.

"My guv'nor's goin' to give a pile," bragged Sprowle.

We listened, and steadily munched at Sprowle's cake.

"Thanks awfully, Sprowle; I *will* take another hunk," said Chucksters. "No, thanks. After you with the pop."

"My guv'nor's goin' to buy an ironclad an' give it," boasted Sprowle.

"Your pater's a brick to send you jam like this," remarked Barnes, who had emptied half a pot on his cake.

"We'll lick them Spaniards, I guess, inter old rags," continued Sprowle.

"Don't let Sistos hear you," whispered Barnes, looking round.

"I don't care if he do," said Sprowle. "Have some sardines, you chaps?"

"You wouldn't dare to tell him so to his face, would you?" asked little Parr, timidly.

"Wouldn't I jest! I guess I would. I ain't afraid of no beggarly Spaniard."

"THANKS AWFULLY, SPROWLE. I WILL TAKE ANOTHER HUNK."

We applauded the courage of Sprowle, but we politely hinted our doubts whether he really would defy Sistos, and we proceeded in close order to unearth our prey.

He was not far distant. He was still moping round the inner playground. A few kids watched him in a frightened sort of way, but no one spoke to him or joined him.

"I say!" bawled Sprowle.

Sistos looked up.

"We're going to thrash you, I guess."

Sistos disdainfully turned away.

"We're goin' to teach you to blow up our ships. You're a lot of beggarly liars."

Sistos might not have heard. He slowly walked away from us as we followed him at a safe distance.

"That'll do," remarked Barnes.

Sprowle was much bigger and stronger than Sistos. The Spaniard had a bold face and an erect figure, but he was extremely slight.

"Ef you are all afraid of the little Don, Elijah Sprowle ain't. Stay you there 'n see ef I'm afraid then."

We stood. We watched the overgrown American pursue Sistos. We saw them face each other. A word or two was exchanged. Then Sprowle struck Sistos in the mouth. To our surprise the Spaniard only regarded his adversary with a flame in his black eyes, replied in a short, scornful sentence, and walked proudly away.

"What did he say?" we eagerly asked.

"Supposed I would not settle the matter as a gent."

"What did he mean?" inquired Barnes.

"With swords an' pistols, I guess. Said somethink about it being the only fit way for gentlemen, an' he hinted I wasn't none of that. He says he'll hev his revenge."

"So he will," whispered Barnes to young Parr.

The twin marks of suppressed rage burnt like danger-signals on the cheeks of the little Don

until Saturday. On that day the Lower School paper-chase was run.

We learnt with some interest that Sistos was included. He had refused to join us in footer, making some scornful reference to it, and the captain at last left him to mope about. When he appeared among the starters on Saturday most of us fancied he would soon fall behind.

Burrows himself timed the start. The trail led us at once out on to the Roundle moors, and we knew we had our afternoon's work cut out.

Heather makes heavy running. Soon the ruck of kids spread out into a long, straggling tail, with Sprowle and Sistos leading. The latter showed a light, springy step, as if his legs were steel wire, while the American ploughed heavily forward a pace or two ahead. But Sprowle possessed endurance, we all knew that. He did not understand the feeling of fatigue.

Moorland freshened into grass, and the meadow ran rapidly down to a swollen stream, at which the majority halted. While they walked down the bank to find a bridge, Sistos and Sprowle struggled through the discoloured water, picked up the trail immediately, climbed the railway embankment, and found the paper thick and white over the sleepers and between the shining rails.

They considered themselves the champions of their countries. Each held the honour of his native land in his keeping, and refused to allow the other a foot of advantage. Doggedly, level, breathing hard, they ran round the bend.

Only when the black mouth of Roundle Tunnel yawned a couple of hundred yards away did Sprowle hesitate and stop. With a brief smile, which unpleasantly displayed his white teeth, Sistos bounded ahead and shot into the darkness.

Sistos ran on until the tiny circle of daylight in the far distance grew and touched the grimy roof, and made it dimly visible. Then he sat down in an alcove, and searched for, and produced, a long, thin, razor-edged knife, like those in use in Spain, and called a *faca*. He passed his thumb along the blade, and even through the twilight his face appeared vindictive in the extreme.

At least, Sprowle thought so, and stopped. He had suspected some trick, and advanced cautiously. When he saw the glint of the knife, he paused.

A long echo resounded above the boys. It increased until the uproar was deafening. Then a train thundered past Sistos as he sat in his alcove, and left a cloud of dust and a choking smoke.

Another ten minutes passed, and Sprowle had not appeared. Sistos cautiously felt his way along the wall, and tumbled over Sprowle's body.

The dim light showed him blood on Sprowle's whites and a great rent in Sprowle's shirt. Without delaying longer, Sistos lifted the American and staggered towards the entrance. Another train in pursuit hastened him, but he managed to reach the bank just as the engine burst forth in a tempest of wind and noise.

All the angry light in the eyes of Sistos vanished. He laid Sprowle down, ran to a puddle, soaked his handkerchief, and washed the wound.

THE AMERICAN PLOUGHED HEAVILY FORWARD A PACE OR TWO AHEAD.

He made the broken arm comfortable in a sling, using his tie for the purpose. He stripped off his coat and wrapped it round his rival. He made another journey to the puddle, where he soaked his handkerchief again and filled his cap with water to bathe the bloodless lips.

Sprowle moved a little.

"I guess I feel queer," said he.

"All right, you old fellow," said Sistos.

"Hullo! Where am I?"

"You're hurt. Are you not comfortable? Rest your body against me. That is it. Lean against me."

"I'm all right," replied Sprowle, faintly. "Why, this is your coat! Why, you are Sistos!"

"No matter. I do not take it. It is for your use."

"You'll be chilled through?" exclaimed Sprowle.

"I'm well. I am not wounded. Please keep it," begged Sistos.

The sunset faded from orange into a pale green, and night descended on them. At intervals trains roared out of the tunnel in a blaze of glory. Later, heavy luggage wagons lumbered along the trembling ground, crowned with a nimbus of gold above the furnace.

Sometimes Sprowle moaned and wandered. Sistos clasped him closely. In brief snatches the American slept. Sistos refused to permit his own eyes to close, lest he might fail to support Sprowle's broken arm and shaken frame.

At last—at last morning reluctantly crept down the dew-soaked hills, and stole with cold, feeble, steps across the valleys. The weak rays of the sun could not comfort the chilled limbs of Sistos. His teeth chattered; his feet were benumbed; his nerves were painfully awake. Sprowle slept in comfort beneath the Spaniard's jacket.

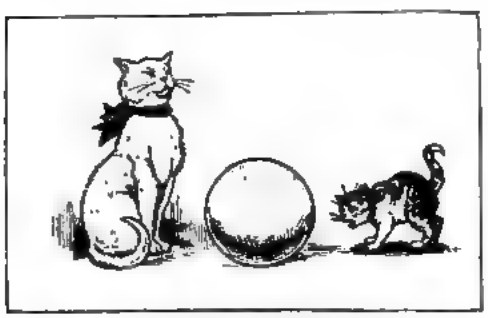
'What's that?" exclaimed Sprowle, wide awake in a moment.

Sistos lay in a stupor. He heard the shout, but he was unable to respond.

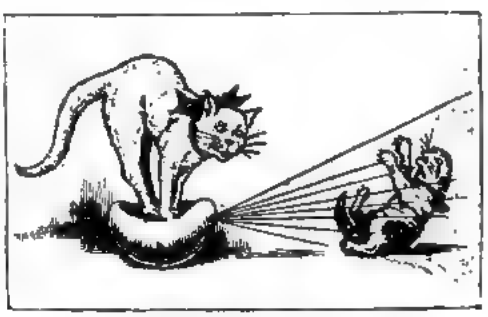
"It's good old Burrows!" cried Sprowle.

They were carried home in a farmer's cart, smothered in blankets, and embedded in hay. Popular rumour affirmed that Sistos shook the cart crazy to the "tune of three-pun-ten."

For two months Sistos wrestled with rheumatic fever. Before those weeks ended enthusiasm on behalf of the little Don rose to a high level, and when he reappeared, leaning on Sprowle's arm, he was surprised to find himself a popular hero. This was strange, because America and Spain were in the ring, and we considered ourselves sort of sponge-holders to our Yankee cousins, and the little Don still showed a speck of flame in his eyes if his beloved Spain were ridiculed.



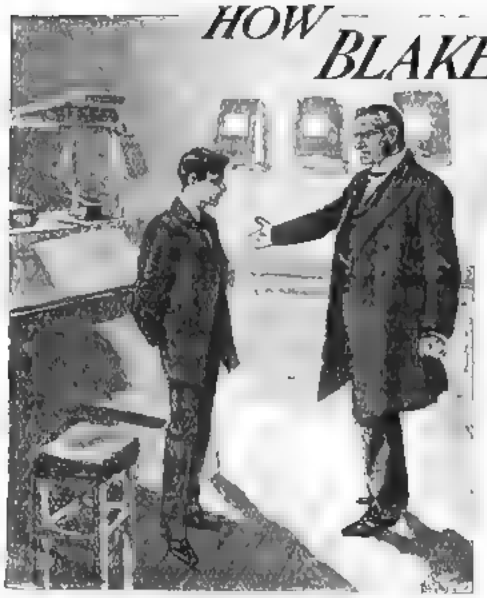
"WHAT IS INSIDE, MOTHER, DEAR?"



"WIND, MY SON, WIND"

HOW BLAKE WENT BACK TO SCHOOL.

By ERNEST JENKINS.



Pictures by T. M. R. Whitwell.

"GOOD are you if you cannot be trusted with an easy thing like that?" asked Mr. Rice angrily. "Upon my word, Blake, if you can't do simple addition you ought to go to school again!"

"I wish I could!" said Blake.

For a moment Mr. Rice was so possessed with rage and astonishment at his junior clerk daring to answer him so pertly that he could not speak.

"What, sir!" he exclaimed at last. "What do you mean by answering me—I will not have it. Such insolence, indeed! Go!—I will talk to you to-morrow. Tut-tut! Impertinence! D'you hear? Go!"

Now to be insolent was far from Blake's intention. He was, indeed, too frightened to think of uttering a word against the torrent of anger which poured from his employer.

Blake was junior clerk to the firm of Rice & Compton, in the City of London. He was just sixteen. His father had long been dead; his mother, out of a scanty income, had been able, by pinching and scraping, to send her son to a good school, where he was more than ordinarily successful. It was not unnatural, therefore, that there should have grown up in him an ambition to go to Oxford. But, alas! when Blake was fifteen the state of funds compelled him to leave school, and a vacancy occurring at a convenient time in the office of Messrs. Rice & Compton, he left the clean little Bankshire town in which Egerton College was situated for the office in the city and the dingy Peckham lodging.

For the first month or two the novelty of the change was rather pleasant than otherwise; and he put aside his school-boy ambition, and resolved to make the best of things. But as the weeks went by he learnt more of Mr. Rice's propensity for finding fault, and the office work went hardly so smoothly as at first; and then the ambition recurred more strongly than ever. Then came November and its cold fogs, making London the dreariest place in the world, and the novelty of everything having by this time worn off, he began to feel his loneliness. He became sick of it all. When he awoke on Monday mornings after the welcome break which the Sundays afforded, the prospect of another week in the city caused him a good deal of misery. He was tired of his monotonous work, of the cheap bread-shop lunches, of the noisy streets, and the drab sky. He longed for the clean little Bankshire town again. His last sight of it had been in its full summer beauty; and one day when he saw a boy in a short jacket and Eton collar carrying a strapful of school books, a lump came in his throat—though he would not have confessed it—and he envied the fellow with his whole soul, and wished he were back at Egerton with his lesson-books and the delightful school fun and companionship—the footer and the hockey. Yes, he hated London! Sometimes he would look up from his work and glance at his watch, and amuse himself by thinking what the fellows were doing at that moment. Lucky beggars! whilst here was he, compelled to sit on an uncomfortable stool, engaged in dismal drudgery.

Palmer's arrival in London made things a little easier to bear. They had ignored each other at school, but were now the fastest of friends. Palmer, however, lived at Brixton, and being employed in a department of the Post Office, was continually working up for exams., so that

the two friends could rarely meet oftener than once a week. Another consolation to Blake was his bicycle, and on Saturday afternoons he and Palmer were school-boys again, and scorched along the Kentish lanes with never a thought of office or work.

One fine Saturday afternoon the two boys had got well away from the suburban houses, and had come to the junction of two roads.

"Which way shall we go?" asked Blake.

"Oh, we've been to the left—let's take the other road. I don't know where it leads to, but it looks all right."

As they whizzed past the finger-post, Palmer glanced up at the name on the board.

"Beltham, five miles," he called.

"Beltham?—Beltham?" asked Blake, repeating the name. "Why, I believe it is Beltham—yes, I've got some sort of relation living at Beltham," he said.

"Oh! Shall you call?"

"Hardly!" said Blake with a laugh. "In the first place I've never seen him—he's a crusty old fourth or fifth cousin or something of my father's, I never quite understood what; and in the second place he hasn't any great love for our branch of the family, and we have less, if anything, for him. When I was a kiddie he had an awful row with the pater, since when we have had no dealings with one another. You see, he's rich, and we're poor—and that makes a difference, doesn't it?" Blake spoke somewhat bitterly. "I have an idea that if he had been as honest as he ought, the riches would have been ours, and he would have had to work for his living. But, as I say, I never understood the business, and the fact that he lives at Beltham makes no difference to me. Look! See that rabbit? *Pshoo!* Can't they scoot?" And so the conversation turned, and no more was said — or thought — about Blake's undesirable relation.

"I say, Palmer, don't you wish you were back at Egerton again?" said Blake, after a while.

"You are for ever asking me that—I never saw a fellow like you, Blake. It seems to have got on your mind."

"Well, I can't help it. I'm just sick of the office, and old Rice is—if you had to work with him you'd want to be out of it pretty quick, I know. There's Harkell, and Radman, and Snape, and a whole crowd of fellows who'll stay at Egerton until they're eighteen or so, and then go to Oxford or Cambridge. Why? Simply because their people are well off. Mine being poor, I left at fifteen, and am doomed to spend the rest of my days in an office, tied to a ledger and a typewriter. I wish we grew gold-mines in this country!" he added with a sigh.

"Oh, shut up, Blake! You've got the blues! No, I wouldn't go back to school if I had the chance to do so to-morrow, and for that reason I am rather glad that my people, like yours, are poor. Not that I'm particularly fond of my work! But now I've got used to London I should simply die in a sleepy hole like Egerton, and it would give me no sort of pleasure to go back and be bullied and nagged at by old Tubby Lowther. He was a beast, was Tubby. D'you remember that time in 'prep' when he reported me to the Head? And it was Barker's fault all the time, only Barker was a bit of a favourite with Tubby. No, thanks! I'll stay where I am!"

"But——" Blake began, and would have enlarged on the advantages of school over office, and the insignificance of Tubby's temper compared with Mr. Rice's. But Palmer interrupted him.

"Now do stop—there's a good chap! Try and be cheerful and contented." So the subject was dropped.

They had passed through Beltham, and were leaving it well behind, when, on rounding a bend in the road, Blake exclaimed:—

"Motor-car ahoy!"

It stood outside a lodge gate. It was a large affair, a kind of wagonette, roomy and heavy, and its only occupant was a little boy of about five or six.

"Swagger affair, eh?" said Palmer. "Cheeky-looking kid on the box."

"Yes, very nice. But, ah, I don't think I shall go in for one yet, Palmy. At any rate, until they make the things with less shiver and smell."

Here the road ran straight for a quarter of a mile, and half-way to the next bend Palmer and Blake, catching sight of blackberries in the hedge, dismounted and clambered up the bank.

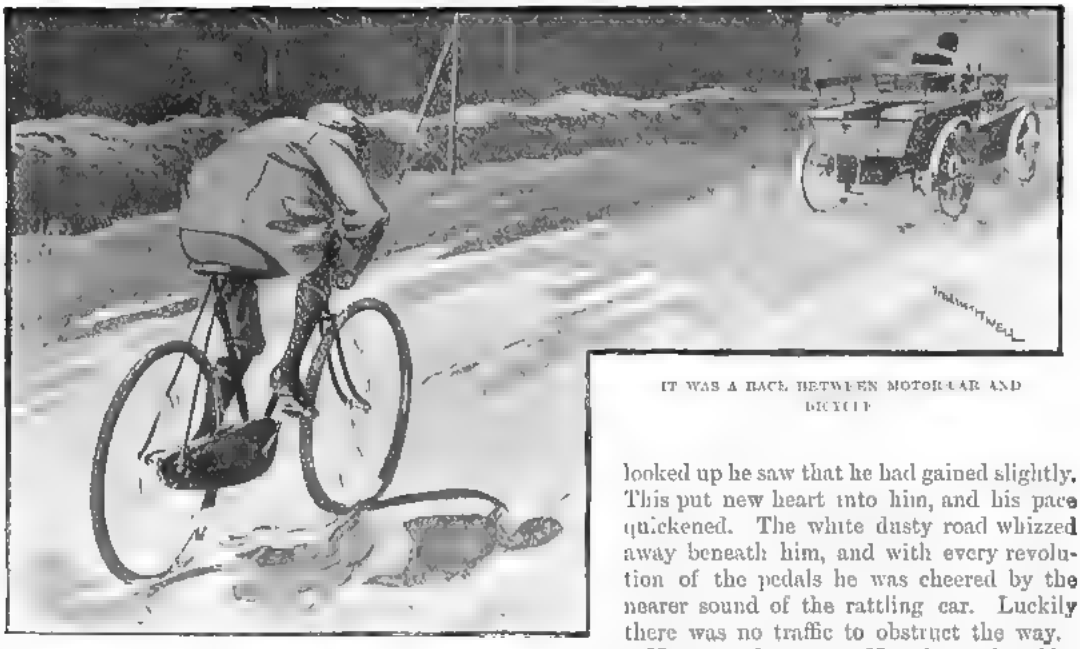
They had only time to taste and comment on the excellence of the fruit, when they heard behind them a child's frightened cry, then a throb and a rattle, which, as they listened, came nearer and nearer. They slipped down into the road again and looked back.

"It's the motor-car!" said Blake, with some alarm. "It has run away!"

Then, looking in the opposite direction, his face paled, for running along the outside of the bend in the road there was a stone wall.

"Heavens!" he cried. "It will run into the wall, and the youngster will be killed!"

The car was upon them, and they could see the scared, white face of the boy on the front seat. Without any definite plan, Blake jumped on his bicycle and rode at highest speed after the runaway. Then he saw how helpless he was to



IT WAS A RACE BETWEEN MOTOR-CAR AND BICYCLE.

prevent the smash. The car was rapidly nearing the wall; he could not possibly reach it in time to save it. Even if he did catch up with it, what could he do? He slowed up in despair as he saw the heavy vehicle close on the wall, and waited fearfully for the crash.

But, almost miraculously, there was no crash! The motor-car seemed to strike against something in the road, then it staggered a little, and altered its course, so that it continued its career round the slight bend and along the road. Blake quickened his pace, wondering at the escape which afforded him a hope of catching the runaway. At the spot where the car swerved he saw a large stone against which the wagonette must have run with sufficient violence to jerk round the front wheels just enough to guide the car away from the wall and along the roadway.

Blake hoped that he might be able to get alongside of the fugitive carriage, and in some way obtain control of it—he knew not how. Glancing ahead, he saw that fortune was on his side, for the road now ran straight for a considerable distance. His quick action had given him the start of Palmer, who, unable to equal Blake's speed in riding, was left far in the rear.

It was a race between motor-car and bicycle, and Blake knew that to catch the car he must ride at the rate of at least seventeen or eighteen miles an hour, a high speed for his heavy machine. With head down, and curved back, and a firm grip of the handles, he flew along with every nerve and muscle strained to a high tension. When next he looked up he saw that he had gained slightly. This put new heart into him, and his pace quickened. The white dusty road whizzed away beneath him, and with every revolution of the pedals he was cheered by the nearer sound of the rattling car. Luckily there was no traffic to obstruct the way.

Nearer and nearer! Now it was but fifty yards ahead, now thirty, now not twenty! A spurt! he was close on it! Another, and he was within a yard of the car! Now with a plunge he drove the steering wheel well under the back of the vehicle. Hurrah! Here was his chance. He let go of his bicycle, and with a quick upward movement of his hands, grasped the back of the wagonette, and, swinging clear of his machine—which fell in the roadway with a crash that spoke of complete ruin—he pulled himself up with a mighty effort, and toppled over into the bottom of the car, jubilant if somewhat exhausted.

Without staying to regain his breath, Blake scrambled up on to the seat beside the child, who was obviously comforted by his presence. Now—how to stop it? He did not understand the working of the car, and had not the remotest idea what the various wheels and levers were for. But he succeeded at once in picking out the steering gear, so that, with his hand on the wheel, they would at any rate be able to keep to the road, however far they went. But he must stop it if possible, and here was his difficulty. The child was equally ignorant of the manipulation of the works; he "just touched one of the wheels," he told Blake tearfully—he did not know which—and the car set off on its wild career. The only thing for Blake to do was to fiddle about with the different wheels and levers until he hit upon the right one. He was fortunate in his experiments, and in a couple of minutes the wagonette was at a standstill. Having found how to stop the car, Blake was able to make an accurate guess as

to the way in which it might be set going again; and presently they were on their return journey, and Blake was enjoying his first experience of driving a motor-car.

First they met Palmer, who was relieved to see them alive and the car intact.

"Well done, old chap!" he called, as he rode along beside them. "What's it like?"

"Ripping!" said Blake, with a saucy "toot-toot" of the horn.

Then they met a scared and mournful group of people hurrying along, headed by an old gentleman who appeared frantic with anxiety, and on seeing the runaway car and its occupants safe and sound was even more demonstrative in his delight.

"My boy," he said breathlessly, as he ran up and grasped Blake's hand, shaking it vigorously, "you've done a big thing—I'm very grateful. Bless me! What a relief to see the child alive and the car unhurt!"

"Brave lad!" echoed one of the ladies of the party, presumably the little boy's mother, who by this time was clasping the child in her arms and sobbing happily over him. "He has saved my boy's life!" she cried, thankfully.

"Yes, and he's saved my motor-car from being smashed to pieces, too! You're a plucky youngster!" said the old gentleman again. "Now you two boys must come back to dinner. By the way, where's your bicycle?" he said to Blake.

"Down the road—I caught sight of it as we came back, but I'm really afraid it is too much damaged to be worth fetching," said Blake.

"Leave it there—we'll make that all right. Now come along; it's only a short way back, but we may as well ride." And the whole of the party, with the exception of Palmer, who rode on

"MY BOY," HE SAID BREATHLESSLY, AS HE RAN UP AND GRASPED BLAKE'S HAND, "YOU'VE DONE A BIG THING—I'M VERY GRATEFUL."

his bicycle, mounted into the wagonette, and so returned to the old gentleman's fine house, outside whose lodge gates the boys had first seen the motor-car.

As dinner would not be ready for some time, their host took Blake and Palmer almost at once into the library.

"My boys, I—I can't say how indebted I feel to you," he commenced, when they were comfortably seated.

"Oh, I did not do anything—you must not include me, sir," Palmer interrupted.

"No, perhaps not—I forgot. But you would have done something if you had had the chance, I have no doubt. Yes, I suppose we owe most to your friend. Now, do you know, I bought that motor-car only a month ago, and gave a pretty penny for it—it ran well into three figures, I may tell you," he said impressively, and with some pride. "You, sir, gallantly saved that valuable motor-car from being sold to-morrow as old iron; and it's every bit worth twenty pounds—and cheap at the price—to have my car safe in the stable. So we will put down £20 to your credit, young man, on account of the——"

"But——" Blake began in protest. He did not, of course, dream of any such reward, and was taken aback at the old man's haste to be generous.

"Don't interrupt me, sir!" said the old gentleman, in fierce tones, which, however, were softened by the kindly gleam in his eyes. "I shall not give you a penny more than I owe! Twenty pounds, I say, for the car! Then there's the boy, the meddlesome young scamp! Always up to mischief, that child is! There's my grandson, I say—he would have been killed beyond question. But I hardly suppose we can put him down in figures, eh? His mother thinks him priceless, but I should sometimes reckon him dear at twopence-halfpenny! Now, to get to the point. My daughter wants me—and I want as well—to do something handsome for you, my lad, for your services."

Blake began again to protest. He would have felt uneasy in accepting any payment; his success in saving the child's life was sufficient return, and he had really run but very little risk.

"No 'buts'! Just tell me what you want—what you would really like. Understand—I will not be refused," said the old gentleman, firmly. "Every boy wants something special. My daughter and I want to give you that something special. I am rich—what is it? You must not refuse."

"Well, I—I really don't know. You see——"

"Then perhaps you happen to know what your friend might like," said the owner of the motor-car to Palmer.

"I can only think of one thing, but I fancy that is hardly what you mean."

"Why not? Tell me. What is it?"

"He's always wanting to be back at school, so that he may go to Oxford. But, as I said——" and Palmer broke off abruptly. The old gentleman looked thoughtful. Palmer was right—it was not quite the kind of thing he meant.

"Um, yes," he said presently. "Very good ambition, to be sure. That certainly might be rather a difficult thing to arrange, however—but we shall see. Shouldn't want to interfere with your parents' wishes in any way, you know, Mr.—— 'pon my word, I never asked your name! How forgetful!"

"Blake."

"Eh, what? Oh, yes, 'Blake'—common name, of course. Happen to have any friends living down in Bankshire, at a place called Egerton?" he asked, casually.

"That's my home," said Blake, with some surprise. "Do you know Egerton, sir?"

"Not Simon Blake's son, surely?"

"Yes, I am," Blake replied briefly, with increased astonishment.

"Upon my soul!" was all the old man could say.

* * *

And that is how it came to be that the beginning of next term found Blake in his old place in the Fifth. For the grateful old gentleman was none other than Blake's "fourth or fifth cousin, or something," and, that's how the family quarrel ended!

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY H. M. GOOCH.

TRANSVAAL STAMPS WORTH OBTAINING.

I HAVE been asked to say something about South African stamps this month; but where am I to begin? One could write a book on the issues of the South African Republic alone, while the neighbouring British colonies abound in interesting stamp stories and pretty stamps.

If I begin recommending anything but a "general" collection to the beginner, I shall probably be subjected to criticism by some readers; and yet, considering certain points, the aspiring collector will do well to seriously consider confining his energies to either a continent, group of countries, or even a single country.

South African Philately will be found to include some of the most interesting of all stamp-issuing countries.

Let us be quite sure of the scope of such a collection. First and foremost we shall be occupied with the study of that country whose destiny may be said to be at the moment in the balances—the Transvaal. Now Transvaal stamps once appealed to me as being exceptionally uninteresting, to say nothing about being difficult, until I began to learn more about the transitory nature of its past governments. In 1870 the Republic issued its first stamps. In 1876, owing to British annexation, the stamps of the First Republic were overprinted "V. R. Transvaal" in a multitudinous array of colours, types, and other varieties. In 1882 Majuba Hill placed the Republic for the second time in the hands of the Boers; and, although the Convention of 1884 apparently recognised British suzerainty, the Republic has been self governing ever since.

Now, I am prepared to admit that collectors will find some difficulty in acquiring Transvaal stamps of either the first Republic or the British occupation, but from 1882 to the present time the stamps are numerous, cheap, and, what is more, considering the present complications and possible future changes, well worth special attention.

TYPE 1.

We will see just what we have to get together to complete the issues since 1885. First, we have type 1, which, in 1885, was first issued perforated, and continued in use until 1894. I give a list of the values with their approximate worth unused and used:—

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
½d. grey	0	1	0	0½
1d. carmine	0	2	0	0½
2d. purple-brown	0	8	0	2
2d. bistre	0	4	0	0½
2½d. violet	0	5	0	2
3d. mauve	0	9	0	3
4d. bronze-green	0	10	0	2
6d. blue	1	0	0	1
1s. green	2	0	0	2
2s. 6d. buff	—		1	0
5s. slate blue	—		2	0
10s. fawn	—		3	6
£1 deep-green	—		30	0

So that, remembering how easy it is to pick up stamps from approval sheets and elsewhere, regardless of catalogue value, the whole of this issue from the ½d.—2s. 6d. values can easily be completed.

Provisional or surcharged stamps always carry special interest, and we have some interesting, but cheap, surcharges on type 1 to consider. These are (Fig. 2) the 3d. mauve stamp overprinted "2d." in black, the provisionals being made further interesting by the fact that the printer, in setting up the type, inserted two varieties of the numeral "2," one with a straight tail, and others with a curly tail! Of course, one is rarer than the other, the values being:—

FIG. 2.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
2d. on 3d., mauve, curly tail	0	6	0	6
" " straight tail	2	0	2	0

Which variety have you got?

Then, in 1893, there was quite a stamp famine at Pretoria, several surcharges being issued. The 2d. bistre stamp suffered first, being overprinted "Halve-Penny" in two lines in red (Fig. 3). I was lucky in getting a copy with the surcharge *inverted*, see illustration! Then the colour of the surcharge was altered to black, followed by the 6d. blue, surcharged "1 Penny" in black. And

FIG. 3.

then came the 1s. value, surcharged, to supply a temporary dearth of 2½d. stamps, "2½ Pence" in black :—

(*a*) With the surcharge in one line.
(*b*) " " two lines.

The values are as follows :—

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
½d. on 2d. bistre, red surcharge -	0	4	0	6
½d. " " black " -	0	9	1	0
1d. on 6d. blue - - - - - - - -	0	4	0	4
2½d. on 1s. green (*a*) - - - - -	0	8	0	9
" " " (*b*) - - - - - -	0	9	1	0

Only one other surcharge on type 1 was made when, in 1894, the 2½d. value was overprinted "1d." in green; the value of this is 4d., unused or used.

FIG. 4. "SHAFTS."

In the same year a new design was adopted for the stamps, illustrated by Fig. 4, but the engraver of the design committed the enormity of drawing the wagon contained in the coat-of-arms with two shafts (Fig. 4) instead of with a "pole," or "dissel-boom" (Fig. 5). The values from ½d. to 1s. had already been issued before the error was discovered, whereupon the stamps were withdrawn, and the plate, after being corrected, was again put into use. Of course, the errors are well worth looking for, and, with the aid of a microscope, can soon be found. The difference in value is considerable. I append a table :—

FIG. 5. "DISSELBOOM."

	Wagon with Shafts. Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.	Wagon with Pole. Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
½d. grey - - -	0	4	0	4	0	2	0	2
1d. carmine - -	0	9	0	3	0	3	0	0½
2d. bistre - - -	0	9	0	3	0	6	0	2
3d. mauve - -	—		—		0	6	0	4
4d. olive-black -	—		—		0	9	0	8
6d. blue - - -	3	0	1	0	1	0	0	6
1s. green - - -	10	0	10	0	4	0	0	8
5s. slate - - -	—		—		7	6	5	0
10s. brown - -	—		—		15	0	7	6

The only surcharge made upon the 1894 type was the 1s. green overprinted "Halve-Penny" in red, the value being 3d., unused or used. In 1896, owing to an agreement between the South African States to use stamps of similar colours all through, a new issue took place, being the type of 1894 (Fig. 5), with the value printed in a separate colour to the remainder of the design. These are in use at the present time, and should be obtained before they become obsolete.

The values are :—

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
½d. green - - - - - -	0	1	0	0½
1d. carmine and green -	0	2	0	0½
2d. brown " " -	0	4	0	0½
2½d. blue " " -	0	5	0	1
3d. mauve " " -	0	6	0	2
4d. sage-green " -	0	7	0	2
6d. lilac " " -	0	10	0	2
1s. ochre " " -	1	6	0	3
2s. 6d. purple " " -	3	9	3	0

This completes the Transvaal issues to the present day, and if readers take my advice they will at once commence collecting all the varieties described.

A new issue is now in preparation, the chosen design being a bust of President Kruger for the values up to 1s., and the Arms of the Republic for the higher values.

I have said nothing about other South African countries, which, as mentioned before, abound in interesting stamps. These must be a subject for some future date.

THE NEW CUBA STAMPS.

Just as these pages are going to press Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. have sent me a set of the new Cuban stamps. They are simply splendid, and, as a large number of New England collectors will be longing to see the designs, all the six values are illustrated. The 1c., in deep green, shows the statue of Columbus, located in the courtyard of the captain-general's palace at Havana. The 2c., in rose, depicts local vegetation; 3c., violet, a representation of Cuba, after the allegorical figure known to the Cubans as La Cubania, now situated on the plaza at Havana. The 5c., in deep blue, represents Commerce and Ocean Penny Postage. The 10c., an agricultural scene, depicts a sugar mill, towering palms, and tobacco plantation; colour, brown. The Special Delivery Stamp is quite up to date with the messenger on his bicycle; colour, orange. *Floreat Cuba!*

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

Note.—The Editor will be glad to receive from correspondents, at home or abroad, reports of new issues, for description in these pages.

Due acknowledgment will be given, and whenever possible the information should be accompanied by a specimen or specimens of the stamps referred to, which will be returned.

British South Africa, or Rhodesia.—A new series of stamps, engraved and printed in London by Messrs. Waterlow & Sons, is being introduced into the Company's territory as fast as the various values of the old type are used up. The accompanying illustration speaks for itself. The design is modest, but dignified. The values run from ½d. to 10s.

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA.

Canada.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. have sent me two provisional stamps which have been issued. These are the 3c. with and without the numerals in the lower corners, each surcharged "2 CENTS." I am illustrating both, as the blocks will also serve to explain to the uninitiated the two varieties of the 1898 type which exist. The first was issued with maple leaves (the emblem of the Dominion) in all four corners. Then, on account of complaints as to inability to quickly tell the value, numerals were added in the lower corners,

CANADA PROVISIONALS OF 1899.

the latter being the current permanent set. Certain values of the first type should become scarce, suggesting the advisability of procuring them while cheap.

The blocks illustrate the new provisionals, so there is no need for me to further refer to them. I also have the permanent 2c. stamp printed in a new colour—rose-red—and the 5c. has only just been issued with the numerals in the lower corners. 2c. on 3c. (provisional, two varieties); 2c., rose-red (permanent); 5c., deep-blue (re-drawn type).

Chili is an ideal country for the stamp collector. A very little trouble and expense, and the whole of the issues can be completed. For forty-seven years the profile of Christopher Columbus has adorned the postage stamps. Hence, it is surprising to hear that a new series of stamps is coming out minus Christopher's features. By the way, I suppose you know of the two varieties of the current 1c. and 2c. stamps? These two values were re-engraved some time back. They can be distinguished by the numerals at the base of the stamps; in the re-engraved 1c. the numeral is fully half-a-millimetre *thicker* than the old, and the top is broader. The re-engraved 2c., instead of ending in a ball at the top, has a thin crescent-shaped line; this numeral is also thicker. The

NEW CUBA STAMPS—1899.

two varieties of each value are worth looking out for.

Cook Islands.—The 1d. stamp has been surcharged "One Halfpenny" in three lines of roman capitals. Halfpenny in black on 1d. blue.

Holland.—I have been simply longing to come down to Holland. While away in Norway

this summer I heard of the magnificent new set of stamps which had been issued, and now the stamps are before me. They certainly are very pretty. It will be seen that the values from ½c. to 2½c. are oblong, and the higher values show the same portrait of Queen Wilhelmina as appears on the "Coronation" stamp (see illustration on page 72). A specimen of each type is contained in this month's packet. The colours are as follows: ½c., lilac; 1c., rose; 2c., stone; 2½c., green; 3c., orange; 5c., pink; 7½c., brown; 10c., mauve; 12½c., blue; 15c., bistre-brown; 20c., green; 22½c., brown and sage-green; 25c., pink and blue (an unsightly combination); 50c., bronze-green and lake-brown.

HOLLAND NEW ISSUE.

HOLLAND NEW ISSUE.

Queensland.—This is another country which, *à la* Canada, U.S.A., etc., has been undergoing fearful and wonderful changes in the Philatelic line. First there was the badly-printed type with Queen's head in an oval, and all the multitudinous minor varieties—long P's, LA joined, etc., etc. Then the local printer started tinkering the plates, and made the profile of the Queen show up on a white background. Then came the addition of numerals of value in the lower corners; and, finally, the numerals were added in all four angles. We advise Queensland to have a first-rate design engraved in England once and for all, following the example of New Zealand. In the meantime we have a new 1s. stamp, with numerals in all angles; 1s. mauve, watermark Crown and Q.

Russian China.—A set of stamps which may be highly interesting in the future has just been issued by Russia. The Celestials are fast being portioned out to the Powers. Germany has issued her stamps surcharged "China," and now Russia follows suit with the current Imperial stamps surcharged "KNTAN," which, being interpreted, means "China." The values so surcharged are the 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, and 10 kopecs.

Samoa.—Two changes of colour here—the ½d. from mauve to green, and the 1d. from green to red-brown.

Uruguay.—Here, also, three new colours, 1c. green, and 2c. orange, type of 1890; 10c. red-violet, type of 1897.

Victoria.—New colours have been adopted for the three low-value stamps—½d. green, 1d. rose-pink, and 1½d. marone on yellow.

Zanzibar.—The entire series of stamps, from ½ anna to 5 rupees, has been issued, bearing a portrait of the new Sultan. We illustrate His Highness. Excepting for this change the new set remains as before.

ZANZIBAR.

OUR MONTHLY PACKET OF NEW ISSUES.

The November Packet contains exceptional value, and some very interesting stamps, including Canada 2c., on 3c., the two varieties; ditto 2c., carmine, and 5c., blue, as described; Gwalior 3 pies; Hawaii 1c., green, new colour; Holland, ½c., 1c., 2c., 2½c., and 3c., new type; Japan, new type, six values; Luxemburg, official, perforated, 1c., 2c., and 4c.; Samoa, ½d., green, and 1d., red-brown, new colours; Straits, 3c., brown; and Zanzibar, with head of New Sultan, ½a. and 1a. All, except the Japan, are unused. Twenty-five varieties in all. The packet is provided specially for THE CAPTAIN readers, and can only be obtained direct from the office, for which postal order for 2s. 7d. should be remitted.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. Allingham.—I have replied to your letter per post.

C. L. Barrett (VICTORIA).—We gave a list of the principal philatelic journals in the July issue (Answers to Correspondents). I advise you to join the local society, the secretary being Mr. D. S. Abraham, of Melbourne.

J. B. Beaumont.—Very glad to receive your letter. The Costa Rica stamps are quite genuine. You should be able to get the Newfoundland stamp in Leads and from a stamp dealer; there are two or three in the town.

Kruger.—Certainly, I consider all stamps of the Transvaal worth accumulating. The present series is about to be replaced by a new set, so complete, while you have the chance.

D. R. A.—Your query will have been fully replied to by the review in our October issue. I will endeavour shortly to say something about British plate numbers.

A. Dewar.—(1) Either under Portuguese Africa, or, if no space for this, put them under Portugal, at the foot of the page. (2) No, not surcharged officially. It is probably a private bank cancellation. (3) A forgery. (4) The green one is Jhulawar, the red, Faridkot. (5) Certainly, Puttialla is the same as Patiala. Always glad to hear from and help you.

F. J. Webb.—We do not sell stamps described in the new issues column, except as contained in the monthly packets at 2s. 7d. each. I advise you to communicate with one of the firms advertising in THE CAPTAIN.

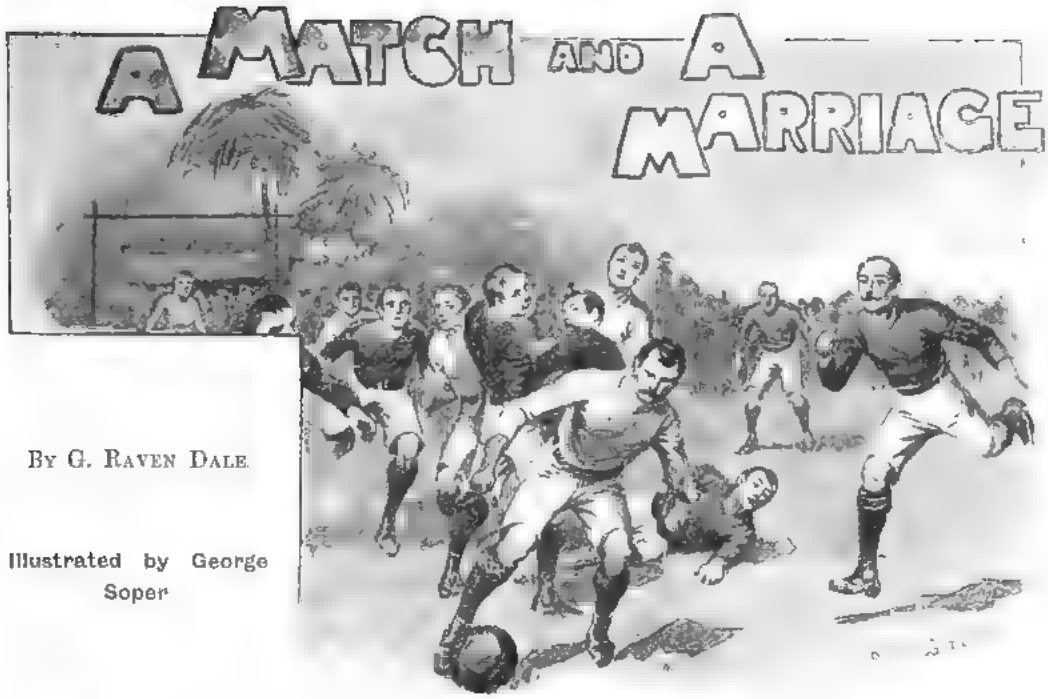
A. F. B.—We shall be glad to advise you if you will let us see the stamps you speak of. In all cases stamps for identification should be sent, with a stamped envelope for reply.

"A Soldier's Daughter."—Many thanks for your kind letter. Write to Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., Ipswich, and say we recommended you to do so for the special purpose you mention. Get a good catalogue as a guide.

J. H. T.—The approval sheet business is a good way to add to your collection if you discriminate between the stamps offered. Get a reliable catalogue, and steer clear of torn or damaged specimens, reprints, remainders, or forgeries.

W. Fuller.—A good find! Value 10s. at least. It demonstrates the ability to pick up good stamps cheap when one's eyes are open. Calculate the profit on your outlay of 8d.

A MATCH AND A MARRIAGE



By G. Raven Dale

Illustrated by George Soper

"You know, sir," began Stanton, when we had both settled down to our pipes, 'soon after you left the regiment football became a regular rage. We took one or two bad beatings from the Mackenzie Highlanders—the 'Jocks' they called them—and that fairly crazed the men. What was more annoying still was the way the 'Jocks' took their victories—it was just a matter of course to them. Then I'm blessed if the women and children in the regiment did not take on and jeer us about it, and Sergeant MacPherson, the captain of the Highlanders' team, walked Miss Meadowson out every Sunday, whilst I was nowhere.

"In March that year Lieutenant Tufnell joined us, with a great reputation as an Association player. I think he had belonged to the Old Carthusi——something club in England, and was thought a lot of. Before a week was over he knew every man in each of the company teams, not to mention the band, the drums, and the boys, and he worked and worked away at the men from morning to night. It was practice—always practice; the forwards altogether, then the half backs, then he would take and drill the backs by the hour at a time. He upset all our preconceived notions of the game entirely, and told us a lot we never knew before.

"Meanwhile I had seen a good deal of Miss Meadowson, and now that Sergeant MacPherson was out of the way it seemed as if I had a fair chance of success, for by the time that she went up to Simla as nursery governess to Major Swanley's children we pretty well understood what we were after.

"We entered for the Durand Cup, and the next thing to be done was to get the team up to the hills, for it takes a man some time to grow used to the difference of the air. You seem to be out of breath at once when you first go up. We had a depôt for sickly men at Kasauli, and when June came the regimental authorities considered that, amongst others, there were fifteen men who required change of air. Those fifteen, curiously enough, were our regimental eleven and four reserves. There was not much the matter with them, but when regimental authorities say a man requires change of air, why, he naturally does want it. So off we went.

"'Take it easy for the first fortnight or so,' said Mr. Tufnell to us. And easy we took it. Then we went hard to work at practice again, and from the beginning of August we began regular training. We did a lot of Khud climbing, as being good for the wind and strengthening to the legs, but we knocked that off a couple of weeks before the tournament, as too much of it might have made us muscle-bound, and cramped our speed and

activity on the flat. Then we went to Simla, and were encamped down at Annandale, where all the other teams were.

"Mr. Tufnell stayed at Major Swanley's, and the day after we arrived I thought I would go up and see him. Now I come to think of it I'm not sure that it was not a chance meeting with Miss Meadowson that I wanted more than anything else. However that might have been, I got it, and when I did I did not like it either.

"Just as I was going away, and had turned the corner of the little hill path from the house, I came face to face with Mary, and alongside of her was Sergeant MacPherson. She blushed a bit, and did not look over-comfortable.

"'Good evening, Miss Meadowson,' says I.

"'Good evening, Corporal Stanton,' says she, sort of catching her breath.

"'Helloh!' says Sergeant MacPherson. 'What are you up here for?'

"I don't know what I said exactly, but I suppose it was something about football, for Sergeant MacPherson laughs, and then says:—

"'Why, what's the use o' you coming here? You fellows must have forgotten all we taught you last cold weather at Umballa!'

"'Maybe we have, sergeant,' says I. 'And maybe it hasn't done us any harm.'

"I saw Mary blinking at me under her eyelashes. It was a sort of trick she had, and I used to think it very pretty, but I was not going to take any notice of it then. I turned off and went down the path feeling real mad, and it did not improve me to hear the sergeant say, 'I must see you home now,' just as if she belonged to him.

"There were fifteen teams in for the cup, and, speaking generally, those sent up by the different Scots regiments were much the best of the lot, and of these the Mackenzie Highlanders were considered the pick. We had a bye the first round, and so could look on and see how all the others performed.

"In the second round we had to play the Rutland Fusiliers; but outside the two regiments there was very little interest taken in the match. Neither of the teams was considered likely to have much to do with the final, and the fact of our winning the game did not cause us to be thought at all dangerous. The Mackenzie Highlanders beat a Lowland Scots regiment by five goals to one, which made them very strong favourites, and also more cock-a-hoop with themselves than ever.

"When the draw for the penultimate round was published the Mackenzies had to play the Scottish Rangers, whilst we had the Orkney Highlanders as our opponents. The Mackenzies played their match first, and came out victorious fairly easily. The next day we caused general surprise by beating the Orkneys.

"As we were coming off the ground I heard Sergeant MacPherson say: 'That will make it all the easier for us. This lot won't get two flukes running, and they won't have the wet ground to help them.'

"The final was to be played on Wednesday evening, and on Tuesday we had a terrible misfortune. News was sent to the camp that Mr. Tufnell was down with very bad fever, and the doctors said there was no chance of his being able to play.

"It would not have mattered half so much if it had been anybody else! Mr. Tufnell sent down word that I was to captain the team; whilst young Higson, one of the reserves, was to be brought in as centre half-back.

"I went up to Major Swanley's that evening, and coming away I again met Sergeant MacPherson with Miss Meadowson. She looked sort of sorrowful at me, but the sergeant he ups and says:—

"'What price the Durand Cup? Do you think you are going to beat *us*?'

"'Don't know,' said I; 'but we'll have a dashed good try.'

"'Pretty try you'll make,' said he, 'with your only football player laid up.'

"'Well, sergeant,' said I, 'one player don't make a football team.'

"'No. And a lop-sided lot o' timber-toes like you chaps don't make one either.'

"After they had passed on I stood still in the pathway feeling real vicious, when suddenly Mary comes running back to me.

"'Corporal Stanton,' says she.

"'Miss Meadowson,' says I, very stiff-like.

"'Bill,' says she—and it was the first time she had ever called me so—"if you don't win that cup to-morrow, don't you ever ask me what you have been wanting to ask. Don't you ever open your mouth upon it. The sergeant has got a box made to take that cup away in, and if it goes you know what to expect.' Then she turned round and ran away.

"'Mary!' I shouted; but she would not stop, and there was nothing for it but to go back to camp again.

"When the match began it was easy to tell who were the favourites. The 'Jocks' came in by scores from Sabathu to back their men, and the general public up at Simla seemed to care a lot more for the Highlanders than for us. The men of the different English regiments cheered as we came on the ground, but most of the spectators had come to see the Mackenzies make rings round us. They started trying to do it, too, and got the

ball under way at once. But there it was: though they bothered our backs a lot, and kept the ball in our half, they did not seem to get much nearer our goal. Backwards and forwards, little short passes, the ball always with them, but no great amount of ground covered. Then we got a look in. Off on our right, then sharp across to the left, and then up in the centre; our forwards took the ball right down to the opposite goal, where it went behind, only just missing the post. What a cheer there was! There was no loitering about that bit of play; no pretty, tricky little passing to please the crowd, and to give time to the other side to get back and defend their goal. Then the ball was kicked off and taken back again into our half, where it remained for the next ten minutes. Time after time they were very dangerous, but also time after time they missed splendid opportunities by too much caution. Our backs and halves had to work like Trojans, and they needed all the training they had had, for against such tricky opponents it was fearfully tiring. Still, I can't help thinking that if the Highlanders had gone more for our goal and played less amongst themselves they would have done better.

"Our men seemed to settle down towards the end of the first half, and we several times took the ball down with a well-combined rush, and at last one of these culminated in a clever goal, shot by our left inside. Our display had soon brought us friends, and as the game went on people began to shout for us almost as much as they did for the others. So when we got a goal and were actually leading from the champions, the cheering was tremendous. For the rest of that half, however, we had a very bad time. The 'Jocks' seemed determined to wear us down by their dodges, but we kept them out somehow, and crossed over, still having the lead.

"We were very glad when the interval came. I saw Sir Mortimer Durand talking to Mr. Tufnell, who had been brought down in a rickshaw to see the match. Just as I passed them another gentleman came up, and I heard him say:—

"'Well, Durand, I suppose your cup is going north of the Tweed again? The Mackenzies have got these fellows dead tired now, and will put on four or five goals. You see if they don't.'

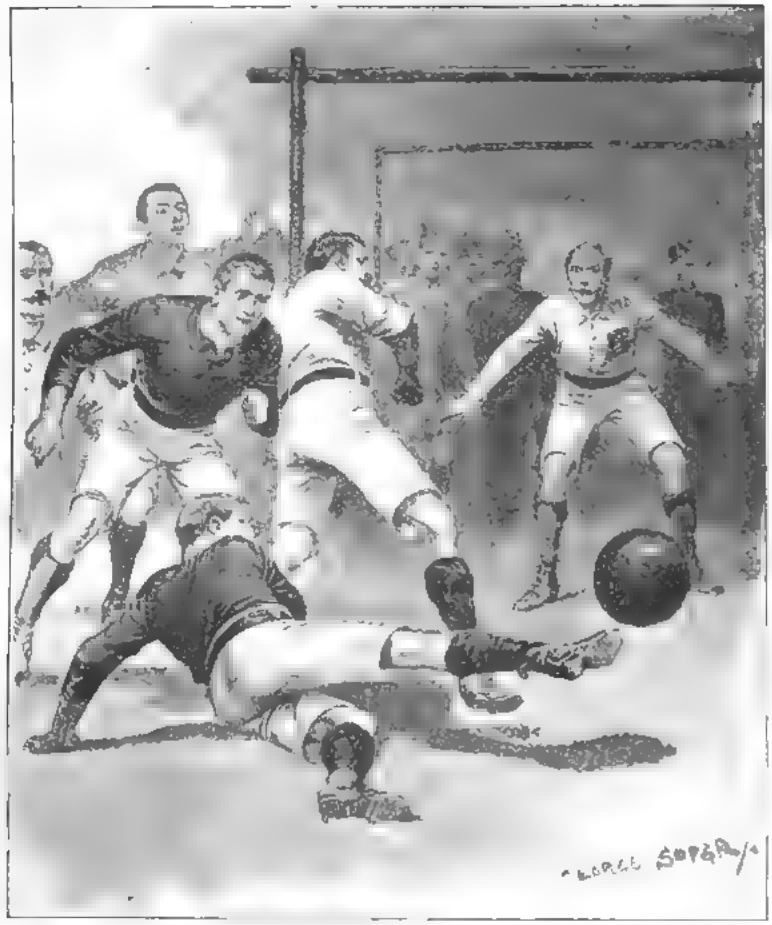
"'I'll bet you a hundred rupees they can't,' said Mr. Tufnell in a weak voice. 'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir,' he added, as he saw it was Lord Roberts.

"IF YOU DON'T WIN THAT CUP TO-MORROW, DON'T YOU EVER ASK ME WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WANTING TO ASK."

"My word! How the Commander-in-Chief did laugh.

"Well, we began again, and the same sort of thing went on. Our opponents were just as slippery as eels, but again and again they wasted time. We almost began to think we should get through without any further score, till pop went all our hopes by their driving the ball into our goal out of a scrimmage from a corner kick. One all! Ten more minutes to time—the 'Jocks' jubilant and confident, and ourselves grimly determined.

"The ball was once more started, and we went with a rush to their end. Then they worked it back to mid-field, then on into our half, then close up to our goal. We got away again the full length of the ground, but only to see them gradually work back as before. Still they could



I SHOT AS HARD AS I COULD AT THE MOMENT THAT MACPHERSON SENT ME CRASHING TO THE GROUND WITH MY LEFT LEG ALL DOUBLED UP UNDER ME.

not get through our defence, and they seemed to fear our rapid rushes. They were becoming very rough, and, indeed, I think there was a good deal of force put into the play by both sides. Sergeant MacPherson was going for his men as if he meant to stretch them out flat on every opportunity. He had hurt both of our left forwards, and had already been cautioned by the referee. Then the 'Jocks' got a corner within the last four minutes. It was beautifully placed, but we managed to clear and were off half-way down the ground, where I got grassed. Then the ball was returned, and another corner resulted.

"Swoop came the ball—then a stinging shot, which our goal-keeper just managed to fist out, the ball coming straight to me. I headed out to the right, saw our outside get it, and off we went down the ground as hard as we could pelt.

"'Don't get yourselves offside!' I yelled to the left wing, who were going down a bit too fast. Then click, came the ball to me, and back again right forward. The opposing backs were drawn off to that side, and then the ball was over on the left—a lovely pass. Going as hard as I could, I was within ten yards of the goal, when I received a pass right to my feet, and I shot as hard as I could at the moment that MacPherson sent me crashing to the ground with my left leg all doubled up under me. I saw the goal-keeper stop the shot, and other players dash up. Then the ball trickled back towards me. My left leg I knew was broken, but I managed to wriggle a foot or two and get another kick with my right as I lay on the ground, and—whohoop!—the ball went slap into the net, and I don't remember any more.

"When I came to I found my head was pillowed in Mary's lap. Time was up within a second of scoring that goal, and they told me afterwards that she had run all the length of the ground to see if I were hurt. Well, it did not matter that I was. We had won the cup, and the Commander-in-Chief and Sir Mortimer Durand said all sorts of nice things about us. But my part of the win was what pleased me most, for I asked Mary—and she said 'Yes.' She is Mrs. Stanton now, sir, but she would not be if I had not kicked that goal."

"Oh, yes, she would," said a voice behind us.

I turned round and saw the lady in question, who had come to fetch her husband.

"Why, Mary," said Stanton, "you said you would never let me ask you if we did not win."

"No more I should," said Mary; "but in that case, I think, just to make up for your disappointment, I—I should have asked you myself."

The Star of Muhammad

By the Rev. E. E. Bradford, B.A.

Sketches by H. S. Greig.

As we all know, the finest diamond in the British crown jewels bears the famous name of the Koh-i-Nur, or, "Mountain of Light."

But perhaps everyone is not aware that in the East there are numbers of gems which, though far from being as celebrated as the Koh-i-Nur, are yet considered remarkable enough to merit the honour of special names.

The Sultan of Turkey possesses many such stones, and among others he had a wonderfully brilliant diamond, called the "Star of Muhammad," because it was said to have formerly flashed in the turban of Muhammad the Conqueror.

While my father, Lord Augustus Portlyn, was First Secretary at the British Embassy at Constantinople, it happened that for a short time, after the death of one ambassador and before the appointment of another, he had to act as *chargé d'affaires*.

Now, precisely at this time, diplomatic relations between England and Turkey were somewhat strained, and the Sultan was particularly anxious to obtain our good-will. One night at a State ball my mother chanced to express great admiration for the "Star of Muhammad," which the Sultan was wearing in a ring. Not long afterwards, I forget on what occasion, it was sent to her, beautifully mounted in the form of a brooch. A year or two after this my mother died, and I believe my father prized the "Star of Muhammad" quite as much on account of its associations with her as for its intrinsic value.

You can imagine, therefore, our consternation when we discovered one day that it had been stolen! The first thing I did when I heard it was to rush off to communicate the news to my special chum, Wynn Elton, the Chaplain's son.

Mr. Elton was a widower and a bookworm, and Wynn, who was his only child, was left pretty much to his own devices. I found him sitting on the low wall of the neglected parsonage garden, with his feet dangling in the air. His sunburnt and rain-stained straw hat was tilted on the back of his head, displaying a shock of fair, untidy hair beneath. Little as he was, his shabby sailor suit was several sizes too small for him. In a word, his whole appearance reminded me of what my father always called him—"a dirty, good-for-nothing young scamp."

How I did wish that Mr. Elton would dress his son like other boys, or that my father could be brought to look below the surface, and recognise that in spite of all Wynn's exterior disadvantages there was not a fellow in Constantinople who could be compared with him, either in brains or heart! But I had no time to waste on such regrets now; I was in far too great a hurry to deliver my exciting news.

"I say," I burst out, as soon as I had breath enough to speak—for I had run all the way—"What do you think? The 'Star of Muhammad' has been stolen!

Wynn gazed at me in speechless amazement

"It has!" I went on, "and I feel pretty sure I know who has stolen it—that scoundrel Yusuf!" Yusuf was my father's valet, a mongrel, half-Arab, half-Jew.

I had already detected him in several petty cheats, but my father prided himself on being a judge of character, and Yusuf, who had been adroit enough to win his confidence, was pronounced a thoroughly honest, trustworthy servant, and quite above suspicion.

"If Yusuf has stolen it we can get it back," said Wynn, quietly

"Can we? I should like to know how!" I retorted irritably—Wynn takes everything so coolly that he sometimes aggravates me. Wynn laughed.

"Why, if Yusuf has stolen it, he won't keep it for his wife, will he? He'll be sure to sell it, or get someone to sell it for him. Very well; we've only to keep our eyes on him. *I'll watch him!*"

"KAÇH GHRUSH?" "CHOK." "I STEMEN."

If any fellow but Wynn had said this I shouldn't have thought much of it. I should have known well enough that after a few days he would get jolly sick of watching, if he found nothing came of it, and would give up in despair.

But Wynn had the tenacity of a bull-dog. When he said "*I'll watch him,*" he just brought his little sharp-pointed teeth together with a click, and clenched his white, dirty little fist with an action which, without being melodramatic, was decidedly impressive. It said, just as plainly as words could have done, "I'll watch him every hour of the day, and of the night, too, as far as I can. I'll devote my holidays (it was the summer vacation) to no other purpose than this. I'll hurry over meals, and I'll get up early in the morning, and remain out as late as I dare in the evening, to keep my eye on him. I may succeed in finding out something, and I may not; but, in any case, if I fail it shan't be from want of trying." And it was as if he had said all this aloud that I answered: "After all, is it worth while, old fellow?"

"I think so," he replied, thoughtfully. "I know Lord Augustus doesn't think that I am up to much, but he'd think better of me if I brought him back the 'Star of Muhammad,' and I'd do a great deal to make your father like me." And he gave me a look out of his big, dark-rimmed grey eyes that made me grasp his thin little hand with a grip that I am afraid must have almost hurt him.

It was about a fortnight after this that one day when I was out for a stroll Wynn ran up to me. "I've found out something about Yusuf!" he began at once. "This past fortnight I've watched him like a cat. Yesterday he went down by the steamer to Stambûl." (We were now at Therapia, a little village on the Bosphorus, where all the embassies remove during the summer months, but small steamers continually ply between Therapia and Constantinople, the old quarter of which is called Stambûl.)

"On board the steamer was an old Jew, with whom I have seen Yusuf talk two or three times before. This time I managed to get quite close to them without their perceiving me. They were leaning against the partition which divides off the part reserved for the Turkish women. I slipped inside, and put my ear close to the shutter. They spoke in Turkish in a very low voice, and at first I could only catch scraps, such as '*Kaçh ghrûsh?*'*

* "'What is the price?" Lit.: "How many piastres?

'*Chók.*'* '*I stemen.*'† But this, of course, was enough to show me that Yusuf had something to sell, and the old Jew pretended he didn't want to buy it. Then all at once I heard Yusuf say quite distinctly: 'Meet me at the Greek Theatre in the Grande Rue at Galata to-night, and I'll show it you.'"

"Are you certain you heard this?" I inquired with trembling eagerness.

"As certain as I am standing here," replied Wynn.

"Then I vote we go to the Greek Theatre to-night, and as soon as Yusuf appears, have him arrested. He'll be sure to have the brooch on him somewhere, and no matter where it is hid, we'll manage to discover it."

My father was away from home for a few days on a short yachting cruise in the Black Sea, so it was impossible to consult with him. As to taking Mr. Elton into our confidence I don't think it occurred to either of us to do so. I daresay he was a very learned old gentleman, but a more helpless creature in all practical matters never existed. He would just smile at our story, and do nothing at all. So we determined to cut off all by ourselves, without saying a word to anyone.

YUSUF WAS CLEARLY IN A DEEP, DRUNKEN SLEEP, AND IT WOULD TAKE A GOOD DEAL OF HANDLING TO WAKE HIM.

As soon as dinner was over, I ran off to meet Wynn, whom I found patiently waiting by the garden gate. We hurried down to the quay, and boarded the steamer that was to take us into the town. The sun had just set over Stambûl as we entered the Golden Horn. A soft pink glow still bathed the Seraglio Point, the palace, Santa Sofia, and all the wonderful mass of towers, mosques, domes, and minarets which clothed the hills on our left. But on our right the Galata Tower alone caught a gleam of rosy light, while the cold purple shadows of an Eastern twilight already veiled the narrow winding streets below. We got out at the landing stage, and hurried over the crowded outer bridge, jostled by Arabs in dirty white bernouses, Armenian porters, crawling under burdens such as no three Europeans could carry, Turkish women veiled to the eyes, Greek banditti, negro slaves, Jewish money-changers, picturesque types of every nation upon earth.

But Wynn and I had no eyes for the picturesque just then. We flew over the bridge with feverish impatience, and presently threaded our way to the Grande Rue of Galata.

It was thronged with what seemed a judicious selection of the basest rascals of the most vicious capital of Europe. The *cafés chantants*, as they are called—in reality a species of low music-hall, in which the only diversions are smoking and dancing to the strains of a barrel organ—were the favourite places of entertainment. But up and down the whole length of the street did we pass before we could find the Greek Theatre. When at last we discovered it, its modest appearance explained why we had not seen it before.

The entrance was through a small door, just like those of any of the other houses around, which opened on a narrow, greasy, wooden staircase. The only thing which proved that this must be the theatre was a small poster, which announced in Turkish and modern Greek the name of the performance and the price of the seats. The latter was not exorbitant—about tenpence in English money for any part of the house except "private boxes." Moreover, rather to our indignation, when we had paid for our places we saw several little beggars in rags and with bare feet quietly push in with us without paying anything at all. The dirty old gentleman who took our money seemed to regard this as the most natural thing in the world, and made not the slightest protest.

* Too much. † I do not want it.

The theatre consisted of a fair-sized, oblong room, furnished with wooden chairs.

There was a stage at one end, and a gallery ran round the three other sides. The gallery apparently contained the "private boxes," but there was no one in it. The performance, which had already begun, was a very melo-dramatic pantomime acted in dumb show, while an orchestra of four or five trumpets and a big drum brayed and pounded away at a dreary, monotonous, tuneless air. The audience paid but little attention either to the music or the acting. Some had drawn their chairs round in a circle, and were carrying on an animated conversation with each other.

Many were sound asleep. The most luxurious of these had formed couches by putting two or three chairs together; others lay on the ground wrapt in their cloaks. The air was thick with tobacco smoke, and redolent of the fumes of spirits. I was appalled when I saw what a low sort of place we had got into, and I do not know if I should not have beaten a precipitate retreat if Wynn had not whispered to me:—

"Look! There is Yusuf!"

True enough, there sat my respected father's valet, but so disguised that I should have hardly known him. He was wrapped in a long, loose cloak that covered him from top to toe, with the exception of his head, on which he wore a cap something like an enormous Scotch bonnet. He was fast asleep, and the inflamed appearance of his face suggested that he had been drinking heavily.

"By Jove! We're in luck!" I whispered excitedly, "I vote we just go and get a policeman, and have him arrested at once."

"No, no!" cried Wynn. "Take care what you're about. What proof have we that he has stolen the jewel, unless we find it upon him? And even if he has it, what would be easier than for him to slip it into the hand of one of these rascals as soon as he caught sight of the police? I tell you what we must do—we must try to steal it back while he is asleep!"

The plan seemed to be a terribly daring one, yet I could not but confess that the circumstances of the case were singularly favourable. Yusuf was clearly in a deep, drunken slumber, and it would take a good deal of handling to wake him. Then there was nobody quite close to him, and nearly all present were too occupied with their own concerns to pay much attention to us. And, lastly, the whole theatre, with the exception of the stage, was in almost complete darkness.

We strolled over to where Yusuf was lying, and seated ourselves close by. Wynn gave one stealthy glance around to see that we were not observed, and then I divined rather than saw that he was beginning operations. At the end of about five minutes he whispered to me:—

"I have it! It was in his waistcoat pocket."

And a moment or so later we moved quietly out of the theatre. But as we were going down the stairs a brawny, red-headed Greek youth overtook us.

"Hullo, you kid!" he said to Wynn, in a low voice, in Turkish, laying a heavy hand on his shoulder. "I saw what you were up to! You've been prigging! You just show us the swag, and we'll go shares. If not, I'll tell!"

"Very well," answered Wynn, in the same language, and then he added, in English, to me, "You can box, old fellow; I can't. While I'm humbugging this rascal you just take him off his guard with a jolly good right-hander, and then we'll cut."

No sooner said than done. While Wynn fumbled in his pocket, and the Greek youth leant eagerly forward, I suddenly let out with my left, straight from the shoulder, and dealt the red-headed ruffian a tremendous blow on his nose, and followed this up with the right dead on the "mark," as a boxer would say—*i.e.*, on the pit of his stomach—doubling him up in a ball at the foot of the stairs. Then—how we did run! In a few moments we were on board the little steamer for Therapia, where we arrived safely without any further adventures.

When father returned, and saw the "Star of Muhammad," and heard how it had been stolen by his "honest, trustworthy servant," and how cleverly and pluckily it had been recovered by the boy he had thought "a dirty, good-for-nothing young scamp," you might have knocked him down with a feather. And from that time forwards my father had almost as high an opinion as myself of my chum, Wynn Elton.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HAWLEY.

Being the true history of Bartholomew Portugues, a famous buccaneer who infested the West Indies in the seventeenth century.

THE wild adventures of the buccaneers have been the theme of innumerable stories for boys, and successive generations of youngsters have read, with breathless interest, accounts of how the pirate ship, flying a signal of distress, approaches the unsuspecting treasure galleon, and, when close aboard, runs up the "Jolly Roger," fires a broadside, and finally takes the vessel by boarding. But if the buccaneer of fiction is a wonderful fellow, the buccaneer of fact was scarcely less wonderful.

Though invariably a great scoundrel, of course, we cannot but admire his dauntless courage, his hardihood, and even some of his questionable adventures. Take, for instance, the exploit of Bartholomew Portugues; it reads like a chapter from romance.

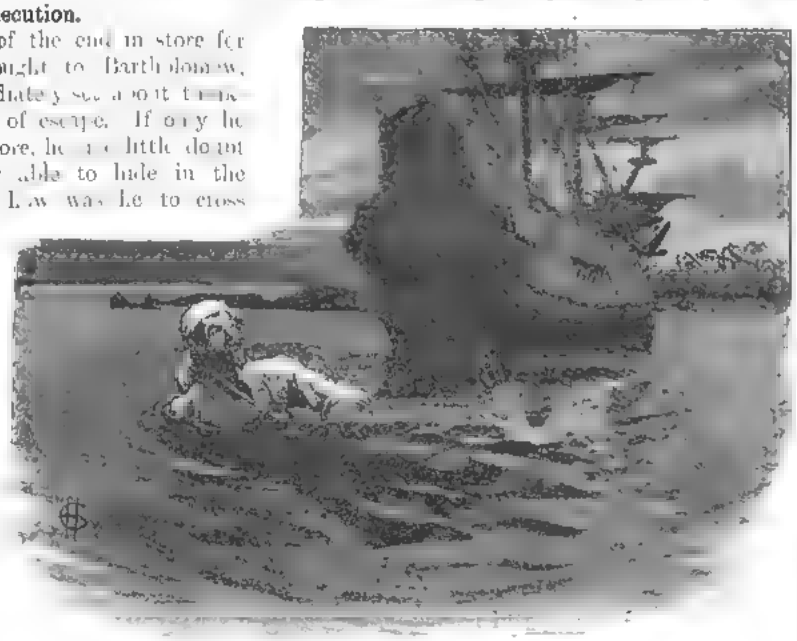
In a little vessel, carrying only four small guns, and with a crew of thirty men, Bartholomew set sail from Jamaica, and, when off the coast of Cuba, sighted a large Spanish ship bound for Havana. The Spaniard mounted twenty heavy guns and carried seventy men, but, in spite of this superiority, Bartholomew at once attacked her. The Spaniards, however, fought bravely and beat off the pirates, but inflicted so little loss upon them that Bartholomew decided to attack again, more vigorously than before, and he did this with such determination that, after a long and bloody fight, he, with his handful of men, overpowered the Spaniards and took possession of their ship. The pirates' loss amounted to ten killed and four wounded, but although thirty of the Spaniards had succumbed to the fierce attack of the pirates, they still outnumbered the latter by two to one. Disarming and securing his prisoners, Bartholomew then searched the vessel, and found that it contained 120,000lbs. of cacao-nuts and seventy thousand pieces of eight; so, well pleased with his prize, he set sail for Cape St. Anthony, on the west coast of Cuba, the wind being adverse to their return to Jamaica.

But when they had almost reached St. Anthony, luck went against them, for three large Spanish ships hove in sight, and Bartholomew's lately acquired vessel, having received some damage in the recent fight, was in no condition to run away, and, consequently, fell an easy prey to the Spaniards. The pirates were transferred to another vessel, which at once sailed off to Campeachy.

So Bartholomew Portugues, who, by a stroke of luck, had become possessed of a fine ship with a valuable cargo, now found himself a prisoner, with very little prospect of regaining his liberty, for some merchants of Campeachy, coming aboard the vessel on its arrival at that port, instantly

recognised him as the most dreaded pirate in those seas, and quickly informed the authorities of his presence on board the ship. On the following morning the magistrates of the city sent an officer to take into custody all the prisoners with the exception of Bartholomew Portugues; him they deemed it safer to leave on board, for he had once before been a prisoner in Campeachy, and had escaped, and they did not wish to run the risk of losing him again. In the meanwhile, they erected a gibbet on which to hang him on the following day, for they did not propose to give him any form of legal trial, as his crimes were so well known to the citizens of Campeachy that they were unanimous in demanding his immediate execution.

The news of the end in store for him was brought to Bartholomew, and he immediately set about thinking of a way of escape. If only he could get ashore, he had little doubt of his being able to hide in the woods. But how was he to cross the strip of water which lay between him and the land he would give so much to reach? He could not get a boat without arousing his captors, and he was unable to swim. At last he hit upon a plan. Near to him stood two empty earthenware jars, of the kind used by the Spaniards for carrying wine to the West Indies, and he carefully stoppered the mouths of these, so that the water could not enter them, for he hoped that, with these jars to keep him afloat, he would be able to reach the shore. By good fortune he found a knife, which he concealed carefully, and, being thus prepared, he waited patiently for nightfall.



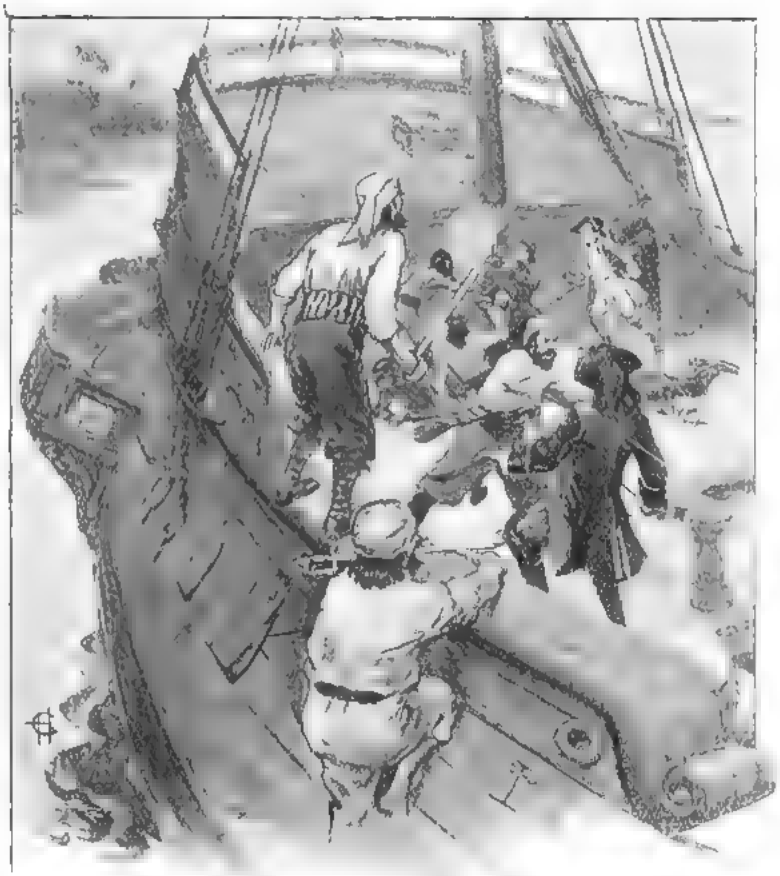
WITH A JAR UNDER EACH ARM KEEPING HIM AFLOAT, BARTHOLOMEW SUCCEEDED IN REACHING THE SHORE.

All on board the ship were asleep save Bartholomew and the sentry set to guard him, and, seeing that it was impossible to elude the man's vigilance, the pirate did not hesitate to stab him to the heart. The poor fellow died without a groan, and Bartholomew hastily and quietly scrambled down the ship's side into the sea, and, with a jar under each arm keeping him afloat, succeeded in reaching the shore. He at once ran to the shelter of the forest, and, finding a hollow tree, he climbed up to the top of the trunk and lowered himself into it. When morning came he saw, through a chink in the rotten wood, parties of Spaniards searching the forest for him, but they passed by his hiding-place unsuspectingly, and after hunting for him for three days without success, they returned to the town. Seeing this, Bartholomew hastily quitted the tree, and set off through the forest in the direction of Golfo Triste, which lay some forty leagues distant from Campeachy. It was a long and perilous journey for a man to undertake alone and unarmed, but Bartholomew Portugues was a bold fellow in a desperate situation, and although he had no provisions with him, and only a small calabash of water, he preferred to run the risks of the journey rather than to fall again into the hands of the Spaniards. He suffered much from hunger, and also from thirst, for his little store of water was soon exhausted, but he sometimes found fruit and nuts, which served to keep life in his body.

It was nearly a fortnight ere he reached the sea, but even then his troubles were not at an end, for he had to walk many miles along a wild, uninhabited coast, and there was a river to be crossed. It was this river that was Bartholomew's greatest difficulty, and he had no empty wine jars to enable him to overcome his deficiency in the art of swimming. But he was not the man to give way to despair, and while turning over in his mind various plans for crossing the river, he saw, lying on the beach, a plank—a fragment of some lost ship—and driven through it were some large nails.

He took these nails and, grinding them against a stone, converted them into a queer-looking instrument which he proposed to use as a knife. With this clumsy tool he cut down some branches from the trees, and, joining them together with twigs and reeds which grew on the river bank, fashioned them into a raft. The little raft was a terribly cranky thing, but he managed to cross the river upon it, and was able to continue his journey.

At length he arrived at the Cape of Golfo Triste, where, to his great delight, he saw a pirate ship riding at anchor. The pirates turned out to be old comrades of his, and they listened sympathetically to the story of his capture, escape, and subsequent adventures.



COMING ALONGSIDE, THEY SUDDENLY SPRANG ABOARD, SLASHING RIGHT AND LEFT AMONG THE DISMAYED SPANIARDS.

It might be thought that, having twice been a prisoner in Campeachy, with death staring him in the face, Bartholomew Portugues would have no desire to return to that town, unless, indeed, he had with him so strong a force as to insure him against falling again into the power of the Spaniards. But it was not so. The same day on which he found himself safe among his comrades, he asked them to provide him with a boat and twenty men, and he vowed that, with that small force, he would return to Campeachy and attack and capture the ship on which, but a fortnight since, he had lain a prisoner. The pirates willingly lent him the boat and the twenty men, and the little vessel started off towards Campeachy, where it arrived in eight days.

The ship still lay off the town, and the pirates, who were hugging the shore, turned the boat's head and rowed towards her. Those on board thought that it was a boat from shore, bearing contraband goods, and the pirates were able to approach without being suspected. Coming alongside, they suddenly sprang aboard, slashing right and left among the dismayed Spaniards, who soon surrendered. Quickly the pirates set sail on the ship, and steered for the open sea, fearing that some of the vessels lying off the town might discover them and recapture the vessel. But the luck was on Bartholomew's side this time; he got safely away from Campeachy, and found himself captain and owner of the identical vessel on which only three weeks before he had been lying a prisoner, with the imminent prospect of death before him.

Bartholomew set sail for Jamaica, but when sailing along off the southern coast of Cuba a tremendous storm arose, driving the ship before it on to the rocks known as the Jardines, where she split, and was swallowed by the waves.

The pirates escaped in a canoe, but never again did fortune smile upon Bartholomew Portugues. We cannot pity him, for he was a great scoundrel who plundered and murdered whenever and wherever he could, but we must at least admit that his hardihood, daring, and resourcefulness were qualities which, in an honourable cause, might have raised him to the topmost pinnacle of fame.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES—(AUTUMN).

Out-door Work.

IRDS.—Summer visitors are on the eve of departure, if not already gone, and the winter immigrants are arriving. Fieldfare and redwing are due from Northern Europe, as is also the fierce hooded or Royston crow from the Orkneys and Hebrides. The rooks are back again in their nest trees; woodcock, snipe, and wood-pigeon are once more upon the scene; and the wild note of the ring ousel should be listened for upon the moors. It is a good and very useful plan to keep a record of all arrivals and departures noticed.

Beasts.—The majority are engaged in the favourite occupation of Cæsar's legions in Gaul, and are going into winter quarters. Viper and grass snake are alike retiring with the lizards; the hedgehog, duly fattened, is casting about for a suitable hole in which to hibernate; dormouse and squirrel are withdrawing to their storehouses; and up in the steeple or the loft the bat has chosen a convenient rafter from which to hang, head downwards, until the return of the warm weather wakes him from his lethargy.

A word here as to general out-door work. *Keep a note-book.* Jot down in a diary all your doings and observations. If you are a collector, note particulars as to locality, time of year, etc., relating to your captures. Never mind how laborious the work seems at first; the information amassed in this way will prove invaluable later on. Above all, study your subject at first hand. Go out into the woods, and see things for yourself. Only set about it the right way. Learn to sit still—absolutely not-stirring-a-muscle still—and to observe the wonders of the teeming animal life all around you. In half-an-hour you will learn more from the open Book of Nature than half-a-dozen encyclopædias and dictionaries can teach you.

Butterflies and Moths.—Butterflies are, of course, becoming scarce, but there are nevertheless several late comers to be watched for. As an instance, you *may* come across in the late season a Camberwell Beauty, or a Queen of Spain Fritillary. The Pale-Clouded Yellow is another prize to look out for, and the following are all to be found during the autumn: Brimstone, Clouded Yellow, Wall, Scotch Argus, Small Tortoiseshell, Small Heath, Painted Lady, Red Admiral, Peacock, and Brown Hairstreak.

The moth collector has plenty of opportunities before the close of autumn. A little attention to suburban lamp-posts in the morning will often be repaid, and sugaring will also be found productive. For the latter purpose we recommend a mixture of beer and sugar, with a few drops of rum or apple flavouring added, to strengthen the odour. This should be applied to the tree-trunks a little before dusk, and a visit paid with a dark lantern an hour or two later. The simple device of a light at an open window is not to be despised.

Beetles.—"Where am I to look for beetles?" asks the novice. The answer is, "Everywhere—on the ground, in the ponds, under the stones, in the hedgerows, in the leafy branches above, in dung and fungus, under the bark of trees—anywhere and everywhere, and at all times."

During the autumn the ponds should be thoroughly worked. The net used must be strong and serviceable, *with no corners*, attached to a *wrought-iron* ring, on a stout stick. A cast-iron ring is no good, and the same remark applies to those patent concerns in which the ring screws on to the stick, and can be taken off at will. The thread of the screw is almost certain to get worn immediately, and the apparatus thereby rendered useless. A clear pond is practically of no avail; the weedier the better. The white sheet is another excellent device. It must be spread beneath bushes or under the branches of a tree, while the latter are shaken vigorously. The beetles drop off, and can be easily spotted on the white ground. "Sweeping" should also be indulged in, for which the water-net, when dry, can be used. A patch of long grass or weeds is selected, and the net passed to and fro over it three or four times, with a long, steady sweep. A plentiful haul of plant beetles is sure to result. Fungus should be carefully examined, as well as the bark of trees. Elm is particularly popular with the small *Scolytus destructor*, which burrows and lives between the bark and the wood.

A killing bottle, containing cyanide of potassium, obtainable from any naturalists' dealer, must be used for slaying soft-bodied or hairy beetles. In the case of hard-bodied ones, a sudden plunge into *boiling* water is clean, effective, and instantaneous.

In-door Work

When out-door work is no longer possible, the spoils must be arranged and classified. Identifying specimens is generally the hardest job of all. Especially is this the case with the egg-collector. Birds' eggs vary so much in markings, size, and

general appearance, that the coloured plates in books are almost worse than useless. The best, and, in fact, only safe method, is to have recourse to some authentic collection, such as that in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. Even so, it is sometimes difficult to put names to certain eggs. Careful note should therefore be made of the nest when an unknown egg is taken. This will assist materially in the subsequent work of identification.

With butterflies the difficulty is less, owing to the comparative absence of variation. Coleman's "British Butterflies" will admirably suit those whose purses are limited. It has excellent and accurate plates and sound general information.

With respect to the setting out of specimens, there is little to be said. Perfect symmetry and regularity should be aimed at, and the antennæ—too often neglected — should have proper care bestowed upon them.

Beetle collecting makes a considerable demand upon leisure time. Classification is more laborious, and the setting out is often a delicate process requiring considerable tact and patience. Books are inadequate for identification purposes, it being obvious that no ordinary volume could contain the three thousand odd plates necessary. Verbal descriptions are not to be trusted, and the collector must perforce again go to the museum.

Beetles of, say, more than ¼in. in length can be pinned. They should be transfixed through the right elytron, or wing-case, and the legs and antennæ fixed with pins in the correct positions, while relaxed. The specimen should then be left to dry. Smaller beetles must be mounted on white card (old visiting cards are very useful) with a solution of *gum tragacanth*, procurable at a low cost from any chemist. In the preparation of this everyone has his own method and ideas. Personally we prefer a solution of a rather slimy consistency. Put a dab of this upon your card and dump your insect into the middle. Then, by the careful manipulation of a couple of pins, get the legs, which are generally clasped under the body, pulled out, and set them in position with the antennæ. When the gum dries, which it will do quite cleanly, the specimen will be found firmly fixed upon a spotless card. Some beetles, notably the Whirligigs and Tortoises, are a sore trial, from the peculiar formation of their bodies, to the patience of the operator. The extra trouble taken to secure good settings, however, is well repaid by the neat appearance of the collection.

In arranging a collection of butterflies, beetles, or any other insects, we strongly advise the adoption of a strictly scientific classification. It is, in fact, the only thing to be done, if the collection is to be of any value. Catalogues of the different orders, printed on one side of the paper only, can be bought cheaply. These will show the order to be preserved, and can also be cut up and used for labels with very neat effect.

A. E. JOHNSON.

A "How-to-Make" Competition.

A PRIZE OF £2 : 2 : 0.

Readers skilled in

Carpentry, Fretwork, Carving, Cardboard Designing, Boat Building, &c.,

are invited to enter for

COMPETITION II.

See "CAPTAIN Competitions for November."

Two readers may enter together for this competition and halve the prize, as it is possible that, though a boy may be clever with his fingers, he may find some trouble in describing the way he goes to work, and may like to get a friend to help him. Carefully drawn and numbered diagrams should be sent with the competitions. In addition to the prize awarded to the most skilful competitor, there will be Six Consolation Prizes, age being taken into consideration.

A Hard Case

By William MacMillan.

Illustrated by J. Littler.

GOING to school "out back" in Australia, and going to school in the Old Country are two very different things. In the latter, I suppose, there is no question whatever about getting there, while in the bush to have to ride ten or twelve miles there and back every day is by no means uncommon.

Perhaps I should make some sort of excuse for introducing a heroine into a story that is supposed to be written mainly for us superior creatures of the opposite sex; but as I have had ocular demonstration of the fact that girls are good patrons of boys' magazines, I shall make no apology.

She was our new school-mistress at Berrindoran, twenty miles from nowhere in particular in New South Wales. The school-house stood at a place where two roads met, and was at least three miles from the village. This was to accommodate the children of the small farmers in the neighbourhood, "cockatoos" we called them. There was a paddock close to the school-house for us to turn our horses and ponies into, and no house nearer than a couple of miles. There were all sorts and conditions at our school, from the children of well-to-do squatters—who one day would be sent to swell boarding academies in Sydney or Melbourne—to the children of bush-hands and teamsters. This might have had its disadvantages, but there was this about it; we soon found out it was not money or the position one's parents held that was to give us a position at school—everything depended on what we were ourselves.

When Miss Mackenzie, our new teacher, first came to Berrindoran we laughed in our sleeves, and reckoned that in the future we would have things pretty well our own way. Why the powers that were should have been so silly as to send a little, delicate-looking, gentle-voiced creature like her to teach and keep in order a dozen or more wild bush-boys, some of whom were quite big enough to earn their own living, and as many girls, some of whom were not much better than the boys, was past understanding.

Opinions were divided as to her future success in the new position. The louder voiced—and coarser natured—ones said they would give her four weeks to stay, at the end of which, if not, indeed, before then, she would throw up her billet in despair, and, packing her slender belongings, take herself off. I think that what some of the pupils most objected to was the fact that *she was a gentlewoman*, poor, very poor perhaps, but *still a gentlewoman*. It was not that she ever mentioned the fact, but when anyone out of their perversity seemed to forget that respect which was due to her as such, Miss Mackenzie very soon reminded them of it in a way not likely to be forgotten. The first few days she did not say much; she seemed taking us all in, separating, as it were, the grain from the chaff. Tony Walsh, the stupidest, but, in his own eyes, the smartest boy in the school, went from bad to worse the first two days, playing all sorts of tricks on those who were

least likely to retaliate; but he received a severe check on the third. Miss Mackenzie had seen him stick a pin into a boy ever so much smaller than himself. She shut her book, and went quietly over to him. When she had done speaking to him it seemed extremely unlikely that he would ever repeat the operation. The other boys were more careful after that.

But perhaps the girls gave her most trouble. Girls can annoy in a hundred petty, galling little ways that a boy knows nothing about. Some again, like my sister Mary, declared that within a week or so those who did not learn to love her would certainly learn to obey her. I admit—though, of course, I never told her so—that Mary saw as far through a weatherboard wall as most boys. Within the week the truth of her words was proved in a truly remarkable way.

WE WERE ALL SEATED AT OUR DESKS WHEN THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN, AND A MAN WALKED IN. AND SUCH A MAN!

It was about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, and we were all seated at our respective desks listening to what, I admit, was a not altogether undeserved lecture Miss Mackenzie was giving us on the subject of cruelty to animals—it was quite evident that she thought some of us more thoughtless ones needed it—when the door suddenly swung open and a man walked in.

And such a man! When some of the girls saw him they uttered little hysterical shrieks, while the lower jaws of some of the boys dropped appreciably. Nor was it any wonder. He was in his shirt sleeves—as most bushmen usually are—but he was covered with dust, his shirt hung in shreds from his back, and a handkerchief was tied carelessly round what seemed to be a wound of some sort just below the left elbow; it had been bleeding profusely. He was not altogether an ill-looking scoundrel, but his manner was keen and excited. He had a pair of fairly good grey eyes, regular features, but a heavy moustache concealed his mouth, which, perhaps, after all, expresses more than any other part of the face. He had evidently been riding hard, as his flushed face and travel-stained condition indicated.

Now, it had been reported that some of the Kelly gang of bushrangers had lately been seen in our neighbourhood, and what with the unexpected manner of the stranger's entrance, his suspicious, hunted appearance, and the wounded arm, it was not at all to be wondered at that some timid one should gasp in an audible whisper, "The bushrangers!" In the dead silence that followed this revelation, there was not a boy or girl in the school who did not mentally speculate as to whether it was the redoubtable Ned or Dan Kelly who stood before us. There was hardly anyone in Australia who did not know most that was to be known about those "knights of the road" through their daring robberies and murders. The sight of the belt, full of gleaming brass cartridges, and the butt end of a revolver peeping from its pouch, confirmed our worst fears.

The stranger stared about him for a moment as if taken aback. Doubtless he had not expected to find himself in a school-room. So surprised, indeed,

was he that he forgot to remove his broad-brimmed felt hat. Those of us who were not too much engrossed thinking about our own safety, looked at our new school-mistress, expecting to see her faint or go clean off into hysterics. We had always understood that town-bred people—she hailed from Sydney—resorted to one or the other on the slightest pretext. She did neither; she did not even rise from her seat. We could not say that her cheek paled, even when—as she must have done—she realised who her dangerous visitor was. She merely looked him up and down with her big brown eyes—there was no denying the fact that she had fine eyes—and waited for him to speak.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, looking around him with reprehensible disapproval, "thought I had struck a shanty where there would be a man I could press into my service!"

He seemed tired or faint, and seated himself on a bench close to the door, which he carefully closed.

"Because there are only women and boys here, is that any reason why you should keep your hat on?" she asked.

We stared open-mouthed when we heard little Miss Mackenzie say this. Surely the bushranger would retaliate by sending a bullet through her body. But he did not.

"Oh! I really beg your pardon," he exclaimed, as if in confusion, hurriedly taking off his hat. "You see, I'm hardly myself just yet. Had such a beast of a ride—got shot through the arm—came an awful cropper when my horse fell on taking that last snake fence—left the police behind somehow, and here I am."

"You seem to have had a good stiff ride," again remarked the little woman, as easily as if she were talking to a mere casual acquaintance. "And may I ask what your programme is now?"

"Certainly—but hang me if I know!" he remarked, laughing uneasily. "Feel that a good square rest would be about my ticket now, but am afraid that circumstances will oblige me to push on."

The villain, for he was evidently a hardened case, showed a good set of white teeth as he smiled, and his grey eyes lit up in a way that made him look almost handsome. It must have come somewhat in the nature of a shock to most of us—the exception being, of course, some of the romantically inclined girls—that a man whose life was steeped in wickedness and crime could look as free from guile as a saint.

"You see, it's this way," he continued, unconcernedly nursing his arm with one hand. "I haven't had any sleep these last two nights—been lying watching in the bush, and on the go the whole time."

"Judging by your appearance I should say you had," remarked Miss Mackenzie, resting the first finger of her right hand meditatively against her chin, and with her left hand clasping her right elbow. Her gaze was distinctly meant to be judicial, but there was a momentary look of pity on her face for his fallen state. Why should one to whom nature had been kind in the matter of looks, and who had youth and strength, and doubtless ability on his side, choose a life that could only have one possible ending—an ignoble death? Such a course was either the result of inherent wickedness or madness: doubtless both. It was folly to pity him. He deserved none, and would have none.

"Do you intend stopping here till they come for you?" she suddenly asked with a start, as if in a hurry to say something. They had been watching each other in a curious fashion for a minute or two.

"Upon my word I hardly know," he replied with a little laugh. "It would look silly, wouldn't it? Afraid I'll have to borrow one of those horses in the paddock."

He turned to us pupils who were sitting too much impressed by the gravity and the unique character of the situation almost to speak or move, and asked smilingly:—

"Who's got the best horse?"

Now, my sister Mary undoubtedly had, but as I—simply to tease her, I admit—disputed this honour with her, she did not speak at once, doubtless from some mysterious motives peculiar to a woman's mind. Suddenly, however, her eyes lit up, and I saw she had got an idea. In a slow, hesitating manner, as if the admission were being wrung from her against her will—I should like to have seen anyone get anything out of Mary against her will—she said to the bushranger:—

"I believe I've got the best horse. It's a bay with brown points, and a white blaze down its forehead; it's a little freak, but it's a stayer."

Mary was a tall, bright-eyed slip of a girl, with a cheek that was brown as a berry with the sun's kiss, and an expression that was innocence itself. I had never before dreamt there were such depths of dissimulation in her nature. The bushranger eyed her with a cynical little air, as of amusement, for a moment.

"Then I propose that we change horses for the time being," he said. "I daresay mine will carry you home—it wouldn't carry me where I intend going."

"Then I'll go and fetch it up for you," said Mary, moving towards the door.

But the villain was too quick for her, and put his foot against it.

"Oh, no," he declared, laughingly. "It wouldn't

do for you to go for that horse—you'd never come back again! I understand your little game perfectly. Dear me! The perfidy of some women is deplorable. And you really don't look like a female Judas, either!"

"You're a brute!" cried Mary hotly, and flushing violently as she found he had divined her intentions.

Contrary to the expectation of the scholars, the desperado seemed rather to enjoy being called names. I noticed that while all this was going on, it was the bullies and braggarts of the school who evinced most fear. The quiet and kindly ones had begun to take quite a lively and natural interest in the proceedings.

"None of you must leave the room," remarked our visitor.

He was going to say something further, when we noticed he had turned white to the lips, and looked sick and anxious. He took his hand away from his left arm, and it was covered with blood.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, feebly. "Expect I'll have to get to a doctor's or bleed to death after all. Better turn your heads the other way, children—it isn't a pleasant sight."

His air of *sang froid* was after the most approved style of the immortal Starlight.

The manner of the young school-mistress, when she saw the real condition of the bushranger, underwent a change very sudden and complete. It was the human being and not the sinner she saw before her now; she sprang from the easy attitude she had hitherto maintained, and went right up to him. The pupils wondered at her temerity. She turned to Mary.

"Quick, Mary—run outside and get a dish with some water in it—there's lots in the zinc tank"—she turned to the bushranger—"and you—you've got to sit quiet while I make a tournaquet and stop the bleeding. If you don't you'll soon be beyond needing a doctor."

"Don't you think it would be a good thing for society if you did let me turn up my toes?" asked the shameless one, with a return of his old levity.

"HERE, DRINK THIS!" SHE SAID UNCEREMONIOUSLY TO THE STRANGER.

The woman looked at him with reproach and indignation in her eyes. It dawned upon me that she was decidedly pretty when she looked like that. She would not deign to answer him.

She took his wounded arm gently, and rolled up the stained coat-sleeve to the elbow. The man watched her with an odd expression on his face. She took some clean linen from a drawer, and deftly made a tournaquet with the aid of a penholder above the wound so as to stop the circulation. Just at that moment Mary returned with a zinc pail three parts full of water in one hand, and a pannikin of water in the other.

"Here, drink this," she said unceremoniously to the stranger, offering him the pannikin. "You don't deserve it, you know, and I don't even suppose you appreciate kindness, but it needn't interfere with you taking it."

"You're not a bad sort," remarked the ruffian, after he had greedily drained the pannikin. "I hardly expected you'd come back with that

water—thought you'd take the opportunity to slope, so's to catch your horse and be off for the police."

"Brute, again!" hotly and haughtily exclaimed Mary, with her head in the air.

"Mary, help here, and don't chatter," cried Miss Mackenzie, as she removed the reddened bandage from the wounded arm. The man held it out so as to facilitate matters. The pupils stared in blank astonishment as they saw their schoolmistress, with her dainty cuffs and sleeves rolled up, sponge the desperado's arm, while Mary held the basin in position. No one else had volunteered to assist. I thought that, anyhow, the women seemed to know best what to do. I am sorry to say it, but I'm afraid boys would only have bungled the operation. Miss Mackenzie was as deft and considerate with her patient as she would have been with the most respectable member of society. She did not seem afraid of him in the very least. With Mary's help she dressed and bound up the wound. I carried out the pail, and went to get some more water for the women-doctors to wash their hands. The bushranger seemed to pay no attention to me.

"I say," he remarked, with the nearest approach to being in earnest he had yet observed. "It's been awfully good of you two ladies to have taken so much trouble with my arm. It is more than I deserved, as one of you very properly observed, and you've done it so well. I hope you'll believe I'm grateful. It was a merciful act."

"Then I hope that in future you'll remember it as such, and be merciful in your turn," rejoined the school-mistress.

She rose from her seat and went to the window. We could not see her face. Suddenly she turned, and it was very white.

"I can see the police coming over the hill," she cried meaningly. "They are at least a couple of miles off yet."

But the man sat still.

Then Mary sprang to her feet. I had not thought she was so full of silly romance, but then one never can tell what girls are until the right time comes.

"Oh, take my horse and clear out," she cried to the bushranger. "They may hang you if you don't! I'll go and get Highflyer myself."

He stopped her in the doorway.

"I suppose I'll have to hang," he said moodily.

"Oh, go!" cried the school-mistress, almost beseechingly, and pushing him from the room.

But he would not go, and we stood there with white faces and throbbing hearts.

In a few minutes more there was a drumming of horses' hoofs, and the clatter of feet in the verandah; three or four policemen and a couple of squatters rushed into the room. The officer who entered first stared at our bushranger as if in amazement, and cried:—

"HELLO! IT'S YOU, ROSS, IS IT? WE HEARD IT WAS DAN KELLY—AND YOU'VE BEEN WOUNDED!"

"Hello! It's you, Ross, is it? We heard it was Dan Kelly. How in all the earth did you lose us? —and you've been wounded!"

The supposed bushranger rose to his feet.

"Yes! I followed Kelly up," he exclaimed. "He plugged me in the arm; then my horse played out. But the ladies here have been goodness itself to me"—he turned to them somewhat shamefaced it must be confessed. "I owe you a thousand apologies, ladies. But you would have it, you know, that I was a bushranger. If you just think a moment, you will admit I never said I was. It really was very bad of me not to explain, but it struck me that appearances being against me, you might not believe it. I never could stand being thought a liar."

After that our teacher was voted the greatest success Berrindoran had ever seen. She, however, did not remain a teacher long, for next year she married our bushranger, Alan Ross, a wealthy squatter from the Jerilderie district, and Mary was one of her bridesmaids.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

The highest age limit is twenty-five.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted. If this rule is disregarded the competition will be disqualified. Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must have a coupon attached to it.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Address thus:—Competition No.——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by November 16th

No. 1.—**One Guinea** for the best poetical extract on "The New Year." Age limit: Twenty-five.

The Editor's idea in offering this prize is to encourage a study of good poetry. Often the same extract is sent by numbers of competitors, who, it is clear, have lazily contented themselves with just turning up a book of poetical quotations. *Try to find new and unhackneyed passages for yourselves.* In future the prize will be awarded to the competitor who gives proof of having "hunted" his poets thoroughly for a good extract.

No. 2.—**Two Guineas** for the best "How to Make" article. Two readers can go in together for this, each enclosing a coupon *in the same envelope.* For further particulars see page 195. Age limit: Twenty. Of course, all work sent in must be *strictly original.*

No. 3.—**Half-a-Guinea** for the best essay (not exceeding 400 words) on "Good Resolutions and How to Keep Them." Age limit: Nineteen.

No. 4.—**Half-a-Guinea** for the best pen-and-ink or pencil drawing of "A Fireplace." Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 5.—**One Guinea** for the most lively account (not exceeding 500 words) of an Association football match played by two teams composed of your favourite authors. Draw up teams, choose a captain for each side, assign the players their places, then describe the match, and give the result. Choose a fancy name for each side. Age limit: Seventeen.

No. 6.—**Half-a-Guinea** for the best copy, in coloured or plain printing, of the following verse: Age limit: Sixteen.

> I hold it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones,
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

No. 7.—**Half-a-Guinea** for the best description of "My Favourite Picture" (not exceeding 400 words). Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 8.—**Half-a-Guinea** for the best copy of the first thirty lines of "Natural History Notes." Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 9.—**Same Prize and Subject.** Age limit: Twelve.

No. 10.—**Same Prize and Subject.** Age limit: Ten.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—In order to encourage competitors I am giving additional Consolation Prizes, which will be awarded in every competition—age being taken into consideration.]

"Hæc olim meminisse iuvabit."

The Bramptonian (September), though slightly discomfiting as to colour, is more than usually good as regards its contents. Passing over a set of very sentimental verses, signed "Sum Wun"—I believe I have met that writer Sum Ware—I note that the results of the cricket season are not nearly so bad as they look on paper. Here is the way the sporting editor puts it:—

> On examining the summary of matches, our past cricket season may only appear fairly satisfactory at first glance, and may seem to compare very poorly with the previous year. Sixteen matches in all were played; 5 were won, 7 lost, 3 drawn, and there was one tie; whereas in 1898 17 were played, 9 were won, 7 lost, and 1 drawn.
>
> On going more closely into details, however, a different tale is forthcoming. The three drawn matches were all in our favour, two of the matches we lost by under double figures, and the match we made a tie of was due to the kindness of our captain in putting on the small boys to bowl against the St. George's small boys.
>
> We may therefore say the past season was a season of improvement and great promise, especially among the younger members of the team, and that when the long term came to an end, and the summer holidays were upon us, we felt a good term's work had been accomplished in the cricket field, at any rate.

The patriotism displayed in these lines is beyond all praise.

The Clayesmorian (August) devotes one of its six columns to an article on the "Decay of Minor Games." I have not read the article, because it does not come within my province, but the title assures me that the subject is not of personal and domestic interest to the members of Clayesmore School. Another column is taken up with a few criticisms of school magazines. I have no fault to find with "Notes and News," and I must congratulate Fairlie on breaking the school record for the hundred (10 3-5secs.) and for the long jump (18ft. 10½ins.). Both of these are distinctly good performances, and I shall keep my eye on the *Clayesmorian*, which will, of course, keep its eye on Mr. Fairlie.

The Droghedean (September) is bright and up to date, but contains a good deal of matter not altogether necessary for the existence of the journal. My experience is that the average Fourth Form boy will not go mad with delight over a dull article on "Recreation," nor will he forget to chew his stick-jaw on account of the fascination exercised over him by the "Legend of Kingscote Hall." However, the school news is always of interest, and I am sure all the readers will treasure the number in which the portrait of their school captain is reproduced.

The Hurst Johnian (August) leads off with a sensibly written editorial, commenting briefly but pithily on the events of the term. I would rather see the editorial split up into short notes, but I leave the matter to the decision of the gentleman responsible. The first of a series entitled "Scenes from the Life" is distinctly good, and the "College Annals" are well put together.

The Mill Hill Magazine (July) is a model of what a well-conducted school journal should be. The editorial is to the point; due prominence is given to the account of New Foundation Day, and "Notes and Jottings" is just such a column as fills my soul with joy. Sorry to hear, though, that one subscriber owes for fifty back numbers! I'm not at all sure that I should continue to send him the journal. Let me, in conclusion, congratulate A. E. Davis on his success throughout the cricket season, and on the masterly way in which he appears to have handled his team.

Prince Alfred College Chronicle (July) hails from Adelaide, and the editorial is one of the most sensible articles I have yet seen in a school magazine. Talking of a boy's last term at school, the writer says:—

> Some fellows seem to think it is a fine thing to loaf during the last half, especially at those lessons "they don't see the good of," and to worry the masters they don't like, and to leave a bad name behind them. The head master has told us sometimes in the "Assembly" that he finds it hard to give such boys a "character" when they come to him after finding that somehow they can't get work without one. However, there have not been many P.A.C. boys like that, and we hope there will not be any this year.

The rest of the number is also excellent. I hope the Australian mail will bring me the *P.A.C. Chronicle* as regularly as clockwork.

The Reptonian (August) leads off with the editor's farewell to his readers, but the knight of the critical chair only gives his grief three lines. He then passes on to elaborate accounts of cricket matches and sheets of scores that fill some twenty or thirty pages, but whether Repton did well or ill I am quite at a loss—so far as the *Reptonian* is concerned—to know. I hope the season was a successful one, but really these editors—Ah, well, never mind! A day will come when every one of them will take the advice of THE CAPTAIN and lay it to heart. I only live for that day. For the present, these verses will appeal to many of my readers:—

Break, break, break,
O classics, my heart in twain!
And I would I could utter the blessings,
That surge in my hard-worked brain.

O well for the modern side,
That at Shakespeare they gibber and play:
O well for the army class
That they mathematise—(as they say).

But the proses and cons cease not,
And I toil in pyjamas, and rave;
And O! for the touch of thy
breast, Mother Earth,
When I sink to a lunatic's
[illegible]ve!

Break, break, break,
Friends grant me your sympathes;
For the terrible itch of a brain
run down
Is worse than a Gaddarene
flea.

The Scribbler (July and August) is quite the smartest home-made magazine that I have yet struck. The cover alone, which is reproduced here, is quite sufficient to make the publication remarkable, but the contents are more striking still. Mock advertisements, delightfully "displayed" and appropriately worded, fill the inside pages of the cover; with the July number there is given away as a supplement a complete index to Vol. III., with a list of contributors, and the name of the firm is there set forth as "The Holwood Publishing Company, Holwood, Grove Park, Lee, S.E.; and printed by the Holwood Press." Perhaps I ought to explain that the Holwood Press means a pen, a reproducing machine of some kind, and a very industrious pair of hands. The August number contains a striking portrait of Maitre Labori (from a photo), and a thrilling description of the attempt to assassinate that gentleman. The office boy contributes a smart article on the Dreyfus question dealing particularly with the life of the unfortunate captain on Devil's Island, and concluding with these heart-breaking sentences:—

Tee was much the same as brakefust, only wuss; he woz sent to [illegible] without anny super, so perhaps he injoyed this [illegible]

His bed was [illegible] short, and he woz chaned to it by ion chaues, so that he kood not move or smak the moskytoes as they bit him, which, praps, was the most truly orfully worst part of the [illegible]

Deer reeder [illegible] harrow yore blud no more, at leest, not for a month. Nigget time I will deel with his return to Frarnse, his recepshun, and the grate trile.

EDITORIAL NOTE. As the staff's holidays occur during the next few weeks, the September number may be slightly delayed.

St. Peter's School Magazine (June) wears a pretty little blue dress, and is conducted by the members of St. Peter's Collegiate School, Adelaide. Whether it was quite necessary to include that brilliant trifle on "The Casual" I leave to the editor to decide, but the rowing notes are very well done, and the accounts of the races form quite sensational reading. This magazine is not so flippant in tone as most of the colonial productions forwarded to me, and I must confess that I am glad to note the difference, for flippancy in a school magazine is very apt to develop into burlesque; and when everything about the school is burlesqued in the school mag., what will be the result? Therefore I say, keep your pen temperate, Mr. Editor, and the comic relief will take care of itself.

The Truro College Magazine (July) contains an excellent group of the cricket eleven, and a large number of notes deeply interesting to all connected in any way with the college. The roll of members belonging to the Old Boys' Association is also given, and I am glad to see that the movement is evidently finding much favour. The examination successes make a goodly show.

The Way College Boomerang (JUNE) would doubtless have given me a nasty knock had it not lost most of its force during the journey from Adelaide. As it was, I was somewhat taken aback by the very learned article entitled "The Signs of the Times." Mr. "F. W. R." ought to try his hand at a *Times* leader. After this we dropped down with startling rapidity to football, and then, quite without warning, shot up again to that rarefied atmosphere in which dwell the members of the Literary Society. Then came a little gem of poetry, written in honour of Dr. Torr's visit to England. I gather that Dr. Torr is the head master, and about to take a holiday:—

We're all assembled here once more to bid farewell to Dr. Torr,
He's going across the briny deep, at glorious sights to have a peep;
The people there will shout with joy when they see it is the dear old boy,
The Queen will say "Who is it here?" until she sees our learned seer;
"What, Dr. William George Torr, you're welcomed on this mother shore!
Fancy meeting you! Fancy meeting you!"

Which is about the quaintest send-off to a "head" I have ever seen. What would the head master of Eton say if he were referred to in the *Eton College Chronicle* as "a dear old boy"?

The Wesley College Chronicle (JUNE) contains excellent views of the front of the college and the main dining hall. Every member of the college must feel proud of these splendid buildings.

"I'm going to put some portraits of you in your pages, sir," said the Art Editor. "Indeed," said I. "What sort of portraits?" "Representing you at different times of your life, sir," replied the Art Editor. "Dear me," said I, "how very interesting! I have no idea what I looked like when I was a boy—if I ever *was* a boy. Er—by the way, Mr. Springs, I can't be made fun of in my own magazine, you know. I trust the—er—portraits are quite—er—proper?" "Oh, yes, sir," replied the Art Editor, "they are most respectful, I assure you." He was moving away when I called him back. "Er—Mr. Springs!" "Yes, sir?" "I have a large number of—er—lady readers, pray recollect, and so I hope the—er—the portraits you speak of represent me as being as—er—as *good-looking* as possible." "Sir," said the Art Editor, "they would flatter you—if that were possible."

AGE FIVE.

I suppose I looked gratified; at any rate, the Art Editor slid out while I was smiling, and presently came back (imagining that I was still in a good temper) and asked me if I would be good enough to give him a slight increase in salary. As it happened, I was struggling through a very badly written story, and so I hastily bade him begone about his business. However, Springs is a worthy fellow, and so we will see what we can do in the way of raising his salary after we have got the Christmas number out. Now, what next?

Oh, yes! Our old friend the Idea Merchant called up the other day. It was a wet day, and he absent-mindedly laid his dripping umbrella across my papers. That was a bad start. "Well, sir," I said, sharply, "more absurd suggestions?" "Just a little one, this time," he replied. "Ever heard of Dreyfus?" "Yes," I said. "I have heard more about Dreyfus than of any other Frenchman that ever lived, not excepting Richelieu, Robespierre, or Napoleon." "Well," said the Idea Merchant, "what I have to say has nothing to do with Dreyfus—at least, not much. See here, Mr. Fag—it's a brillant idea. Suppose it gets about that I have been giving our War Office secrets away to the Boer Government. Then I shall be arrested, condemned, imprisoned; at the end of six months facts will come to light which will prove me innocent. I shall be released, *fêted*, and paid a handsome pension for the rest of my life—subscribed by my fellow-countrymen. There—what do you think of that?"

AT THIRTY-FIVE.

"But where do *I* come in?" I demanded. "Why, don't you see?" cried the Idea Merchant, "*You will discover that I am innocent!* Think what a tremendous advertisement it will be for THE CAPTAIN!"

There was an ominous silence on my part. Then I broke it—and the Idea Merchant's nose as well.

These portraits of the Old Fag were drawn by F. Holmes (aged sixteen), winner of September Competition No. IV.

Now I will e'en don my spectacles and see what my readers have to say. A gentleman called "Scottie" says he wants a point settled, and this is it. "Does 'age limit' so-and-so—fourteen, for instance—mean up to your fourteenth birthday, or during your fifteenth year. I'm fourteen and a-half; can I go in for 'age limit fourteen' comps.?"

The answer is: "Scottie" may go in for "age limit fourteen" until he has actually turned fifteen. Same with all the other age limits. Now I hope "Scottie" understands.

I can't make out why nearly every girl who writes to me starts off with "I am only a girl, but," etc., etc. Why do so many girls lament the fact that they are girls? They ought to be proud of it, instead of sorry. Now, here's a correspondent, "Olive," who starts off by saying that "she has the misfortune to be a girl, but," etc., etc. However, it's very certain that "Olive" will have to make the best of it. She's a girl, and a girl she must remain. Strange to say, I have never yet received a letter beginning, "I am only a boy, but——"

FORTY-FIVE.

Bernard J. Bell, who writes in pencil (don't do that again, B. J. B.) from Trinity Church Choir Camp, United States of America (he doesn't say which), observes that this magazine is a peach, and there I agree with him. He also asks some questions, to which I beg to reply as follows: (1) Send our publisher the equivalent in dollars of 9s. if you want THE CAPTAIN mailed to you regularly. (2) Yes, once in a while we'll have an American story. (3) Two competitions for foreign readers were announced in the October number. (4) If you send 65c. we'll mail you a packet of stamps. Enclose that amount with your subscription to THE CAPTAIN.

The following letter makes me rub my spectacles, and — yes — actually *blush*. Why? Well, read it for yourselves:—

DEAR OLD FAG,—I love you! There! Are you *really* such an old darling alive as you are in your counterfeit presentment? Please send me a photo at once if you are. But, my dear, you are very thin, aren't you? Never mind; people with great minds often are. Go on helping the dear boys, Old Fag, and I will love you more and more. Good-bye, and mind you have jolly holidays, and get your clothes mended as soon as you come home.

HETTIE.

Now do you wonder why I blush?

A gold brooch was in due course forwarded to the brother of the prettiest sister—a twist bow, with pearl hoop, manufactured by Messrs. Streeter & Co., the well-known jewellers, of Bond Street. I understand that the winner carried out the conditions of the competition, and gracefully handed over the brooch to his sister. I hope that the next time Miss Avice Alureda Laugdale-Smith is passing this office she will be so good as to come up and see us—with the brooch on.

"Sunburnt" sends me two contributions, and asks me to tell him frankly what I think of them. In the first contribution my correspondent asks a number of questions. He wishes to know why I prefer "a beautiful sister to a muscular brother," and suggests that I give prizes to girls because I "like them better than boys." I can only assure "Sunburnt" that when a girl gets a prize it is because she has sent in the best competition. In every case the best competition is awarded the prize. Instead of making such absurd suggestions, "Sunburnt" should brisk up his wits and try and beat the girls. "Sunburnt's" second contribution is a poem addressed "To the British Schoolboy." I like the sentiment of the following verse, but I do not think "Sunburnt" will ever be Poet Laureate. This is the verse:—

> But if thou hast been led astray
> From duty's bell to undue play,
> Take heart, my English lad!
> Make up thy mind, in bull-dog way,
> That work comes first and then comes play,
> But still, don't cease to play

The last verse is a somewhat curious one:—

> To thy health, and to health of Queen,
> Most gracious ruler that has been,
> Here we drink.

(Ginger-beer, I hope.—O.F.)

The Adventures of Louis de Rougemont, let me remind you, may now be had in book form. Price 6s. I must confess that M. de Rougemont's story holds one from start to finish. If ever you have the "blues," this book will cure you. It is a wonderful narrative.

I have also to recommend to you Mr. Ascott R.

Hope's latest volume, "Ready-Made Romance," which is cheap at five shillings. All the chapters deal with the adventures of boys. The book is published by Messrs. Black.

A Falkirk Reader sends me the following anecdote:—

Professor Blackie had a large share of pugnacity in his composition, and a curious instance of it is given in this account by the late professor himself. "As a boy," he said, "I was always antagonistic to school fights; pugilism had no fascination for me. I well remember a lad, over some small squabble, saying to me, 'Will you fight me?' 'No,' I replied, 'but I will knock *you* down!' And I did it, amid great applause."

A Young Reader is going to another school, and wants to make himself popular with the other chaps. I append the concluding paragraph of an essay, written by the winner of a competition we recently had, dealing with the subject of "How to Become Popular with One's Schoolfellows":—

Be frank, open, honest; not a sneak, nor a coward, nor a bully—and you are sure to take with the other fellows. That is the best recipe I have to offer, and I think it is the universal one.

The winner of the "Photograph of School Tuck-shop" competition informs me that the photo he sent was of Oundle School tuck-shop, and not of Winchester College, as we announced.

"A. N. Other" (Merchiston Castle) objects to a statement which recently appeared in this magazine to the effect that "Loretto was the home of Rugby football in Scotland," and appends the following list of victories in the Scottish Schools Rugby Championship:—

1880—81 Merchiston	1890—91 Merchiston
1881—82 Loretto	1891—92 Loretto
1882—83 Merchiston	1892—93 Blairlodge
1883—84 Merchiston	1893—94 Blairlodge
1884—85 Fettes	1894—95 Not decided
1885—86 Fettes	1895—96 Merchiston
1886—87 Not decided	1896—97 Fettes
1887—88 Merchiston	1897—98 Merchiston
1888—89 Merchiston	1898—99 Loretto
1889—90 Fettes	

"Tom Browne's Comic Annual" will be published by Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd., about the end of November. Mr. Browne informs me that the "Annual" will contain eighty-four pages, and that the majority of these will be filled with pictures by himself. There will be Christmassy stories by R. S. Warren Bell, Arnold Goldsworthy, Keble Howard, the "Frenchman" who sends such funny letters to The Captain about cricket matches and things, and others. The price will be only 6d., and the "Annual" ought to have a "roaring" sale. Don't forget to order your copies in advance.

AS YOU KNOW HIM.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J. D.—You are quite right when you talk about "the thousands who trouble my brain." Your question is a real poser. I really don't know the market value of "Chinese pocket gods." Why not ask a dealer in curios? Can any reader tell "A. J. D." what he can get for a Chinese pocket god, fifty years old, in good condition, and warranted genuine?

Graeme, D. W.—See answer to "B. S. T."

A Couple of Patients, "suffering from The Captain fever," inform me that Bombay has caught it badly. Poor old Bombay! First the plague, and then The Captain fever! And there's no cure for the latter complaint!

H. H. H. (East St Kilda) gives me some interesting information about School Sports in Australia. As regards his queries, I hope to publish in The Captain, when I have the space, some statistics of "times," and other particulars, of English School Sports. I congratulate "H. H. H" on jumping 18ft. 9ins. in an "under sixteen" event.

"Aborigines," like "H. H. H.," is at the Caulfield Grammar School, East St. Kilda, and sends me a very pleasant letter. (1) By this time he will probably have seen the "foreign competition" announcements in the October number. (2) I am told that there is no such snake as the "Serpentivore," but then, some folks say "there ain't no sea-serpent!"

B. S. T. is "mad over stamps and autographs," and wants to know whether I am going to publish an article on autographs. Yes, I hope so, some day. "B. S. T." can probably get an autograph album at a good fancy goods shop or stationer's. He should always remember to enclose *a stamped addressed envelope* when writing to a celebrity for his or her signature.

Miles.—Lord Kitchener was born in 1850. His father was a soldier.

L. Merchant.—A man attains his maximum weight when he is about forty.

A. B. C.—You need not have your MSS. type-written if your handwriting is distinct.

G. A. D.—(1) Dr. Gordon Stables' story will run through Vol. III. (2) It will be called "In Ships of Steel." (3) I had a good holiday in Cornwall, and came back, as you suppose, "with all sorts of good ideas for Vol. II." (4) We are going to use stronger paper for the cover, and then it won't come off.

D'Artagnan wants to know "who were really the parents of the Vicomte de Bragellone, a young man of Dumas' 'Twenty Years After.'" As I read the book many years ago, I cannot remember, and as I haven't time to read it again, I must ask some member of the crew who *has*, to give "D'Artagnan" the names of the Vicomte's parents.

A. Crawford.—I have never heard of jumping giving a boy indigestion before. However, you may have overdone it. Better consult a doctor.

Old Etonian points out that in our "Chat with Lord Hawke," it is stated that in one afternoon, in 1878, his lordship won the quarter, hurdles, and mile, and finished second in the 100yds., steeplechase, and walking race. This, says "Old Etonian," was impossible, as at Eton these events are contested on different days.

"Mine Sincerely, H. A. M. F." is a girl, and a very nice girl, too, I should think, judging by her letter. To obtain a "CAPTAIN reading case," "H. A. M. F." should send eighteenpence in stamps to this office. The magazine is put inside it, and thenceforth becomes a book with hard covers.

J. H. (HORNSEY).—I do not know anything about the "Scottish Amateur Literary Association," and so I fear I cannot instruct you in regard to its *bona fides*. As you live at Hornsey, I should say that you would find the free library there quite sufficient for all reading purposes. I do not put much faith in associations which offer to criticise MSS., as you generally find that the person who is competent enough to advise upon and criticise manuscript, has far too much to do himself to have time to bother about other people's work. As you seem to be in some doubt about this association you speak of, I should advise you to keep your 2s. in your pocket, and, if you want to join a literary association, join one a little nearer home than "Edinboro' toon."

Geo. G Corbie.—If you will tell me what part of London you intend to live in, I think I can find out the name of the gymnasium in that district. Or you might write to the Secretary, Y.M.C.A., Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C., who could probably tell you all you want to know. Enclose a stamped envelope.

C. B. H. (HONG KONG).—(1) Aha! So we have caught on in China, have we? (2) By this time, O "C. B. H.," you have probably gone in for the "Foreign Competitions," which I announced in the October number. (3) Always glad to hear from readers in China, India, and all parts of the globe, not excepting the North Pole!

Scottie.—I will think over your suggestion. Don't apologise for your "composition." I don't think it is your weak point, whatever other people may say. Perhaps you are prone to lay too much stress on "what other people say."

A Constant Old Reader.—So many years have elapsed since I was caned that I am afraid I cannot give you the information you require.

Humpy.—To cure round shoulders use the dumb-bells vigorously for ten minutes every morning (consult the article we recently published on this subject.) Go in for volunteering when you are old enough. Carry yourself as erectly as possible, and get all the drilling you can.

One of the Crew (hasn't somebody used that *nom de plume* before?) is of opinion that "THE CAPTAIN's going to be the success of the coming century." Well, I hope so, I'm sure, for all our sakes. I will give my worthy mariner's suggestions my best consideration.

L. M. Gill (BOGNOR), wants to know "whether it is bad for children to eat mustard, pepper, pickles, etc."—Yes—too much of 'em. A little won't hurt.

F. P.—"Public School Crests and Mottoes" is an article in course of preparation.

W. A. G.—You can obtain full particulars regarding the London County Council clerkships by applying at the offices, Spring Gardens, W.C., by letter. I note what you say about your heart being weak, but I do not think that this would prevent your passing the doctor, unless it be seriously affected. You cannot do better than study under a good "coach."

A Girl Reader (WEST HAMPSTEAD).—"My dear Dorothy, you may always be quite sure that I intend to stick up for girls. I am glad to hear that you like cricket. So do I. I often play—I mean, I often *umpire*, being rather slow on my legs now for out-fielding, you know. Hoping you'll have a merry November,—Ever yours, THE O. F."

Eaglte (PORTSMOUTH).—You have grown rather fast, that's all. Don't worry. The trifling facial decorations you mention will go away when you are a little older. Live a healthy life, avoid smoking and alcohol, take plenty of exercise and an occasional dose of fruit salts.

A Reader from No. 1.—(1) You must feed the chameleon with insects; perhaps you could let it roam round the garden from time to time, when it will make a very good meal for itself. (2) The influence of light and of the nervous system have a great deal to do with the changes of colour in your curious pet. Many thanks for your letter.

"Stroud Green" is a girl, but knows I won't despise her for that. Certainly I won't. "Stroud Green" knows very well that both boys and girls are nice enough in their way, but there is not much to choose between them. She prefers boys to girls—probably because she has no sisters—and concludes by saying that every girl ought to be able to sew. I must say that I agree with her.

H. T B. G.—I do not think a story about foreign politics would be quite suitable for this magazine.

W. M. B.—Certainly, we will have an article on the navy some day. If you are interested in the subject you will find heaps about it in the "Navy and Army Illustrated," which is crammed with photographs of the insides and outsides of big guns and ships.

Phyllis Innes.—You seem to be the right sort of girl. I must congratulate you on your birds'-nesting achievements. A good name for your St. Bernard would be "CAPTAIN"—eh?

Christine M. A., is another young lady whose bright little letter has made the Old Fag feel years younger. If Miss "Christine" could see the stack of letters awaiting my attention she would understand how difficult I find it to give an answer to everybody.

J. C. J. C.—I have already published a letter correcting certain misstatements in the article you refer to.

Materfamilias.—I do not know what class of school you desire to send your son to. A very good school for boys of the upper middle class, in London, is the University College School, Gower Street, W.C. The City of London School, Embankment, S.W., is also spoken of very highly. Dame Alice Owen's Boys' School, Owen's Row, Islington, N., offers a splendid education for a very moderate fee, owing to the fact that it is endowed. The Merchant Taylors' and the Charterhouse are also excellent.

T. H. Heath.—I'll think it over.

Shires Brothers.—(1) Glad to hear THE CAPTAIN sold so well at that bazaar. (2) You'll find some portraits of me in the editorial. Won't those do instead of a photo?

Anti-Exaggerationist says that in the letter we recently published "from a remarkable young lady," the writer's "time" for the mile was better than that recorded at the Public School Sports! Not to be outdone, "Anti-Exaggerationist" states that he has just completed his five thousand runs for the season (his letter is dated August 27th), with an average of three *or* four hundred. All I can say is that he is evidently "a remarkable young gentleman."

W. Gordon Turner.—When we have space to spare we will certainly have an article on "How a Great Newspaper is Printed and Published." At present my chief concern is how to get these answers finished so that the November number of THE CAPTAIN can be printed and published.

John Ryan says that when he read "The Game of Cricket-All-Games," and came to the score sheet at the end, "he thought he would burst." But he didn't!

Gordon Everley.—I am obliged to you for your suggestion, but I do not care to start clubs such as you mention. It would be far too big an undertaking.

T A Mac.—Horrible!

Winifrede A E.—No doubt we shall come to a better arrangement some day. At present I can't make any change.

R. B.—Side-drums vary in price from 17s. 6d. to £2 2s., according to quality. They can be obtained from the Stainer Manufacturing Co., 22, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C. Write for their list.

H. Page, junr.—What photos? Negatives or positives? Your question is too vague.

E. J. G.—Get "British Birds and their Nests," from Messrs. Deany & Co., Booksellers' Row, London, W.C. Price 2s. 8d.

James Weir.—You are too kind! Sorry cannot find room for the hints on gliding, lettering, etc., but am obliged to you all the same for sending them along.

Englishman.—Thanks for your congratulations, my friend. You seem to give that typewriter of yours a lot of work.

A. C. P.—Thanks for correction. It is of very little importance. "Teddy Tales" will appear at intervals.

H. O. W. has taken the trouble to write me eight pages of criticism on THE CAPTAIN. I think his remarks are very sensible. "H. O. W." ought to succeed in life, as he evidently doesn't do things by halves.

The Ship's Boy.—Wait—that's all I say.

A Reader of Nos. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., & VII. (nice little *nom de plume*) thinks a good-looking boy "knocks a pretty girl into the shade." I don't think "A Reader of Nos. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., & VII." is at all chivalrous—do you?

Porter.—So much depends in these matters on a man's constitution and physique. I should say ten minutes of each after your bath. Your ordinary work ought to make you very strong and fit. It is a mistake to overdo dumb-bell exercises. Alternate the bells with clubs morning after morning. Have a talk with a gymnastic instructor when you get the chance.

Arthur J. King, "Tomboy," "A. B.," "J. M. B.," "C. L. B.," "Spider," Harry Burton and **Stewart Davenport** will receive replies in our next issue.

H. Penny, W. A. G., A. Hill, Percy F. Turner, James E. Adam, "Two Lady Admirers," Lottie C. Bowder, R. C. Woods, Elijah Brown, "Dick," Ivanhoe (SOUTH AUSTRALIA), **F. G. Bristow,** and many others, are thanked for their kind letters and suggestions.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of September Competitions.

No. I.—Girls' Names.

£1 1s. divided between: FLORRIE LAING, Costello Lodge, Galway, Ireland, and OWEN MAWSON, 54, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: MISS T. WEIR, St. Leonard's, Cheltenham, and MARJORIE GORDON DALLAS, 9, Victoria Street, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles Mawson, Mostyn Owen, Austin Nimmo-Smith, T. J. Eamer, Alfred Scott (Ontario), and Alfred James Clode.

(The correct list according to votes, in order of merit, is as follows: Dorothy, Irene, Edith, Lilian, Hilda, Beatrice.)

No. II.—Best English Team of Fourteen Players to send to Australia.

£1 1s. divided between. WALTER E. DIXON, 84, Lee Road, Blackheath, S.E., and WILLIAM R. EDWARDS, 56, Lyndhurst Road, Peckham, S.E.

(These were the only two who gave an absolutely correct list.)

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: CECIL DAVIS, 1, Park Villas, Weston-super-Mare, and HUGH H. SKILLEN, 173, University Street, Belfast, Ireland.

(Twenty-one made only one mistake. Consolation prizes were awarded to the two of these who sent the neatest lists.)

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edwin Strange, James Lennie, Norman Sutton, Martin Richards, and R. B. Mowat.

Nearly 600 voting lists were sent in. The following, in order of votes polled, is the team:—

1. K. S. Ranjitsinhji.
2. C. B. Fry
3. A. C. Maclaren.
4. F. S. Jackson.
5. Hayward.
6. C. L. Townsend.
7. W. M. Bradley.
8. Lilley.
9. Lockwood.
10. Rhodes.
11. Young.
12. Abel.
13. A. O. Jones.
14. Storer.

No. III.—Best Poetical Extract on "Duty."

£1 1s. divided between: WINIFRYDE A. EVANS, Inglewood, Stroud, Gloucestershire, and JAMES WEIR, 544, New Keppochhill Road, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: H. S. FOX, Le Bas, Haileybury College, Herts., and EDWARD H. NEIGHBOUR, 7, Hanover Buildings, Robert Street, London, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frances Bernard, Dorothy Owen, Thomas Watkins, Ethel M. Denning, William Armstrong, Eleanor W. Stiff, Norman R. Taylor, H. B. McMinn, Alex Langford, Aymer Edward Cookes, Hedley V. Fielding, Jane Winifred Robb, and Dorothy M. Billinghurst.

No. IV.—Best Set of Drawings representing "The Old Fag" at the ages of Five, Twenty-five, Forty-five, and Sixty-five.

WINNER OF £1 1S.: F. HOLMES, Rose Terrace, Sherburn-in-Elmet, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): Dorothy M. Reed, Vernon Harry Smith, Charles Haworth, J. Tranby, W. Bridge, John R. Muggeridge, Herbert Ball, Percy J. Bartlett, Victor C. Glenmore, J. R. Sykes, F. Meredith, W. K. Clay, D. G. Barnsley, W. Caton Woodville, F. Baron, Francis G. Duckworth, Ernest W. Carter, Francis L. Bickley, G. Wainwright, A. J. Judd, Charles E. Lee, Horace Brittain, H. Penny, C. F. Norman, Maud L. Taylor, H. Kershaw, Wilson Fenning, H. A. S. Ferris, J. W. Hicks, W. P. Clough, C. B. Canning, M. G. B. Reece.

No. V.—Best Amateur Photograph.

So many excellent photographs having been sent in, this Competition was very difficult to decide. Every point taken into consideration,

THE PRIZE OF £1 1S. has been divided between. CHARLES GERRARD DEANE, Carlow Lodge, Clevedon, Somerset (Landscape), and EDWYN A. FINDLAY, 7, Wallace Street, Kilmarnock, N.B. (Interior).

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: KITTY D. WALKER, 11, Church Street, Tetbury, Gloucestershire (Portrait), and HOWARD S. BROWN, 25, Silverdale Road, Oxton, Birkenhead (three landscapes).

VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED: Joe Connor (Ohio), W. F. Medlock, G. Ormrod, J. Keane, A. Hall Hall, N. C. Furlong, C. B. D. Fox, John R. Dyson, F. Tomlinson, C. H. Dixon, David Mountfield, C. S. Brown, E. Gordon Worlock, H. J. Henderson, A. Prescott, Ernest A. Kemp, Walter M. Best.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Forsyth, R. F. Higgins, A. J. Roberts, Owen S. Timms, C. Kimpton, J. D. W. Ball, E. P. Davy, H. J. Roberts, Arthur Burr, P. H. Oakley, James A. Bennett, C. A. Smith, C. L. K. Peel, Frank Manley, W. S. Simpson, Frank Overton, Lewis Earp, G. F. Saunderson, E. D. Wilmot, Noel R. P. Hammond, F. F. Davies, J. W. Adams, J. F. Collins, H. B. McMinn, J. Howden, Mary Whyle Johnstone.

No. VI.—Correct Answers to Geographical Conundrums.

£1 1s. divided between: ARTHUR CONST and JAMES CONST, 99, Victoria Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C. (Each had sixteen out of twenty right.)

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: HUGH L. DAVIES, 18, North Parade, Aberystwyth; JAMES H. FORRESTER, 13, Rupert Street, Glasgow; GEORGE JONES, 55, Belmont Drive, Newsham Park, Liverpool. (Each of these had fourteen right.)

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. E. Knowles, T. W. Birt, Guy B. Cockrem, Trevor Maxwell, Dora Theakston.

No. VII.—Neatest Coloured Map of Ireland.

WINNER OF £1 1S.: LESLIE MACDONALD GILL, "Strathmore," Bognor, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION. Katie F. Wilbee, Edward Gordon Worlock, F. Wellington, Herbert W. White, Basil Brown, Winnie Thompson, O. J. Chambers, F. Horward Watt, T. R. Davis, W. E. Saunders, F. Marks, J. F. Harlow, A. E. Andrews, Reggie Faulkner, Margaret A. K. Drayton, Hugh E. Muir, W. Macaulay Parkins, Evelyn C. S. Macandrew, May Waghorn, Eric Morley, Dorothy H. G. Light, D. Edge, Arthur H. Smith, R. Keith Brown, Wallace Lightbody, Margaret Ivean, and A. Leslie Snow.

No. VIII.—Best Letter Written by a Lion.

£1 1s. divided between: MARGARET PARKER THOMPSON, 120, Tufnell Park Road, Holloway, N., and VERA GOATBY, 33, Klea Avenue, Clapham, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: R. BUTLER, The Rectory, Eaststoke, Wareham, Dorset; EDWIN S. E. TODD, Stoney Bank House, Musselburgh, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Marjory H. Briggs, Nellie Olley, Bernard Minton-Senhouse, Marjorie Wolstenholme, R. M. Sheppard, Norman G. Hadden.

No. IX.—Best Essay on "What I Want to be when I'm a Man."

WINNER OF £1 1S.: TOM RILEY, 10, Marlborough Villas, Marlborough Road, Richmond.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to STEWART DAVENPORT, 15, St. Peter's Road, South Croydon.

No. X.—Handwriting Competition.

WINNER OF £1 1S.: EDWARD JEFFREY, High Ham, Langport, Somerset.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: L. A. SMITH, Hinckley Grammar School, and FRANCIS THEAKSTON Bellfield, Masham, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ursula Harding, Douglas Wyand, J. A. Collingridge, Ralph Gibson, Honor M. Wolstenholme.

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